

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *W. Mitchell Chapple*

March 1911



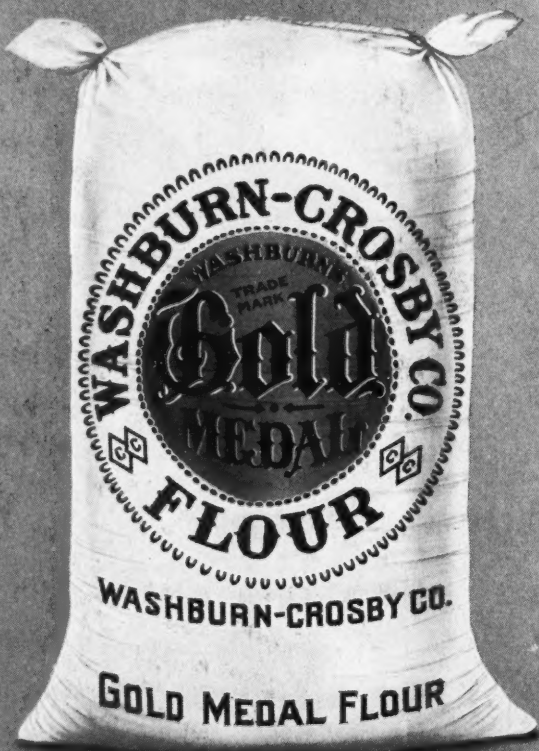
Fifteen
Cents:

"Weatherbee"

THE GUEST OF HONOR

by William Hodge
(The Man From Home)

Eventually



Why Not Now ?

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Old Man Opp

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

"Some men are so disrespectful to Opportunity that they refuse to speak to him on the street and others are so irreverent that they talk of him behind his back as 'Old Man Opp'."

THE best friend that you've got in all
th' world is Old Man Opp.

He passes by your house each day
an' always makes a stop.

But if you're watchin' for him, he will help y'
mow your hay.

He isn't blessed with time, of course; he hasn't
long to stay,

An' Old Man Opp will help y' beat th'
Gloom God's line o' dope;

He'll boost y' up th' ladder with a fresh supply
of hope.

You'd better fix those shaky steps, an' oil
your front-yard gate

An' don't forget that Old Man Opp has not
much time to wait.

WHEN y' hear a spooky tappin' on th'
frosted window pane,
Or there comes a low-toned rappin'
through th' fallin' o' th' rain,

Don't get frightened at it, neighbor, though
you're shy of guns an' lead;

Don't think it's some bold burglar who would
steal your stove an' bed.

Don't let your face get scared nor think that
bad men lurk outside,

But beat it toward the sound you hear an'
ope' th' front door wide.

The wolf was out there yesterday, with his
dentistry in view,

But now it's likely Old Man Opp—who wants
to talk with You!



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL
CHARLES S. SPERRY

J. Elizabeth Whitne

The death of Rear-Admiral Sperry, which occurred recently, removed one of the strongest men from the United States Navy. He it was who commanded the flying squadron for Uncle Sam on its memorable trip around the world

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1911

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



ACCORDING to the Constitutional provision, Congress must adjourn in March, and although the hands of the clock may be set back, the date remains fixed, and at noon on the fourth day of the third month of the present year, the Sixty-first Congress will become a part of the past history of the Republic.

One of the masterpieces at the World's Fair in Chicago was a painting entitled "The Breaking of the Home Ties." Hundreds of thousands of people stood enraptured before the pictured scene of a boy bidding a fond good-bye to his folks as he started out to make his way in the world. The dissolution of the Sixty-first Congress recalls memories of this masterpiece, because the "breaking of the home ties" of the Senate and House promises to be most impressive. No one who has carefully studied men at Washington of late years has failed to observe the remarkable elimination of bitter personal feeling among the most partisan legislators. All bitterness is now rather the result of local feuds than of partisan disagreement, and when the Congressmen take final

leave of each other on March 4, there will be many regretful partings between political opponents who have learned to esteem and love each other. Colleagues of opposing parties bid each other good-bye not without feeling, as one or the other returns to private life forever. In the companionship of committee work and in engrossing attention to public matters, friendships are formed between Representatives and Senators that are entirely outside of all of the bonds of party feeling or spirit.

When you hear of Democrats openly and publicly expressing their sincere regret that Republicans are not returned, and when Republicans are deeply concerned because certain Democrats are passing out of the public arena, it would almost seem as if a political millennium were not far distant.

* * *

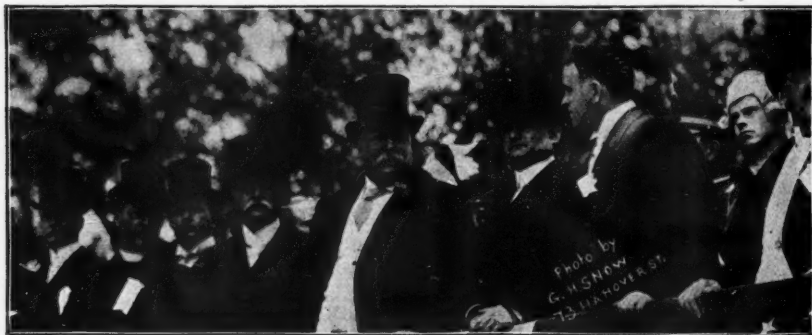
WHEN Andrew Carnegie met with the Peace Convention delegates at the New Willard, and transferred ten million dollars to be devoted to the establishment of universal peace, it recalled the stirring and oft-quoted words of Pinckney, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." But the millions were not for

the "sinews of war"; they were for the all-embracing arms of a world-wide peace. This national conference for the judicial settlement of international disputes was an event of universal importance.

As Mr. Carnegie conferred his princely gift, he insisted in the terse sentences characteristic of the man, that "it is not war, but danger of war that makes trouble.

"Nations by preparing for war spend millions and millions for the purpose that man shall kill his fellow-man, who was created in the image of God. It isn't war, but the possibility of war, that we must fear." He held that it was moral righteousness that secured the abolition of slavery, and that the same means would

peace movement for many years, and has always been a liberal contributor to this cause since its inception. The gift was made as unostentatiously as if passing over a street-car fare. President Taft spent some time talking over the project with Mr. Carnegie, and in the course of his conversation remarked that if Mr. Carnegie had any more millions that "weren't working," he was sure that some of the government departments could use them in these piping days of the pruning knife. Mr. Carnegie laughingly replied that if he decided to provide funds for the government, he would surely begin by furnishing the Chief Executive with all he asked for. The highest hopes



GROUP OF NOTABLE AMERICANS AT A RECENT GATHERING IN BOSTON

result in the ending of all war between the nations. "Man must cease to kill, to torture and to destroy. We must arouse the masses to a better understanding of what war is. War is the vehicle of the scurvy politician.

" . . . I can only hope that this fund will have the co-operation of everyone in bringing men to know the real meaning of war. War is a crime of nations against their God."

The ten million dollar Peace Fund was turned over to a Board of Trustees headed by Senator Elihu Root, who is the American representative at the Hague Tribunal. It will yield an income of five hundred thousand dollars yearly, which will be used in maintaining the peace organizations already in the field, and in providing for their future and greater efficiency.

Mr. Carnegie has been interested in the

of Mr. Carnegie are concentrated on the establishment of a peace agreement among English-speaking peoples, and this fund will provide for concrete and effective effort along the line.

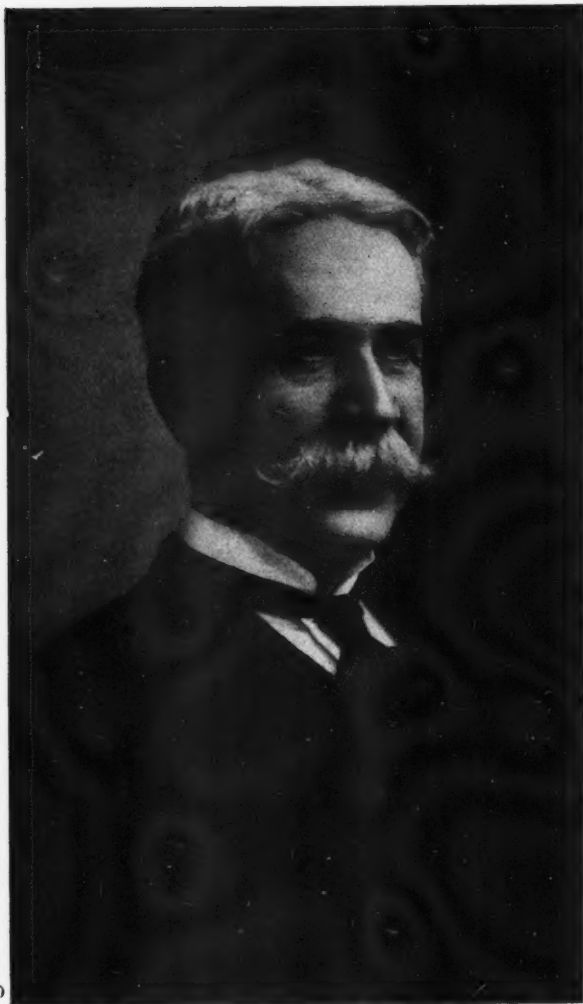
In the development of every great idea, there are periods when discussion and agitation represent the only phase of popular assent to the movement. Everyone agrees that it is all right, perhaps that it is a worthy work, but no one seems to get right down to the root of things. The activities of the societies become mere words, printed "proceedings" and dry-as-dust resolutions. Finally some nation is unjustly used, its people demand action, and in the blaze of the popular passion there are not even tallow legs for a peace pact to stand upon. Now the same substantial scientific study that is accorded to other great problems is to be given to



SENATOR ELIHU ROOT
Who will have charge of the Carnegie peace fund



ANDREW CARNEGIE
Whose recent gift to promote peace startled the world



SENOR DON JOAHUIM NABUCO

Ambassador from the republic of Brazil to the United States

the solution of this question. The rights of all peoples are the first consideration, making "fair play" the slogan.

International laws will be carefully codified so as to eliminate the misunderstandings that soon grow into racial hatreds; and when once aroused, the "war fever" is seldom cured save by actual blood-letting. When one looks calmly into the matter in the light of financial experience,

it does seem the height of folly actually to waste millions of dollars in armaments and preparations for war and in war itself;—worse than all, in the sacrifice of myriads of lives, and sufferings and sorrows unspeakable, when a few simple propositions, studied out dispassionately and calmly discussed, could have averted all this. Why not give the real "majesty of the law" a chance to reconcile nations, as well as to keep the peace among individuals?

No abler man could have been selected to take charge of this great movement than Senator Root, who stands in the front rank of American attorneys. As great lawyers of today settle and adjust most of their litigation outside of the courtroom, such a custom should also be applied to international difficulties. The great ameliorating influence of commerce and trade will have a magical effect in bringing people to the necessities of arbitration, for today China, Persia, Turkey, Russia and all other countries of the world

are catching the spirit of progress, with electric lines, telephones and all those agencies which are contrary to the old swash-buckler methods of days that may have seemed to breathe of romance for the novelist and poet, but were dastardly in their cruel barbarity.

Disputes in reference to the ownership of land bordering on a highway—does the man own to the center of the road or

only to the fence?—furnish simple examples of what all international questions would resolve themselves into. What Senator Root has experienced at the Hague Tribunal and before American courts he proposes to apply as substantial and scientific methods of settling international disputes, and such a policy, headed by the "leader of the bar in America," augurs well for the future peace of the world.

Mr. Carnegie will live in history as one of the world's greatest philanthropists, and although his libraries are eloquent monuments to his life-work and career, the one thing which will keep his memory in grateful remembrance will be his arduous, lifelong and unflagging devotion to the cause of peace.

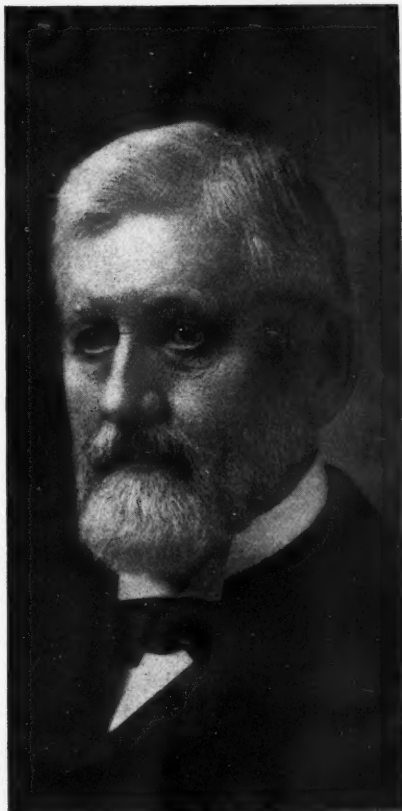
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SWEET-TEMPERED, kindly-voiced, but strong and virile as the Middle West which he so ably represented, the personality of Senator William Boyd Allison is brought vividly before the hearts of myriads who admired and loved him by the proposition to erect a suitable monument to the great Iowan statesman. Already his old friend and companion, General Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has raised forty of the fifty thousand dollars required for the monument, and preparations are under way for its erection.

The long public service of Senator Allison made the entire nation his debtor. His deep, kindly dark eyes and his mild, reasonable appeals and wise counsel often prevailed amid the most acrimonious and partisan controversies, for leaders, on both sides of the Senate, felt that justice would prevail when Allison stood at the helm. He commanded the confidence not only of his own party, but of his political opponents, and had he pushed himself forward and insisted on the consideration due him, he might well have been nominated and elected to the presidency of the United States.

After handling the budgets of the nation for years, he died a comparatively poor man, and those familiar with the records of the United States Senate feel that no name of all the great and patriotic immortals who have answered to the Senate

roll call, from the gathering of the first Senate to the present day, is more deserving of the love and gratitude of the American people than that of Allison. It is fitting that Senator Allison should be honored by an enduring monument built by the people he so loyally served, as



THE LATE SENATOR ALLISON
For whom a monument is to be erected

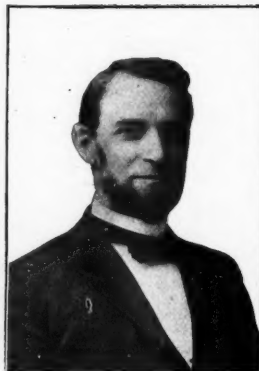
an expression of the deep respect and esteem in which they had long held him. Every person who knew and honored the beloved "Grand Old Man of Iowa" should hasten to send in his contribution to General Dodge so that there may be no further delay in the erection of a monument to one of the greatest, most lovable, sterling and helpful of America's many great statesmen.



JUDGE LeBARON B. COLT
Providence, R. I.



JUDGE ALFRED C. COXÉ
Utica, N. Y.



JUDGE WM. H. SEAMAN
Sheboygan, Wis.

A GROUP OF UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGES

IN this age of subways, it is interesting to watch the promenade of congressmen as they leave the office building to go over to the Capitol. The route is curving, and has a roadway and a footpath divided by a gaspipe rail, and through this subway you will find congressmen sauntering on rainy days, while teams laden with documents—now, by the way, with cedar chests—pass along the roadway.

A contemplation of the parting of the Sixty-first Congress calls to mind the many changes that the closing session on the fourth of March will bring about. Many brass plates will be changed on the office building doors, and many a congressman will take home his little cedar chest, inscribed with his name and the emblazoned "M. C." which is now cancelled by a cross.

Nearly all the new Democratic members of Congress went to Washington to attend the caucus which decided upon the election of Mr. Champ Clark as Speaker of the House. The only representative reported missing was Mr. Akin of New York, who was elected independently, but with the Democratic endorsement.

In the Senate subway,

they use an up-to-date electric motor with side seats—a regular jaunting car. One of the Western Senators remarked that there was quite a contrast between the jaunting car and the Studebaker "prairie schooner," in which he slowly journeyed to the West in his boyhood. But despite the subway and its advantages, the old open carriage entrance to the Senate remains popular, for it is near the elevators. The Capitol steps are used by but few people, for Washingtonians, like all other Americans, go the shortest way to carry out the American determination to "get there." The immense steps to the Capitol are therefore more for ornament than for utility, and when General Coxey

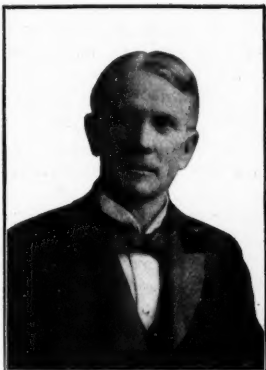
of "Coxey's Army" fame was ascending the Capitol steps (where he had brought his army of unemployed in 1893) he recalled the old days of "on to the steps of the Capitol," but agreed that the steps were now but little used.

* * *

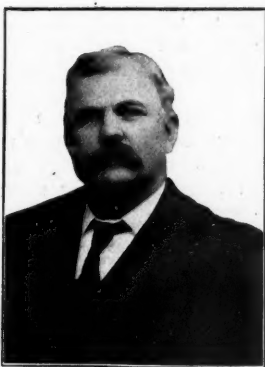


JUDGE P. S. GROSSCUP
Chicago, Ill.
United States Circuit Judge

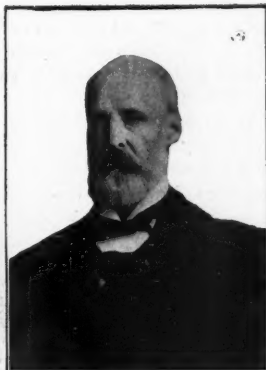
RARELY does one meet a man without a hobby, but when I found a gentleman pensively looking over a hotel register, studying signatures "for characteristics," a mental



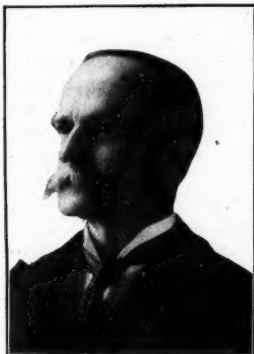
JUDGE C. C. KOHLSAAT
Chicago, Ill.



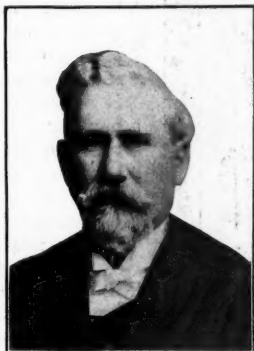
JUDGE J. C. PRITCHARD
Asheville, N. C.



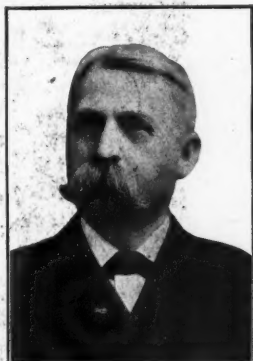
JUDGE H. F. SEVERENS
Kalamazoo, Mich.



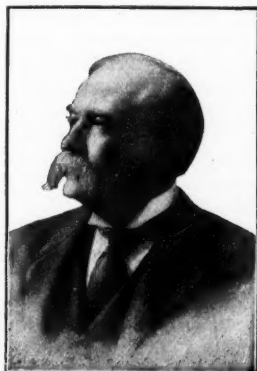
JUDGE D. D. SHELBY
New Orleans, La.



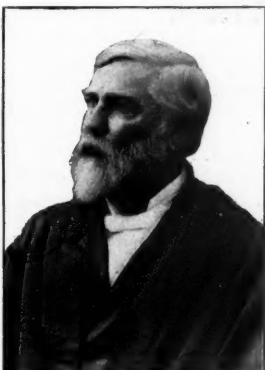
JUDGE W. H. SANBORN
St. Paul, Minn.



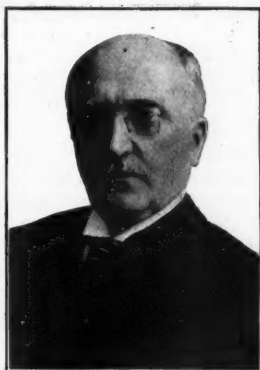
JUDGE E. M. ROSS
Los Angeles, Cal.



JUDGE GEORGE GRAY
Wilmington, Del.



JUDGE D. A. PARDEE
Atlanta, Ga.



JUDGE E. B. ADAMS
St. Louis, Mo.

A GROUP OF UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGES

picture of an asylum flashed across my mind. But on further investigation I saw that he was really making a scientific study of interesting data.

American life is piquantly reflected in hotel registers, and a leaf from the register of the Hotel Saint Paul during the Conservation Congress was rich in notable names. September 5 begins very appropriately with the signature of the



JUDGE WALTER I. SMITH

Of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who was recently appointed by President Taft to take the place on the circuit bench of Justice Van Devanter, who has been elevated to the Supreme Court of the United States

President of the United States, Wm. H. Taft, in a fine Spencerian line that is in sharp contrast to the rugged stub pen signatures of Roosevelt and Pinchot, which follow. President James J. Hill and Senator Beveridge are there with their peculiar flourishes. Governors Stubbs of Kansas, Deneen of Illinois and Brooks of Wyoming, Eberhart of Minnesota and Norris of Montana follow with signatures that have graced many a state document.

Mr. E. S. Bowman, chief clerk of the Saint Paul, is the proud possessor of this

leaf, which is one of the most important ever recorded in the history of an American hotel. Headed by the names of the President and ex-President of the United States, and followed by those of twenty of the most prominent men in the country, the list is one of which Mr. Bowman may well be proud.

But it could never be framed and hung upon the wall in a school of penmanship. Not one of the men represented could pass in a graded school examination in writing. To secure so many striking varieties of signature, there must have been both "stub" and "Spencerian" pens provided for the hotel registry, although some of the signers have their own favorite fountain pens. Among the names on the page that would pass in a Spencerian contest, that of Governor Hay of Washington evidences either natural gift or some traces of training at a writing school. It is hard to tell whether Governor Eberhart or Senator Beveridge would fare worse at the hands of a teacher of penmanship. Some on the list cross their t's and dot their i's, while others economize ink in this respect, but end with a decidedly prodigal flourish. Secretary Wilson refuses to dot the i's in his name, while former Secretary of the Interior Garfield assiduously makes his dot somewhere between the tall letters that grace his signature. Governor Eberhart has a delightful way of throwing the alphabet all together in a melange.

The Saint Paul register for September 5 is already a historic document. Who knows but in the future super-psychical days the erudite historian will diligently seek and pore over old hotel registers, in a research to catch and study the real character and destructive spirit of our times, which has thus far defied the analysis of philosophy and researchery.

* * *

HOW many can tell the meaning of the term, "the fourth dimension?" that to the common dimensions of height, breadth and thickness adds or presumes "a fourth dimension" in space, to make a cosmical or astronomical equation mathematically correct.

Of late a Harvard professor has awakened

a lively controversy by arguing that a fourth dimension is quite as likely to exist as "the infinite space" which most of us vaguely recognize; and a very pretty collegiate controversy is mildly advocating one doctrine against the other.

A bit of philosophy now and then is relished by the best of men, but it was unique to find two travelling men in Washington discussing the question of infinity. They were getting into a frightful tangle, when both confessed that they had no real knowledge of higher mathematics and were trying to demonstrate that there could be no end of a straight line which was projected out into space.

When this point was reached, one of the politicians who overheard the conversation inquired, "You evidently have something in mind that has no end? Perhaps you are thinking of the tariff discussion. Can you think of anything that has been more infinite and interminable than this question of tariff? Tariff treaties, tariff boards, tariff commission—to say nothing of the *taxi* tariff in Washington!"

* * *

IN the world's great competition for naval superiority the United States still occupies second place, with Germany a close third and promising to overtake us at an early day, as her building program is larger than that of the United States. The comparative strength of the leading navies of the world are most clearly set forth in a summary by Mr. Pitman Pulsifer's Navy Year-book for 1910, one of the most interesting volumes ever printed in connection with naval affairs. The relative strength is shown in the following table:

Germany is slightly ahead of the United States in the matter of the number of ships and total tonnage, but in large ships is decidedly weaker. A chat with Mr.



HON. CHARLES F. JOHNSTON
Senator from Maine, succeeding Senator Hale. The first Democratic Senator from Maine since 1847

Pulsifer elicits that while he does not claim to be an expert in shipbuilding, he believes that the dreadnought type of steamship has not proved its superiority over less expensive fighting-craft. He points

Country	Number and displacement of all ships		Number and displacement of battleships and armored cruisers		Number of large guns (11, 12, 13 and 14 inch)	Number and displacement of "Dreadnoughts." (Including armored cruisers as well as battleships)	
	Number	Tons	Number	Tons		Number	Tons
Great Britain	548	2,173,838	109	1,668,100	436	27	558,900
United States	177	878,152	a 50	a 742,341	200	10	221,650
Germany	255	963,845	48	717,186	240	17	357,600
France	448	725,231	47	588,802	101	2	47,200
Japan	181	493,671	29	397,745	b 84	5	107,650
Russia	211	401,463	20	287,016	86	4	92,000
Italy	171	327,059	25	299,457	79	4	83,500

(a) Including Charleston, Milwaukee and St. Louis (29,100 tons). Officially the three ships are protected cruisers. They are actually armored cruisers, and so treated by standard foreign publications.

(b) Not including armament on 27,000-ton armored cruiser (building); not known.

out that the smaller craft, such as the "Michigan," are less unwieldy, and better able to enter harbors and to accommodate themselves to the many emergencies of naval warfare, than the deep harbor ships, yet they can concentrate as intense



"My good man . . . what is the matter? Have you lost your friends?"

a fire as the dreadnought. While Germany is pushing hard to overcome Great Britain's plan of a two-power navy, the American navy leads Germany in big guns and is next to Great Britain in modern fighting ships afloat.

* * *

THERE are said to be about fifty-seven important questions that "bob up serenely from below" every now and then for earnest consideration. Among them are the divorce problem, the question of a tariff commission and the trusts. They are telling a joke on a government scientist anent a problem which the victim claims is more puzzling than any of the said fifty-seven. "When traveling in strange places, it's one thing to get in and another to get out," says the cynic, and the tale of the government scientist proves the statement.

It was in the station of a small Western city, and over in the corner the scientist—who, be it known, had won distinction as a mathematician, a philosopher and

a chess-player—was almost in tears. He had passed the stage of anger.

The friendly policeman who happened to drop around on his tour of preserving law and order, essayed to get at the root of things. "My good man," he asked solicitously, "what is the matter? Have you lost your friends?"

"Sir," replied the man of note, mustering his ponderous dignity, "I have mastered the problems of Euclid; I have delved into the depths of trigonometry; I have played chess with the most renowned experts; but here I am thrown into utter confusion by a railroad time table. Oh, woe is me!"

* * *

WHEN it comes to telling stories of bright boys, Judge Walter I. Smith, Congressman from Iowa, always brings to the front those brilliant youths from



A typical Washington tourist boarding a "pay as you enter" street car

Council Bluffs, the real corn-fed Iowa product. He tells the story of the geography class in which the teacher on asking the usual routine of questions received some original replies:

"What is an island?"

"Land surrounded by water."

"A cape?"

"Land extended into the water."

"Correct, John. Now tell us about a gulf."

"A gulf is water extended into the land."

"And an isthmus?"

"A hole in the ground with water extending from ocean to ocean and where the congressional appropriations go."

"Begorra," chuckled the Irish janitor, who overheard the conversation, "but this talk of water in the geography class makes me think—I must go to Omaha this afternoon to quinch me indignation!"

* * *

CONTRASTS may serve to heighten the enjoyment of a speech, story or play, but the contrast between the passengers of the Washington "Rubberneck Wagon" is as wide as the republic. The other day a little girl from the South, not so warmly as so prettily dressed, sat beside a buffalo-robed, ear-lapped visitor from North Dakota. The winds whistled, and the thermometer was rapidly approach-



The contrast between the passengers of the "rubberneck wagon"

ing zero. But there they sat, side by side, while the "Rubberneck" shudderingly got under way and meandered along from one point of interest to another.

Suddenly while the megaphonist was pouring forth his choicest bits of local description in his most silvery and melodramatic tones, the flood of rotund intonation and flow of language ceased, and

a grim and painful expression convulsed the megaphone man's perplexed features. The passengers sat mute.

"Guess his pipes got froze!" whispered the man from North Dakota to the miss from New Orleans, who could only between



"As he waited for a Union Station car"

chattering teeth assent, "Ye-e-e-es." Sure enough, frost and icicles had accumulated in the megaphone and then everybody shivered in sympathy.

* * *

IF you would hear cursory remarks in classic language, observe the traveler on Pennsylvania Avenue, who with suitcase alongside, is waiting for a Union Station car. The cars aforesaid are supposed to run on schedule time and to travel at frequent intervals, as they do, except just before train time.

What a rare treat it was to discover a New York newspaper man—cane in hand, legs crossed in front of his suit-case in

bitter resignation, watch hanging from his hand, and lips firmly compressed in sarcastic despair—as he waited for a Union Station car. As I passed by I was possessed of a longing to soothe him, and he greeted my advances by whistling that old familiar tune, "Waiting for the Wagon." Suddenly he stirred. An approaching car was heard in the distance.

"Peace, brother, peace!" I murmured softly to prepare him, as I discerned the familiar letters of the sign in front. "Peace Monument," it said.

"Peace, be hanged!" he shouted. "That's only half way to the station—doesn't go



"Attention to the important matter of getting another job"

any farther than that wintry-looking individual who stands at the top of the Avenue! This is the fourteenth Peace Monument car that's passed here in fifteen minutes. By the—"

And thus I left him. For I, too, have waited for a Union Station car.

* * *

THERE is a store of anxious nodding of heads and of plaintive and far-away looks among the employes at the Capitol, who realize that with the change of party denomination, which takes effect on the fourth of March, there must be especial thought given to the important matter of getting another job. The more one sees of life at the Capitol, the more practical seems to be the sentiment regarding the uncertainty of political employment. For the exigencies of political life are always striking and their outcome uncertain, and while men in public life may more than

earn the salaries they receive, there are always others vigilant for their positions, and seldom can credit for good service be considered in vacating and refilling those federal positions not under Civil Service rules.

The number of removals now incident to the change of party denomination in the House of Representatives is only a feeble snow-flurry to the blizzard of removals and appointments that used to half empty and refill residential Washington at the induction of every different administration since that of Andrew Jackson, who with the emphatic declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils," straightway saw to it that all the "spoils" in sight were divided among his followers.

The recent curtailment of the clerical force and the change of administration has deprived many people of government employment in Washington during 1910, but the growth and development of the city are increasing other lines of profitable employment than those of the government service.

* * *

WHILE it is generally supposed that the best stories are reserved for the cloak room, the most spontaneous and original are told in those few delightful moments after the Senate has adjourned and a cigar may be lighted and smoked on the floor of the Senate. Then little groups of Senators come together, and while the Congressional Record is grinding out history its makers refresh themselves with an "after-church" chat.

The question of clean money was being discussed, and an inspection of bank notes was in order. Most of those present had crisp greenbacks, for the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is in Washington, and only clean, new money is current in the Capital. Finally Senator Smoot, whose position on the Finance Committee would naturally make him an authority on such matters, held up a bill and said: "By the time the dollar bills get out to Nevada, they are in a frightful condition. That's why the people of the West prefer silver—it's cleaner—much more sanitary, don't you know."

Then he gave an estimate of how many

millions of germs might be collected on the dilapidated bill.

"The question nowadays," remarked Senator Depew, with one of his benign smiles, "is whether the germs would have time to escape to do any damage in course of such rapid transit, if all the stories of high cost of living are true. They wouldn't have time to get off any bill that chanced to pass through my exchequer."

* * *

AMONG the galaxy of distinguished Americans convened at the Conference of Governors at Louisville, Kentucky, none could look back to so long or so varied a record as General Simon Bolivar Buckner, the "grand old man" of Kentucky. Born in 1823, yet still vigorous in mind and body, he was graduated at West Point in 1844, and almost immediately was appointed on the staff of instructors, but retired in time to take part in the invasion of Mexico in 1846. Attached to the Sixth Regiment he was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant service at Contreras and Churubusco, and in the desperate assault on the Molino del Rey, or King's Mill, he earned a captain's commission.

He was instructor of infantry tactics at West Point from 1848 to 1855, when he undertook the construction of the Chicago Custom House, and later recruited a regiment of Illinois volunteers for an expedition against the recalcitrant Mormons.

In 1860 he resigned his connection with the army and began the practice of law at Louisville, but in 1861 carried with him into the Confederate service a large proportion of the Kentucky state guard, of which he was adjutant and inspector-general. It was undoubtedly fortunate for the federal cause that he was subordinate to Generals Floyd and Pillow, who lacked his popularity, initiative and fearless courage, but on the evacuation of Bowling Green he was ordered to Fort Donelson, where he commanded a brigade, and in three days' fighting in February, 1862, was the leading spirit of the defence. In the sortie on the last day, he drove back the besiegers and opened a way for a masterly retreat southward; but General

Pillow against Buckner's strenuous protest ordered the garrison back to Donelson, and the investment of Grant's forces was made impregnable.

Generals Floyd and Pillow made their escape that night, but Buckner would not leave his men, and remained to make terms and surrender the post.



MISS JEAN BINGHAM WILSON

A prominent young society lady of Washington

General Grant, who had been a fellow-cadet at West Point, placed his own purse at his disposal, when General Buckner left the front to become a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

Exchanged in August, he commanded General Hardee's First Division, was later made a major-general and fought effectively at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. After the collapse of the Virginian defence as lieutenant-general of Kirby Smith's trans-Mississippi army, he



Photo by Clinedinst

HENRY W. SAVAGE

Who has achieved remarkable success as a theatrical producer. An account of his latest production, "Everywoman," appears in this issue of the NATIONAL. (See Page 681.)

surrendered the last fighting entity of Confederates at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, May 26, 1865.

He was for a while a journalist in New Orleans, and later at Louisville, but in 1870 returned to the home farm in Hart County, Kentucky, where he has since

resided. When, in 1884, General Grant was financially ruined by the rascality of his Wall Street partner, the notorious Ward, General Buckner visited him and nobly repaid his debt of gratitude for the consideration shown him after his surrender at Fort Donelson. No one has

ever known how largely General Grant was indebted to him, but it was a generous and chivalrous deed, and it was with a heavy heart that General Buckner as pall-bearer followed his old comrade, friend, and antagonist to his tomb in 1885.

In 1887 he was elected governor of Kentucky, and during his term of office advanced some fifty thousand dollars, without interest, to the state to tide over a temporary deficiency. He took a prominent part in remodelling the State constitution and in 1896 was nominated for the vice-presidency with John M. Palmer, the Democratic candidate.

Wealthy, influential and popular, he loves his log cabin home, and the simple life of a southern gentleman of the old school, yet he is an active student of current events and problems.

The Buckner estate is at Green River, Kentucky, and the General has a patriotic love for the surrounding country. Out of his own purse he provided the funds for the waterworks in Munfordville, the county seat. He has also seen that a model highway has been constructed to the court house of Hart County. In 1896 the General was a candidate on the gold Democratic ticket. He finds it impossible to keep out of politics.

"I guess it's in my blood," he said, "I wish I could have kept out of politics all my life, and then probably I would have been a rich man. I'm living in the same old log cabin in Hart County that I was born in. That cabin is 103 years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preservation today as anyone could wish. I raise my own tobacco and I have a fine mint bed, and my old dog, General, wags his tail every time I walk into the old front yard."



MABEL BARRYMORE

Sister of Ethel Barrymore, who is gaining well-deserved fame in melodrama

General Buckner's scholarly attainments and love of justice have long been marked characteristics of his career. He gives no ear to the political quarrels of the state or nation, but just goes right along and lives the life of a real Kentucky gentleman.

A SURVEY of the completed census reports, which show that the population is 101,100,000 and that of this amount nearly 92,000,000 people live in the states, makes one feel that the word "big" has an appropriate place in the list of adjectives enthusiastically applied by loyal Americans.

Since the first census the country has outgrown itself twenty-five times. From a population of 3,500,000, slightly greater than that of the state of Texas, the Republic now has nearly one hundred million souls.

The census is important for other reasons than that Americans may know

that their numbers are increasing. It is the basis on which the representation in Congress is placed. The present ratio of one representative to 194,000 would lengthen out the roll-call to 495 names, and even on the proposed 222,000 basis, there would be 418 members.

Director Durand estimates that the final statistics will show that more than forty-five per cent of the country is urban,

ing tribute to a great and conscientious judge, than that delivered by Chief Justice White in honor of his predecessor. After reading from a carefully prepared manuscript a brief biographical resume, he pronounced a eulogy whose eloquence partook of the poetry and passion of a great threnody.

Solemnly calling attention to the responsibilities that rested upon him, and



VIEW OF A TYPICAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Within the past few years the automobile has not only become a thing of pleasure but of business as well. The pleasure is not confined to riding either, as is evidenced by the masses that always attend an automobile show

that is, residing in towns of 2,500 inhabitants or more. The decline in rural population has been quite general throughout the middle western section of the country, but the director says this is not by any means due to lack of agricultural prosperity.

* * *

THERE has seldom been uttered within the walls of the Supreme Court at Washington a more impressive and touch-

embodying a reverent aspiration of prayer for help in realizing the duties of the highest tribunal, and coming between the swell and counter-swell of the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, this remarkable address became even more impressive by way of contrast.

Throughout the session of Congress, the Supreme Court room has been crowded with auditors, and many hundreds of members of the bar have been crowded out. This revives the demand for plans to



THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
(*Sitting, left to right*) Justices Holmes, Harlan, White, McKenna, Day, (*standing, left to right*) Van Devanter, Lurton, Hughes, Lamar

erect a new Supreme Court Building or Department of Justice, where adequate quarters can be provided for the hearings of great causes before their final and definite settlement. There is talk of building a tribunal as a companion structure to the handsome Library of Congress.

The Chief Justice made the circuit assignments as follows:

The chief justice takes the fourth circuit, including Maryland, West Virginia, Vir-

Their assignments were read by the various members with much the same interest as itinerants consult the lists sent out by the Bishop of a Methodist Conference.

* * *

AS the associate of twenty-six of the sixty-two men who have ever had a seat on the Supreme Bench, Justice John Marshall Harlan is rounding out a third of

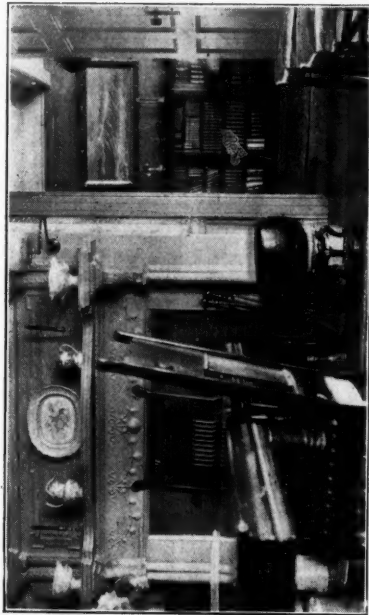


"PARRAMATTA," THE NEW SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT BEVERLY

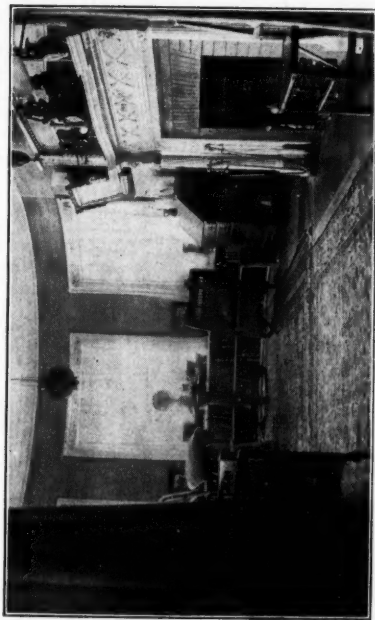
ginia, North Carolina and South Carolina; Justice Harlan, the sixth circuit, including Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee; Justice McKenna, the ninth circuit, consisting of the Pacific coast states; Justice Holmes, the first circuit, including Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island; Justice Day, the seventh circuit, including Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; Justice Lurton, the third circuit, including New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; Justice Hughes, the second circuit, including Vermont, Connecticut and New York; Justice Van Devanter, the eighth circuit, including Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico, and Justice Lamar, the fifth circuit, including Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

a century in the highest tribunal of the United States, and at the age of nearly seventy-eight he retains keen mental faculties and physical powers. Nearly all the important litigation that appears in the Supreme Court docket since 1877 bears his name, and if the "Grand Old Man" of the Supreme Court continues another year and a half on the bench, he will exceed the service of any previous member of that august body, including that of the celebrated Chief Justice Marshall.

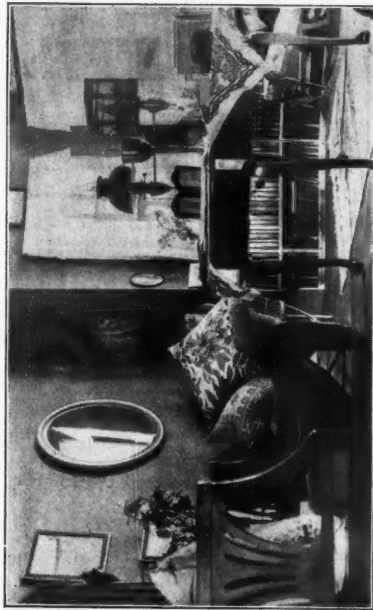
Justice Harlan sits at the left of Chief Justice White, and is the most picturesque figure of the Supreme Court. His rugged, clean-cut face and dignified, erect form



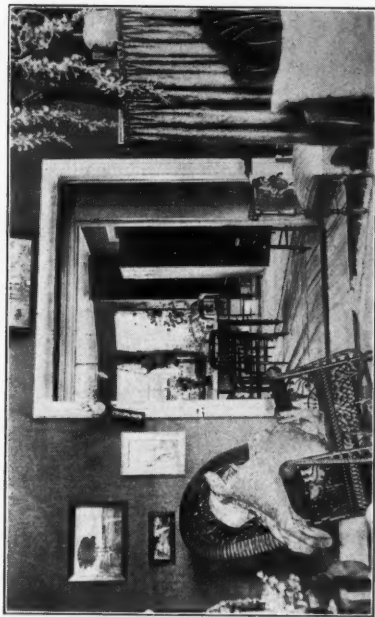
DINING ROOM IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY



EAST ROOM IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY



COZY CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE NEW SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT BEVERLY



ROOM LEADING FROM THE PARLOR IN THE NEW TAFT SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY

are regarded as being the fixed type of a Supreme Court Justice. Whether in the black robe on the bench, or on the lecture platform before an interested throng of law students, Justice Harlan is just the same genial, hearty, earnest soul that won the honor and love of all his Kentucky friends in the days of long ago.



CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW SUMMER HOME IN BEVERLY

A GRANDSON of Sir William E. Gladstone, that Grand Old Man of English leadership, is now at Washington as attache to the British Embassy, after having served as secretary to Lord Aberdeen, the viceroy of Ireland. William Glynn Charles Gladstone is a graduate of Oxford, where he was distinguished as a speaker of the celebrated Union Club.

He is the heir of the Hawarden estate, and when I saw him at Washington, it recalled a visit made some years ago to the famous old Hawarden Castle on that beautiful autumn day in 1894. Crippled children from a nearby institution in which Mrs. Gladstone took a great interest, were playing happily among the great oak

trees. I came up by way of the River Dee, on whose banks are the trees which inspired Morris's familiar song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It was an experience never to be forgotten, when the aged statesman extended a cordial greeting to his young American admirer.

Hawarden Castle was the property of his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, who left the estate to William Ewart Gladstone in trust for his grandson. The veteran statesman carefully developed the resources of the estate and made it one of the most attractive in England. The present attache of the English embassy, who, under the will of his mother's father, Lord Blantyre, also fell heir to the stately London mansion in Berkeley Square, has a country estate of worldwide interest, and a splendid city residence.

Mr. Gladstone takes a keen interest in affairs American, and is highly esteemed by all who have met him officially or in society. His stay in America with so distinguished and experienced a diplomatist as Ambassador James L. Bryce is especially appreciated by the young man whose family traditions would seem to ensure for him a great and useful career, and who bears the name of a grandsire whose name is revered in America.

* * *

WHEN you write an important letter be sure to place a return stamp upon it or have something on or in it indicating your exact address. At the Dead Letter auction every year the increasing national carelessness in correspondence, sends over a hundred thousand letters and parcels to be auctioned off by the Post Office Department. This year the net revenue from this sale amounted to \$8,749.75, and among the auctioned matter were more than 73,000 parcels and catalogued items.

At the sale there are always a number of bidders ready to take a chance of finding contents of value in the letters and parcels from the Dead Letter Office, and it is needless to say that myriads of tragedies and comedies can be read between the lines of these waifs of the great ocean of postal communications.

All know how even in the most uneventful life the receipt or loss of an ex-

pected letter has given pleasure or excited apprehension, and these letters, which can never reach those to whom they are addressed, or be returned to the writers who can never receive an answer, may often represent great and abiding sorrows to careless and blundering correspondents.

* * *

WHENEVER you hear anyone criticizing the Panama Canal just ask him "Have you been there?" Never have I found any critical soul who could answer that question in the affirmative. It was refreshing to hear from the lips of so noted an engineer as Mr. Isham Randolph that the old terror of landslides does not now occasion even conversation on the Isthmus.

The absurd report that the Gatun lake will be larger than Lake Michigan, with its area of 22,000 square miles, is worthy of Baron Munchausen of untruthful memory, since there are only 164 square miles

of water area in the Gatun Dam. But even so it makes no difference how great an area the Gatun Dam covers—the question is the depth of water and the consequent pressure back of the dam.

The work on the Isthmus is the one great sight of the world to see, and the Hamburg-American steamers are taxed to their capacity in accommodating the increasing number of excursionists. Various other attractions are being planned this year, including an aeroplane flight by Clifford B. Harmon, from Colon to Panama. This feat is said to be one of the most hazardous projects ever attempted, owing to the trade winds which blow steadily from Colon south to the city of Panama at sixteen miles an hour with many cross currents prevailing. It is believed that the flight will be made at a height of 500 feet or higher in order to avoid the air currents which eddy about the hills. Box kites will be used as guiding the route, one above Gatun, one above Bohio, and a third above Tabernilla. The jungle



States that Gatun Lake will be larger than Lake Michigan

and swamp lands afford few available landing places, but flags will be hoisted to show these. It is anticipated that more people from the states will visit the Panama celebration than have ever attended any of the expositions held in the United States.

The manufacture of the great gates at the Gatun locks has already begun, and will be followed shortly by the work at Pedro Miguel. Forty-six mitering gates will be required for the canal locks, and these will involve the use of 58,000 tons

600 tons, and will be thirty-seven and one-half feet high, sixty-four feet long and seven feet deep.

The installation of these gates indicates the rapid approach to completion of the great work at Panama, and the throngs of tourists are enthusiastic in an appreciation of the great undertaking.

* * *

THE first of the state levees given at the White House was a reception to the Diplomatic Corps. The splendid court dress of the foreign diplomatic representatives is always very impressive in the eyes of the American girl, and the Marine Band in their brilliant scarlet uniforms never discoursed more exquisite music. The buglers announced the arrival of the presidential party with stirring trumpet calls that inspired Washington's "ragged Continentals" in revolutionary days, and the Guest Room and the historic East Room and the doors of the state dining-room were thrown open for the elaborate supper.

After eleven o'clock the ball began in the East Room and continued until after midnight. President Taft, with his niece, Miss Harriet Anderson, appeared on the floor for one number, and he seemed to enjoy the dance as heartily as the younger men about him. Mrs. Taft did not participate in the dancing, but received the compliments of the guests all during the reception. Miss Helen Taft, the White House debutante, was of course the center of all eyes, and her young beauty and quiet, sensible carriage won universal admiration. There is a growing conviction that the social amenities of the country should draw their inspiration from the White House, which should be the arbiter of those delicate questions of etiquette among politicians which have always been a disturbing problem in Washington society. Heretofore there has been a development of many cliques at Washington—the administration, the diplomatic, the judicial, the senatorial, the congressional, the army and navy and so many other cliques that the tick of the social clock has been altogether confusing. Consequently certain rules are being established to meet the emergencies



MARIAN KENT HURD

One of the younger school of American writers

of steel. The larger part of the material called for by the specifications was of special design, and \$100,000 worth of additional machinery had to be installed by the manufacturers in order to make these gates. Single pieces of steel weighing eighteen tons will be used for lower girders, seven feet deep. Above these will be a series of girders, and over the structure thus formed a sheathing of watertight plates will be riveted like the sheathing of a vessel. The entire construction will be on an immense scale. Each gate will consist of two leaves whose weights will vary. The largest leaf will weigh about

that arise from those seeking admission to the portals of Washington society. It is felt that all rules of social etiquette should emanate from the White House, and that the gay social worlds of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago should be given due notice that the President, with his family, has a certain social as well as a political prestige commanding due consideration in giving honor to the position to which he has been chosen by the sovereign people.

* * *

AMONG the retiring Representatives in the Sixty-first Congress, few are credited with a more honorable record in the House than Mr. Joseph A. Goulden of New York City. Most capably and creditably has he represented the largest district of the country, and he has retired voluntarily, feeling that he has earned his holiday. For eight years Mr. Goulden has represented the New York District, with its 500,000 people, the Bronx and upper Harlem, and although a fifth term was offered him for the Sixty-second Congress, he felt that his record would entitle him to honorable retirement.

As a member of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Mr. Goulden's active work in the establishment of laws safeguarding human life on passenger and freight vessels is a matter of record in the annals of the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congress. Over \$2,000,000 has been secured by Mr. Goulden for various river appropriations in his district, including \$100,000 for a memorial to Christopher Columbus and \$225,000 for the site of a Federal building in the Borough of the Bronx, to say nothing of smaller appropriations for repairs on the Statue of Liberty, and for the erection of two lighthouses on the East River shore.

During the Civil War, Congressman Goulden served in the Union navy, and has been the leading spirit of the Grand Army posts of New York City for many years, during which time the magnificent Soldiers' Monument on Riverside Drive was erected. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the New York Soldiers' Home, where two thousand old veterans are peacefully spending the sun-

set of life. Mr. Goulden's activity in teaching the work of patriotism and civic loyalty in the public schools has been especially appreciated by educators throughout the country, and has won for him the love and honor of many young Americans.

While traveling on the Lackawanna Railway some years ago, Mr. Goulden



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HON. JOSEPH A. GOULDEN
Member of Congress from New York City

noticed a G. A. R. button on the coat lapel of a fellow-traveler. A conversation was begun, and the two veterans sat up far into the night talking over the old war days and the American republic, its past and future. Then they spoke of their personal experiences in civil life, of their families and business, and though they never met again, a life-long friendship was established. The comrade spoke of his boys and of their ambition in magazine work, and Congressman Goulden has

remained ever since an interested friend of the NATIONAL. To the appreciation of his splendid public service must be added this personal word regarding Mr. Goulden's association with one whose memory is held dear.

But this is only characteristic of Congressman Goulden's life work. Although a resident of New York City, with all its whirl and breathless activity, his kindly ways and earnest effort in behalf not only of his own constituents, but of everyone

old friend Lodge. It was a revelation of Colonel Roosevelt's broad grasp of national affairs, and his constancy to his friends.

In the early days, the two stood steadfastly together against the tide of mugwumpism; associated in their literary work, they have since been inseparable companions in public and private life. Senator Lodge has long been recognized as an astute student of public affairs, and as a speaker, his rich, mellifluous voice has always been heard for progressive and effective measures since he won a seat in Congress after a hard-fought battle on the stump.

As chairman of the Republican National Convention in 1908, the senior Senator from Massachusetts set a standard for future conventions that has never been surpassed by a presiding officer. In the trying position of holding in check the sentiment for his friend Theodore Roosevelt, and in effecting the nomination of William Howard Taft, he showed himself to be a master-hand in statecraft. Every speech, every announcement, to that great assembly, was given with conscientious fairness; his ability as a public man was never more clearly demonstrated than on this great occasion, which was potential in securing the Taft nomination.

An acknowledged authority on international questions, Senator Lodge's unrelenting championship of New England ideals and interests, always maintaining a national breadth of view, has made a deep impression upon the history of his times. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has done itself honor in returning to the Senate a worthy successor of Charles Sumner, and one of the strong and pre-eminent leaders of his day.

The whirlwind campaign made for him under the direction of Hon. Norman H. White did much to arouse the sentiment along the lines of progressive and aggressive Republican campaigning.

The speech delivered by Senator Lodge at Symphony Hall during the last of the campaign was one of the most eloquent heard in Boston since the days of Webster, Sumner and other orators of the stirring scenes of the Civil War. The address not only thrilled his audience but wherever



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. J. P. GARDNER

with whom he has come in contact, have had their part in making up one of those records which will illumine the pages of Congressional biography.

* * *

THE re-election of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to the Senate is the well-earned tribute of the old Bay State to one of the ablest men in public life. There was a touch of old-time friendship in the special trip which Colonel Roosevelt made to Massachusetts during the heat of the campaign in New York, to speak for his

read touched the hearts of the Massachusetts born and swept away all personal and partisan differences in an appreciation of a patriotic utterance. In giving an account of his public career Senator Lodge said:

"To this love I add the deep gratitude I feel to the people of Massachusetts for the confidence they have so long reposed in me. No matter what the future may have in store, that gratitude which comes from my heart can never be either chilled or lessened. To be Senator from Massachusetts has been the pride of my life. I have put aside great offices, for to me no public place, except one to which I never aspired, has seemed equal to that which I held, and there was assuredly none which could so engage my affections.

"I have valued the high positions given me in the Senate, because they meant large opportunity and testified to the trust and confidence of my associates. But I prize them most, because they gave to Massachusetts the place which is her due in the councils of the nation."

* * *

AS Senator Hale of Maine made his dignified way to the sartorial shop of the Senate, there was just a gleam of humor in his eye as he spoke of the capture of the House of Representatives by the Democrats. Inasmuch as they had won the victory, he insisted, there should be no effort made to rob the party of its natural inheritance. He seemed unusually cheerful in the anticipation of his retirement to private life, with its prospects of escaping the arduous work which has represented his life program for many years.

The Senator is still an ardent advocate of the Ocean Steamship Bill, which he feels will do much toward developing our trade with Central and South America. He scoffs at the rumor of an extra session of Congress, and quotes Champ Clark's statement that the boarding-house keepers, hotel managers and newspapers would keep Congress in session the entire year if they could.

Whisperings of an alliance between the so-called Insurgent forces and the Democratic party are given no credence by Senator Hale, "now or ever." Neither does he contemplate a long ascendancy for the Democrats, and he feels that the leaders of that party will find in the coming Congress that immense responsibilities and burdens will tax their powers to the ut-

most. A special tribute was paid to the real patriotism, conservatism and sense of President Taft in bringing the Republican party together for the great contest of 1912, and the interview was closed with a pertinent quotation: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." But with his usual optimism Senator Hale sees in the developments of 1910 that good will yet come to his party.

* * *

LONG before he came into prominence as prospective Speaker-elect of the House of Representatives, Champ Clark



NORMAN H. WHITE
Who managed Senator Lodge's campaign

became, as he has ever since continued to be, one of the picturesque characters of Washington. It was a rare treat to sit down with him at one of the tiny tables of the lunch room where the plebeian public are wont to dine and join him in digesting a piece of pumpkin pie (and be sure to call it "pungkin"). It seems to be more to the liking of Champ Clark to eat with "the common folks" than to take his place in the inner sanctum marked "Members Only."

Genial Mr. Clark is always ready for a chat. His own taking lectures on "Picturesque Public Men," he told me,



CAPTAIN ROBERT E. PEARY, WHOM THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE HAVE DECIDED MISSED THE NORTH POLE BY A LITTLE OVER A MILE

were along the same lines as "Affairs at Washington" in the NATIONAL, and they were the most popular of his entire repertoire. The lecture has been delivered several hundred times by Mr. Clark, and for this work he has received twenty or thirty thousand dollars. His "picturesque

characters" go back to the Fifty-third Congress, and he keeps trying out descriptions of different public men. He told how he had prepared an exquisite word picture of a gentleman very prominent some years ago, but it never seemed to take, for the man was a true "gentleman of

the old school," and the lecture dealt with him as a memory of a past generation. "Our people seem to want things right up to date," he insisted, "and one of the most interesting influences of my public career has been the keen and lively interest which the people have always taken in their public men of all political parties."

Mr. Clark's real Christian name is James Beauchamp, but there was such an abundance of James Clarks that he induced people to call him by his second name. Folks out Missouri way pronounce Beauchamp "Beecham" instead of "Bo-shom," which offended Mr. Clark's ear, so naturally and inevitably he became Champ Clark after his initiation to the field of politics.

Opposite the restaurant in the corner of the House wing of the Capitol Mr. Clark has a special room on whose door there is a tiny plate with the simple inscription "Mr. Champ Clark." Here it has been convenient for him to keep watch of things on the floor, but now some Republican member will occupy this room while Mr. Clark moves up to the Speaker's headquarters on the floor above in the opposite corner of the wing.

* * *

AFTER a lecture recently delivered by Colonel Mosby, in a Northern city, there was a little reception that further emphasizes the passing of all sectional feeling. Here was the Confederate partisan who of all his rank had made the most trouble for the Union in Virginia, and who even now possesses much of the fire and spirit of the days when he was a cavalry officer in gray, addressing a Northern audience, and receiving the hearty and affectionate greetings of the Union veterans of '61.

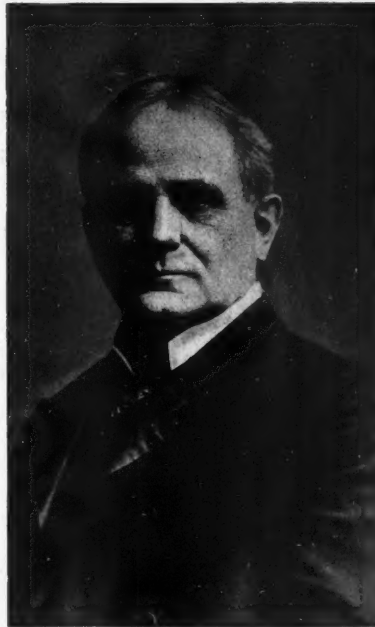
In his lectures Colonel Mosby, while respecting Northern sensibilities, accurately reflects Southern sentiment and ideas. He never fails to pay a merited tribute to his former foes—who in the old days had to keep a vigilant watch and ward against "Mosby's Guerillas."

* * *

NEVER have I witnessed a more touching tribute to the memory of a deceased Senator than when Mr. Davis Elkins marched down the center aisle of

the Senate, leaning on the arm of his father's old colleague, to be sworn.

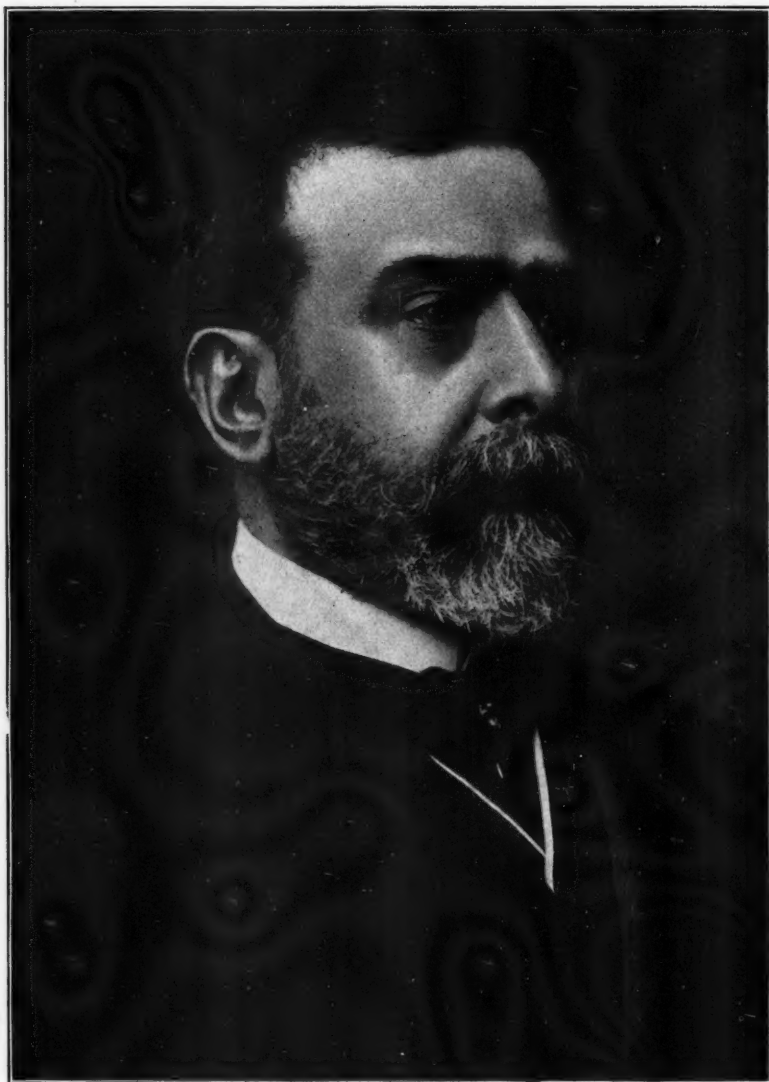
Faultlessly attired and in the prime of young manhood, his virility and firm features still recall something of the dominant power of the late Senator from West Virginia. After affixing his signature with the firm hand and business dash of a young man who for some years has been at the head of a twelve-million dollar corporation, he was introduced by Senator



HON. CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

Scott to many of his father's former associates, and as they gathered about the newly elected Senator with words of welcome and congratulation from Democrats as well as from Republicans, his reception was a tribute to his father's memory such as no floral offerings, no resolutions, none of the other usual tributes, could express.

For this was the son of Stephen B. Elkins, and to him all his father's friends extended a greeting that for the time mellowed the austerity of the august assembly of Senators. With a hearty



SENOR DON EPIFANIO PORTELA

Ambassador from the Argentine Republic to the United States

handclasp he met them, but when he stood at his father's desk, the seat in the front row from which the crape band of official mourning had been but recently removed, it was a touching scene and all eyes were centered upon him.

An especially tender tribute to the memory of his colleague was exemplified in Senator Scott's fatherly interest in the son. For twelve years Nathan Bay Scott and Stephen B. Elkins had been friends; never a word of disagreement

passed between them, something unusual in two Senators from the same state. There has never been an Elkins faction or a Scott faction in West Virginia. When Senator Elkins made his campaign for re-election, no one was more active in his behalf than Senator Scott, and after the ceremonies of young Elkins' initiation, Senator Scott once more looked over the last letter ever penned by his deceased friend. It was only a brief note filled with friendly regard, but it seemed to contain a premonition that it was a word of farewell to his beloved colleague.

In his characteristic way of doing things promptly, Senator Scott had arranged to have the new Senator sworn in just as soon as possible after his appointment was forwarded by Governor Glasscock. A special train brought the party to Washington, and an automobile whisked the young man to the Senate Chamber, where he was made a Senator the same day of his appointment.

Upstairs in the Committee Room, Miss Elkins, Mrs. Oliphant and Stephen B. Elkins, Junior, had arrived just too late to see their brother sworn into office. In the President's Room of the Senate many friends from West Virginia had gathered, and there was a suspicion of moistened eyes as they looked upon the young man, with all his enthusiasm, ready to take the place and assume the labors of his revered father. He was saying that as a boy, his father used to alarm him by saying that he could never be a Senator if he did this or that. Senator Davis Elkins has evidently taken hold of his new duties with the same characteristic energy with which his father resumed Senatorial labors when he was returned from West Virginia after having represented the Territory of New Mexico in Congress. He has but recently passed his thirtieth year, the required age for a United States Senator according to the Constitution.

Seldom has a young American entered the political arena seemingly better fitted to win popular favor by a gracious and pleasing personality, and a determination to get right at the root of things in an incisive, business-like way. Everybody warmed to him at once as he shook hands

with a heartiness that was refreshing in this chamber whose denizens are noted for staid dignity. He will not occupy his father's desk, as the old custom prevails that the seats be filed upon and taken in regular seniority.

Speaking of the method of filing upon seats recalls the case of Senator Root, who as a mere matter of form made application for Senator Hale's seat after the filing had also been made by the late



HON. GEORGE SUTHERLAND
Utah's junior member of the United States Senate

Senator Dolliver. It was little thought at that time that the Senator from Maine would leave his desk for years to come, but his retirement, which takes effect the fourth of March, and Senator Dolliver's death, will give Senator Root the very desirable seat of the Senator from Maine.

Senator Davis Elkins was born in Washington while his father was a member of Congress, and his early years are associated with Washington and Washington life. His success in business affairs was the pride and delight of his father, al-

though he always hoped and intended that his son should enter the field in which he had been active for nearly fifty years.

When his friends addressed the young man as "Senator" he remarked that it seemed "odd." He thought it might take some time to become accustomed to the salutation, and was determined to do things to deserve the distinction. The following day he appeared in the Senate in a business suit, and he can be relied upon to be prompt and alert in his treatment of all matters that come to his desk, and to give to his constituents the best that is in him to fill out his father's term creditably.



OCTAVE THANET, THE AUTHORESS, IN HER ARKANSAS HOME GARDEN

AT the Sixth Annual Convention of the American Civic Association held in Washington at the New Willard, were gathered many men who have been active in increasing the beauty of American cities. The president, Mr. J. Horace McFarland, has long been identified with this work, and the beautiful city of Harrisburg clearly shows the value of the organization's efforts. Mr. Richard B. Watrous of Washington is the secretary, and an active officer he is in every sense of the word. His report on "The Year's Work" told of what had been accomplished by the association during the year, and the efforts proposed for the year to come.

The entire week's program was of interest, reflecting much important work accomplished by the various clubs throughout the country. At one of the afternoon sessions, Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh presided, and an address by Mr. Frederick

Olmsted, on the "A B C of City Planning," gave valuable initial suggestions as to the best way of making a city beautiful. The paper deserves wide circulation.

From New England to the Gulf and Pacific coast came the enthusiastic delegates, and among the subjects taken up the house-fly was discussed with due acerbity and spirit. The fly-fighting committee, headed by Mr. Edward Hatch, Junior, was fortunate in securing a number of brilliant speakers, among them the Chief Entomologist of the Agricultural Department, Professor L. O. Howard, who spoke on "The Typhoid Fly." Various notable addresses followed on "The Menace of the Fly," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of New York, Mr. Leroy Boughner of Minneapolis and Mr. Watrous.

The Convention ended in a most delightful reception tendered by Hon. and Mrs. John B. Henderson. An active campaign on beautifying home, city and country, was planned for the coming year, to be directed from the headquarters at Washington.

* * *

THE dreams of idealists as to the real meaning of the public welfare clause are being realized in the action of Major George O. Squier of the Signal Corps of the Army. For some years he has been making wireless experiments which enable one to send several messages over the same wire at the same time.

The four patents for multiplex telephony, which were issued to Major Squier, were transferred by him "to the people of the United States," for the Major felt that it would not be proper for him as an officer in the United States Army to profit by his invention. The successful tests made show that conversation or music can be carried by wireless transmission guided by a wire, and the system has already been installed between the research laboratory of the Signal Corps at the bureau of standards at Chevy Chase, Maryland, and the construction laboratory of the Signal Corps at 1710 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

In view of the fact that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has twelve million miles of wire in operation and that that company spent during the

first six months of 1910 more than twenty-one million dollars for the construction of telegraph and telephone equipment, the multiplex system of telephony, lessening the requirements for new wires, would seem to be of special value to that company. Major Squier says that anyone is at liberty to use the invention and that not a penny is expected by the inventor for royalty. The patents have been duly taken out by "the people of the United States," and are fully protected in foreign countries.

Major Squier hails from Michigan, and declares that his labor has been inspired by a love of science and devotion to duty. He says that as long as the United States Government pays him a salary every month he feels that everything he does belongs to the government.

The Major studied under Professor Rowland, the inventor of the multiplex telegraph system at the Johns Hopkins University, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1893, and since his entrance to the Signal Corps has done much for commercial America.

* * *

FAR more unerringly than by any weather bureau prediction, the approach of spring is indicated by the gleam of the piscatorial fervor that irradiates the eyes of Senator Frye of Maine just before the opening of the fishing season. During the winter while the streams are ice-bound and the spruce trees are white with snow, the Senator loves, now and then, to relate a fish story.

He tells of a memorable trip on which Senator Spooner joined him at his choicest trout stream. They had it all arranged, after having called into counsel a reliable fish-dealer and a trustworthy expressman, that a box of trout should arrive every other day at Senator Frye's home to indicate the success with which they were casting the fly.

The plan worked beautifully—"of course we caught some and some we didn't"—but the expressman was fairly regular in the weight of fish forwarded, and the prepaid charges were about the same from day to day. All went well until

one day a dispatch came from the Frye domicile:

"Rush two more boxes smoked herring. They are great. Are the salt mackerel running also?"

There was a busy tin. with the wires just then, for the fish dealer had got his orders mixed, and instead of shipping fresh trout to Frye's home, he had sent herring—thoroughly smoked. But the Senator was equal to it. Camp supplies had been mixed with the fish caught that day—of course. He hastened his reply:

"You received the bait by mistake. Nothing but smoked herring will ever catch fresh trout, you know."

Senator Spooner usually concludes the tale truthfully by giving the return message:

"Received the bait, and taken it *sic*—hook and all."

* * *

THERE is always a fascination in watching others work—whether it is a building under construction or a farmer afield or one of the great departments at Washington.

On a November day they were "closing the forms" of the annual reports in the various departments. In the office of the Secretary of the Navy the Admirals were looking over the last details to see that nothing was left out in the report and nothing lacking in the personnel of the Navy and the operations of each department.

Ever since his entrance into public life Secretary George von L. Meyer has been indefatigable and enthusiastic in the performance of his official duties. Many of the innovations proposed by him as Postmaster General have become crystallized into law, and his practicality in the adoption of new ideas shows that he is ever on the watch that his services shall bear fruit in public economies as well as in lofty ideals.

For the first time in all federal history, \$2,700,000 was turned back into the United States Treasury by the Navy Department out of the Naval Supply Fund. It seems rather singular in the annals of reports to find a fund liquidated and money turned back into the Treasury.

Even more significant is the statement that the estimates for 1912 are five million dollars less than the appropriation of a year ago. There is usually a difference between the estimates furnished and the appropriations made, for estimates are nearly always larger than the amounts recommended by the committee on appropriations. In this case, however, it is

When the Secretary is at his desk, he works with the spirit of an active business man, who seeks certain well-defined results from well-matured and definite plans and investigation.

* * *

O JOY unconfined!" exclaimed an enthusiastic fly-fisherman, as he read the report of United States Fish Commissioner, George M. Bowers, announcing that after forty years of effort the Chinook salmon of Pacific waters had been introduced into the lakes and rivers of the Atlantic seaboard.

During the season of 1910, a number of lucky anglers in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, have taken Chinook salmon weighing from three to ten pounds each, and other localities will probably be fairly well stocked with this gamy and delicious Pacific salmon within a few years.

During the year the commission distributed throughout the Republic over three thousand, two hundred and thirty-three millions of living fish and fish eggs, exceeding the record of 1909 four per cent.

This statement means that fished-out streams and lakes, inland ponds and hitherto tenantless brooks have been sown with living seed or tiny fry, and these often of species and value far superior to the former scaly denizens of the lake, pond, or stream. The researches of Agassiz, the more practical and extended labors of Baird, Verrill and Goode, his lieutenants and successors, laid broadly and deeply the foundations of the existing national and state commissions which have added incalculably to the pleasure, food supply and resources of our people.

The report estimates the invested capital of the fishery interests of the United States at \$95,000,000, and the average annual income at \$62,000,000 (profits), but this is by no means the real limit of practical profit. Millions of dollars would be lost to Maine yearly if her lake salmon and trout fisheries were lost through any folly or misfortune, and this is true to a greater or less extent of every community in which the disciple of good old Izaak Walton can still find "good fishing" and a comfortable hospitality at the close of his day's labors.



MAJOR GEORGE O. SQUIER
The inventor of multiplex telephony

believed that the amount asked for by the Secretary will be promptly "passed" by the committee and found adequate.

The systems inaugurated by Secretary Meyer to keep in close touch with all the details of the Navy Department, are also detailed in the annual report. During the summer Mr. Meyer made a report as to the naval power of the leading nations, founded on information of whose reliability and value he was fully cognizant.

New Work at Tuskegee Institute

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



HEN you can pronounce "Che-haw" with that inimitable limpid liquid accent of the Indian tongue, then the initiated will know that you have visited Tuskegee—for at Chehaw you last change cars for Tuskegee. Booker Washington's school town is not located on the railroad maps, but a Pullman porter thousands of miles away told me how to go to Chehaw—no "geehaw" joke here—on the way to Tuskegee, where, perhaps, the most notable institution of learning in the world's history has been established. For the work at Tuskegee Institute deals with the destiny of a race.

The train was late, but I did not care, for there was something fascinating in winding around among the Alabama hills, with red-hued soil, looking for the buildings which I had come to see;—the buildings, plant and equipment which represented the life-work that a noble, energetic, unselfish man, the son of a slave mother, has done and is doing for his race.

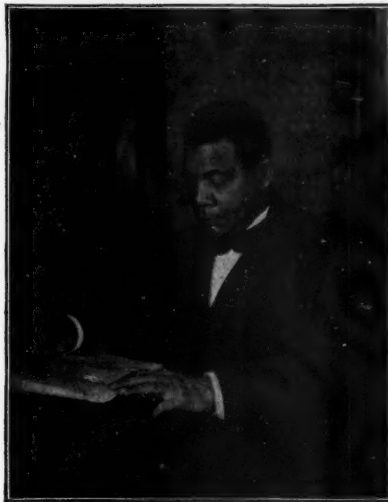
One can see plainly enough that the soil about Tuskegee is not the dark, rich loam of the Delta, but in spite of that, on either side of the road are fields that show the thrift born of effort and conquest. And one of the Tuskegan professors has discovered mineral on the land which makes the finest prussian blue, with by-products of pure green and red dyestuffs.

When I first heard Booker T. Washington speak years ago, I felt the charm of his simple, frank and hopeful story and comment. His whole attitude seemed to be so practical, so sensible, so earnest, that I felt a personal interest in his plans and purposes. His biography tells the story of Tuskegee.

Tuskegee had enjoyed a reputation for learning that had clustered for many years—long before the war its schools for white people were the envy of surrounding counties. In 1881 a small schoolhouse was planned there with a modest appropriation of \$2,500 for Negro education—a frame building with a typical belfry—and this called for a teacher. From Hampton Institute in Virginia came young Booker T. Washington, and no sooner had he arrived and taken his seat on the rostrum of that little old frame building, a replica of which is still preserved on the grounds, than he began to paint a picture of what *should* exist on those hills round-

about. The transformation has been nothing short of magical. A splendid assembly hall recently completed, the great dormitories, the library, the office, the campus, the barns, experimental station, industrial buildings—where almost every practical and useful trade is taught and where every duty known to home-making is a part of the obligatory instruction—can you compute what all this means?

There is a suggestion of Harvard on



"BOOKER" TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON

the entrance gates with their massive pillars, and the brass *bas relief* presented by the students as an eloquent expression of gratitude to the memory of the late William Baldwin, Jr. Around the administration offices the vines cling with just that touch of picturesque beauty that makes the memories of Tuskegee ever pleasant in the mind of its graduates.

The enthusiasm with which every undergraduate and everyone about the building



SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENT COMMUNITY
SCHOOLHOUSE

seemed ready to tell of their work, and the respect and honor in which they held Dr. Washington, was most impressive.

From Dr. Washington's simple office, with its bouquet of flowers, the air of gentle refinement is radiated. On the walls are the portraits of those who have done much to help him in his work, among them that of a colored lady, lately deceased, who left her fortune of thirty-eight thousand dollars to Tuskegee.

From a cosy room in Rockefeller Hall one can view the crest of the hill, and not far away is Greenwood, where many of the faculty of Tuskegee reside.

Standing in the balcony of the Assembly Building, watching the students, what a charm there was in hearing grace chanted in weird minor and later the old Negro hymns and plantation melodies played by the orchestra and band. For the colored people do love their music. In the Carnegie Library of fifteen thousand volumes an assembly room is used for lectures by the senior and graduate students; there is also a seminary room where the students who are preparing essays may work.

The Y. M. C. A., under the efficient

charge of Mr. J. D. Stevenson, has been doing notable work, and the deportment and character of Tuskegee students tell an effective story.

The students, wearing uniforms made at Tuskegee, have a dignified bearing, and are keenly interested in sports and athletics. Ever since the school was established an exemplary military discipline has been in force. Mr. J. H. Washington initiated the work, which is now in charge of Major J. B. Ramsey. The night school furnishes two battalions of four companies each, and the day school a third battalion of five companies. The officers are chosen from the senior class, and there is not a day that a fire drill is not sounded, nor an hour in which the real dignity of duty is not recognized.

In one of the industrial buildings the girls were making hats and dresses, also fancy baskets and adornments for the homes. The laundry was a model of neatness. The seniors, girls with matronly air, were preparing "the homes" for guests, and a delightful dinner.

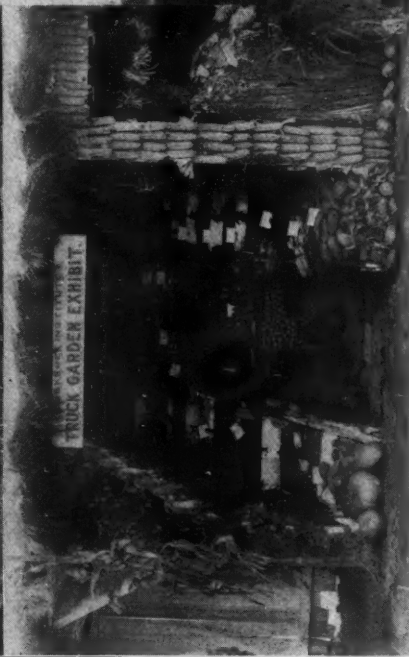
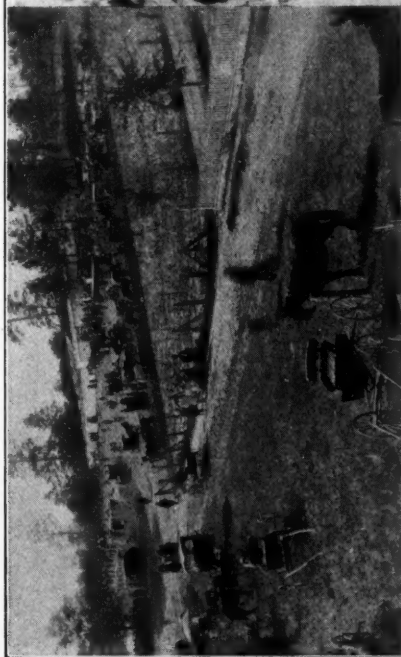
In the kitchen the old Colonel put down the kettle a moment to tell me: "Yassah,



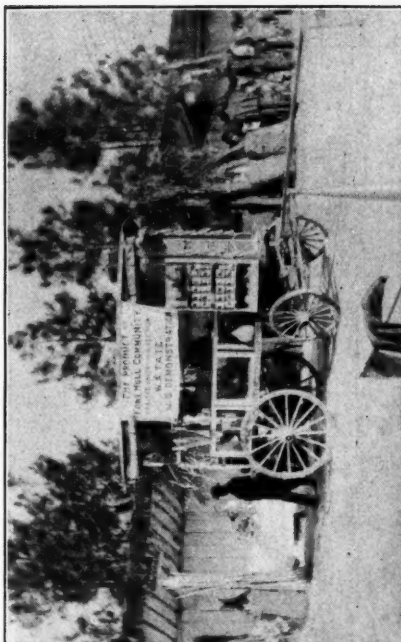
RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOLHOUSE

Ah 'membahs many's a time when we'se gone hungry 'spectin' when that whistle blew it'd bring a cheque from Mistah Wash'n'ton, sah."

The assembly at night in the great auditorium was impressive in revealing a personnel of earnest, sensible and practical young men and women preparing a life-work with sane and wholesome ideals. Every other day each student is required to unite with his academic studies, the real *doing* of things—homely things relating to the field and shop and home.



SCENE AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE
MODEL EXHIBIT AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE



JESUP WAGON AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE
COMMUNITY EXHIBITS AT THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE

Nearly all the bricks that have been laid at Tuskegee were made in the brickyard there—every building at Tuskegee has been constructed from home-made bricks, and the mortar mixed and laid by Tuskegee students.

Although the institution now has sixteen hundred students, an assembly hall contains a marvelous dining room in which the entire student body gathers face to face three times a day; after grace has been said in a plaintive, reverent chant,



SHILOH SCHOOL, MACON COUNTY

one can see a problem grappled with, not in *theory*, but in *practice*. From forty states and over twenty-one foreign countries come the young men and women of the colored race, earnest and eager, to acquire that information and instruction which will enable them to go forth and become teachers in turn. In Panama I have visited schools taught by Tuskegee graduates. In far-off Jamaica and other remote parts of the West Indies, I have met them. The influence of Tuskegee in its short twenty-nine years bridges a history of the first importance to the nation, as well as to the colored race.

In the village of Tuskegee is a club-room where the boys and girls and farmers gather evenings and on Saturday afternoons. Over a store nearby is a night school of which Mrs. Booker T. Washington had long personal charge. Here the boys, with hammer, saw and plane, devote their evenings to making and repairing chairs and other "odd jobs"; the room was full of articles of furniture brought in by the villagers. There was also a tailor-shop near at hand, where clothes were made to order—in fact, every phase of the Tuskegee idea is presented in a practical and efficient way.

Tuskegee and its subsidiaries is today an educational centre known the world over for its cohesive organization: everything is conducted systematically. Efficiency in everything is the watchword. It was enjoyable to hear the young folk going to and fro, humming merry tunes—how light-hearted they seemed, yet they realized their responsibilities and were admirably attentive in the recitation room.

Early in the eighties Dr. Washington recognized that in agricultural employments the color line would not be sharply drawn, and that the first thing to be done was to train the young people of his race to better methods of work and living. In the South, there are few white people who have aught but words of respect for the work which he is doing. He is always at perfect ease, and, conscious of the justice of his cause, he moves about with almost the authority of a general, and demands results in every undertaking. Two hundred mules are kept in the stables, and there is seldom a day in which all are not at work. The question of stock-raising, too, has



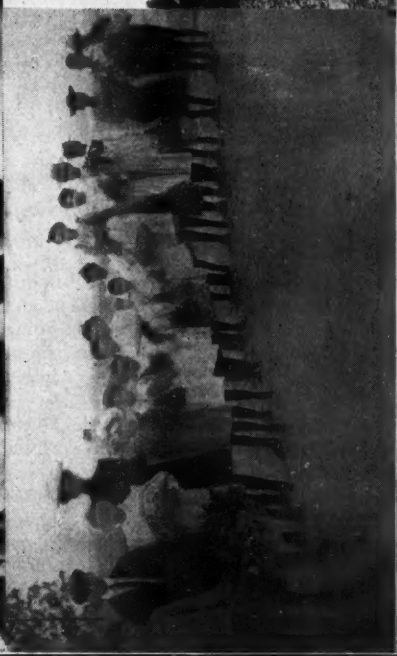
NEW NEGRO FARM DWELLING IN DAWKINS COMMUNITY, MACON COUNTY, TWELVE MILES FROM TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

been thoroughly considered, and the intelligence and alertness of the young men employed and educated in these and other departments certainly indicate steady progress in scientific farm development in this section.

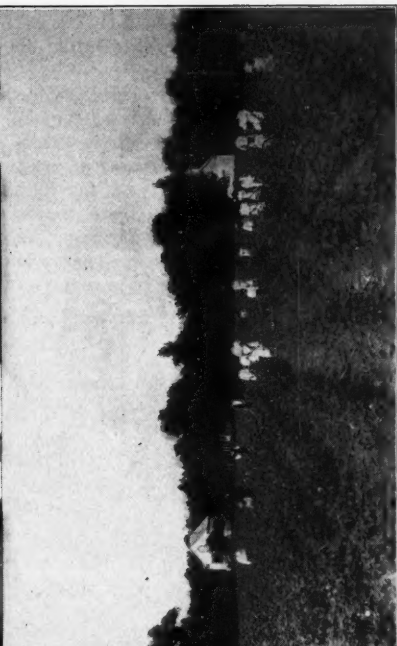
In the Agricultural Building the farmers' institute gathers winter and summer, and at these meetings the farmers hear the lectures and demonstrations and experiences showing the results of the various crops. The teachers in the agricultural schools give special instruction to the farmers, and the course in agriculture started in the Institute in 1904 has proven



LESSON IN SEWING, RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOL
TAKING VEGETABLES HOME FROM ONE OF THE SCHOOL GARDENS

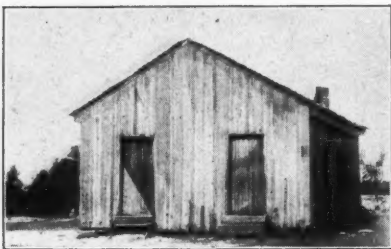


LESSON AT DINNER, RISING STAR MODEL SCHOOL
CHEHAW COMMUNITY CHILDREN WORKING THE SCHOOL FARM



most successful; nearly a thousand students are at the present time enrolled in the agricultural course alone.

The engrossing work at Tuskegee just now deals with extension. The public appropriation permits of only three months' schooling for colored people in many districts, and this short term has to be divided as far as it will go. Some sections have suffered in consequence of these enforced limitations, and the extension work plans to arrange for nine months of



OLD RISING STAR SCHOOL BUILDING

school. The instruction is not only to include the rudiments, but is to take the boys right out into the fields to train them for home-making and home-building. As has been stated by Dr. Washington, "there is nothing in politics or any other avenue of life that begins to compare in importance with the Negro's securing a home and becoming a taxpayer." The work started by the extension department of the Institute has grappled in earnest with the one great economic problem of the times—"Back to the land." In this connection emphasis is laid on farm and household economy, as well as in knowing what to do to get the best results out of the soil. It is the lesson of living simply and of not wasting, and of looking toward those things which are worth while, which is impressed in a way that would do justice to many an older institution.

The extension school work represents a wonderful organization. Over thirty-three community schoolhouses, in charge of Tuskegee graduates, have already been established, and forty school terms have been extended from three to nine months. The different communities have their meetings once a week. The conference of

all the communities meets once a month, and the great fair is held once a year. How sensible and systematic an arrangement for bringing together the people of the surrounding country to develop that neighborhood spirit which is always characteristic of every successful community. "How I obtained a home of my own" is the chief topic of discussion at the meetings from year to year. It is the same simple story—some fail and some succeed, but the usual process is "I bought a piece of land and gave a mortgage on it." And those who worked on it paid the mortgage, as a rule; those who didn't, failed. Imagine a conference of white people confessing, as these gatherings do, their shortcomings as well as their successes. There is something delightfully cheerful and optimistic about the colored people—perhaps too much so at times for their good.

Grim humor was expressed when one Negro farmer said it was "the jug" that was responsible for his failure, and it wasn't a whiskey jug, either, but one that held two gallons of molasses. He used to send up to the store for the jugful on credit, and then more on credit, and



AN ABANDONED DWELLING IN RISING STAR COMMUNITY, COMMONLY USED BEFORE EXTENSION WORK WAS BEGUN

when the bill came due in the fall he was without the money for aught else than to pay for things already consumed.

The chief point of the conferences is to impress the white people that the Negro can be made self-reliant and independent, and by attending strictly to his own business he may become a credit and an honor to any state or any community. Several of the neighborhoods around Tuskegee have school buildings built by the people themselves. Many a father with a large family feels a just pride in being able to help provide for the extension schools.

In Tuskegee the art of helping others is taught in connection with the art of helping oneself. The boy learns not only how to make a horseshoe, but how to fit it on—and to show others how to do it.

From the Institute barns Mr. Calloway drove to one of the schoolhouses which is following out Dr. Washington's plans. It is a simple building, to be sure, but a home as well as a school. Here a devoted Tuskegee graduate and his wife teach the rudiments—the "three R's"—and take right hold of the little folks with a parental hand. The youngsters are taught how to conduct themselves among strangers, how to eat, how to make beds and to keep the home sweet and clean, and how to do other useful things. The garden nearby was then being cultivated by the boys, and they showed me how they pulled stumps with an enthusiasm and interest that spoke well for their training. About the schoolhouse are gardens, tools and stock with which to review the lessons taught by actual practice; among them pigs and chickens comely and well-fed, which had evidently familiarized the students with the fundamental laws of successful farming and turning feed into profitable stock.

Eight miles from Tuskegee on the Russell Plantation, Mrs. Booker T. Washington some years ago adapted the methods of the University Settlement to the needs of the people living in the "black belt," and in an abandoned farm cabin the work was begun by Miss Annie Davis, a graduate of Tuskegee. To see little tots of eight and nine years learning how to tend the baby—for there are always babes in Negro communities—represented a great work in itself. When one realizes that each one of these colored school children has to pay a tuition fee out of the family earnings, it must be admitted that an education really means something to them, when it is not to be had without a sacrifice on their part and that of their parents.

We visited several of the many schools and communities, coming across one of the Jesup wagons on our way. These wagons, laden with the sample products of the land, travel from place to place like veritable experiment stations of the Agri-

cultural Department, encouraging experiments of the right kind of farming. They look like the rural free delivery wagons of the government, and best of all are made in Tuskegee Institute shops. The great farm of Tuskegee itself, with its wire fences, modern buildings and experiment station, has had a most salutary influence, and the students at work in the fields, the granaries and the crops told the story.

Many of the colored farms around about Tuskegee are prosperous. The old log hut is deserted for the neat, white cottage, with green blinds and a red roof, trim as a New England homestead. At Sweet Gum community there was a petition asking those employing help to hire none but desirable characters. In the Roba Com-



OLD SHILOH SCHOOL, IN USE BEFORE RURAL SCHOOL EXTENSION EFFORT BEGAN

munity prizes were recently offered by a wealthy white planter for the tenants who kept the best farms, gardens and homes, but only those who were not addicted to alcohol and lived in peace and order were allowed to compete.

The farmer wouldn't be a true farmer unless he had his local home paper, and Mr. C. J. Calloway, who has been very active in the extension work, some time ago established *The Messenger*, a county newspaper, which has indeed the real flavor of neighborliness. The Negro Business League, founded in Boston in 1900, but with headquarters in Tuskegee, has done much to stimulate habits of saving, and banks have been established to help in building up business and industrial enterprise. Over thirty banks and three hundred leagues have been established in

thirty-seven states since the work was first begun.

The ministerial institute of Macon County has done much to influence the colored man in better modes of living. At a recent meeting the Negroes discussed crime in general and organized a novel "Law and Order League" for the suppression of crime. The pledges taken by the members are simple and effective:

"I will be a law-abiding citizen."

"I will strive for the suppression of crime in my community."

"I will co-operate with the officers of the law in ferreting out criminals."

"I will discountenance crime, immorality and all phases of lawlessness in my community."

"I will protect, with the best of my ability, every innocent and helpless person in my community, every worthy citizen regardless of race or color and every worthy member of the Law and Order League."

Now as to the practical, direct and concrete influence of the Institute at home. Official records show that there has been a great reduction of crime in the black belt Negro country in recent years. Penitentiary offences have decreased sixty per cent; murders seventy-five per cent. The records of Macon County, Alabama, in which Tuskegee is situated, show it to be one of the most law-abiding districts in the state, and this is emphasized in the report of the Attorney-General. During the visit of President McKinley and again when President Roosevelt went to Tuskegee (when over fifteen thousand people were assembled from all parts of the country) not a single arrest for disorder was made on either occasion. At the Macon County Fair in October last, four thousand Negro farmers were in attendance.

The Fair has been held for the past twelve years, solely for the purpose of promoting agricultural development. The necessity for keeping order at the County Fair has never been considered by the officers—the event has become a model of the perfect observance of law and order. The influence of this meeting can be found in the local conferences, farmers' improvement clubs and mothers' clubs, which have all done much to reach out a helping hand to the colored man or woman who appreciates what it means to get on in the world and become a useful citizen.

Everywhere there seemed to be recognized and reflected in life and labor the memorable saying of their great teacher:

"Respect can never be given; it must be purchased; our success will be earned and come by learning to command respect by our usefulness to the world."

* * *

Yes, it rained the day I was there, but Calloway insisted that it was "good for the crops," so we didn't mind the wetting, and the students didn't seem to have very much use for umbrellas. There was a sturdiness about it all that was impressive. As I left, the lights were being lit in the Tuskegee halls. In each room in the dormitories, and wherever else that light gleamed, I felt that there some young man or young woman under the study lamp was courageously grappling with the great problem of life. Every one of those lights that fringed the Tuskegee halls were significant beacons, lighting an important movement toward the uplifting of a race that is destined to work out its own problems to the honor and glory of mankind.

O LIFE is Life for evermore!
And Death a passing shadow—
The gloom a cloud, from its azure floor,
Casts on the sunny meadow;
The west wind blows—the shadow goes.

The GUEST OF HONOR

By William Hodge.
"The Man From Home"

CHAPTER I



N[OLD] faded carpet, which was worn through in many places, covered the floor of a little room at the top of a tenement house on Twenty-ninth Street, near Third Avenue in New York. The walls, which were decorated with faded paper, were hung with unframed pictures, and drawings such as one artist would give another, and the old bookcase which stood against the wall, with its double glass doors, covered with faded draw curtains, showed by its marks and scratches that it had been moved about carelessly for many years. The old bed-couch and a few wooden chairs gave the room an air of poverty, but as one gazed at the pictures, he could not help seeing the artist's hand in every corner; the artistic drawing on the wall; the color of the cheap cloth used to make a cozy corner harmonized with the curtains that covered a small window through which the sun was streaming. The unpapered ceiling, which slanted downward on either side, gave an artistic quaintness to the picture, and the banister in the center of the room which surrounded the dilapidated stairway leading downstairs was covered with a cheap cloth, harmonizing in color with the quaint cozy corner.

A little boy, between four and five years of age, sat on the floor in the ray of the sunlight, playing with his blocks. His little blue and white gingham suit, which was

faded and patched; the little soiled knees sticking out through the cotton stockings, suggested the picture of a child who might see better days. He raised his curly head and listened as he heard the sound of feet climbing the creaking stairs.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murray," he said in a polite tone as he peeked over his shoulder and saw her thin figure standing with one hand on the banister and the other on her stomach as if gasping for breath.

"Hello, Jackie, what are ye doin'?" she gasped in a tone that showed she had climbed higher than was good for a woman of her age to climb by foot.

"I'm building a hospital," replied Jack as he leaned back and surveyed his toy building, and the remark caused a faint smile to creep into her thin face as she threw a glance from her keen Irish eye at the child, and walked over to the old bed-couch at the side of the room and seated herself with a sigh of relief and gave her little black straw bonnet a push with both hands toward her forehead.

"And what are ye buildin' a hospital fer?"

Jack turned and looked at her with his big blue eyes, and in a voice of surprise exclaimed:

"Why, don't you know that my jumping-jack has broken his leg?"

Mrs. Murray pushed herself a little farther back on the couch and rested her elbows on a pillow. She smiled good-naturedly.

"Moi, but that's too bad. Where's ye'r father?"

A smile of happiness came over Jack's face as he took his tiny hand and placed it on his stomach and forgot his blocks.

"He has gone to get some groceries," he said, and his voice told how anxiously he was waiting his father's return.

Mrs. Murray removed her elbow from the pillow, moved to the edge of the couch and exclaimed with surprise:

"Ain't ye had annie breakfast yit?"

"Yes, I had my breakfast and two eggs," he replied cheerfully as he reached for another block.

"Ain't yer father workin' yit?"

"Yes, he's writing most all the time."

A look of disgust came over Mrs. Murray's face, she gave the black ribbon of her bonnet, which tied under her chin, a quick pull, as if it were too tight.

"An' if he don't do somethin' besides write, ye'll not ate eggs long at the price they are now," she grunted in a voice that showed her contempt for literature.

The rickety stairs creaked as Jack was reaching for another block. He paused, drew his hand back and listened. The stairs creaked again. His big blue eyes opened wider and he listened breathlessly.

Mrs. Murray gazed toward the stairway and gave her dark skirt a pull at the knees that brought the bottom of it nearer the tops of her black congress shoes. She folded one hand and held it in the other and with a firmness placed them both in her lap as she sat erect on the edge of the couch.

A heavy, pleasing voice called, "John."

The tapping of a cane was heard on the stairs, then a wrinkled hand clutched the top of the banister. The end of a cane appeared on the floor and tapped first one spot and then another.

Jack knew the sound—he did not turn to look, but reached out for another block as he yelled in a welcoming tone, "Good-morning, Mr. Warner."

Mr. Warner rested the weight of his heavy body on his cane a few seconds, then used it to feel his way to a chair and as soon as he regained a speaking breath, he said, "Good-morning, Jack," with as much fatherly love in his voice as though he were greeting his own child. He removed his black slouch hat and hung it on the handle of his cane, ran his fingers

through his snow-white hair and heaved a sigh that almost shook the quaint little room.

Mrs. Murray's eyes wandered from his clean shaven face to the black shiny vest that buttoned tightly around his fleshy figure, then to the ragged edges of his trousers that hung over a shabby pair of laced shoes and a look of sympathy came over her face as she looked at the noble old man and listened to him trying to get enough breath to speak with.

He ran his fingers between his neck and the celluloid collar that was buttoned with a bone button to a figured soft shirt, and in a firmer and more loving voice said, "Where is your father?"

Jack informed him with a great deal of pleasure that his father had gone to the grocery store and that Mrs. Murray was present.

Mr. Warner greeted her with a "good-morning," and the quick, polite way he spoke showed the embarrassment he felt for not having been able to see her and greet her first.

"Good-morning," replied Mrs. Murray, and her voice seemed a trifle softer and she relaxed into an attitude of unconscious sympathy as she listened to the pleasing tone of Warner's voice and gazed at the man who was good-natured, gentle and kind, in spite of the fact that he had to feel his way about and look at the world through an old wooden cane.

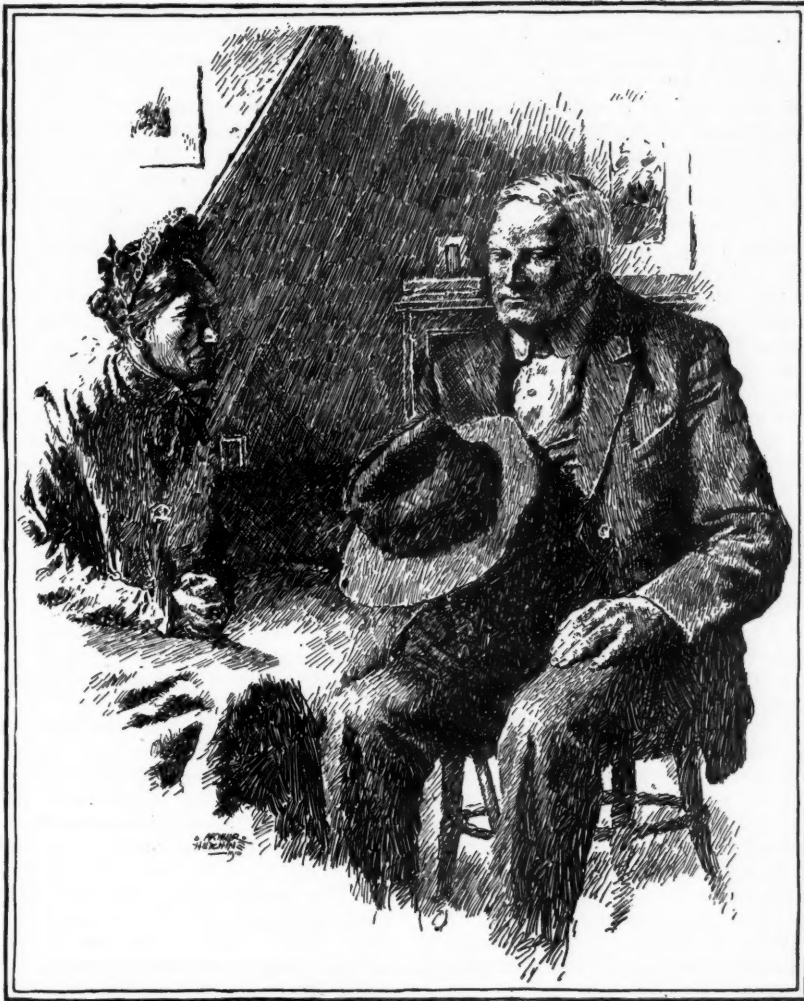
"You haven't been around these last few days, Mrs. Murray," and Warner would have continued and asked if she had been ill, but Mrs. Murray interrupted as she resumed her erect attitude on the edge of the couch and replied in a sharp quick tone, "Oi've bin busy."

A puzzled look came into Jack's eyes, he sat with his elbows on his knees, his face resting on his hands, studying the difficult problem of building a roof on his toy hospital with blocks.

"Aren't you going to make my bed any more?"

"Not till Oi see e father," was the quick reply.

"And aren't you going to wash my clothes either?" Jack asked with an inquiring, but polite tone of voice as he stood up and looked at Mrs. Murray, who hesi-



"Informed him that Mr. Weatherbee had not paid her a cent in over a month"

tated as she gazed at Mr. Warner, then at the child and tossed her chin in the air and retorted:

"Oi can't work fer nothin'."

Jack started for the stairs. He forgot his hospital and his jumping-jack. He paused as he reached the banister, raised his little head with the dignity of a king and with a politeness that made Warner swell with pride:

"If you will excuse me, I'll go down stairs and see if father is coming."

The old stairway didn't creak as his little feet hurried down over its steps, but each step seemed to greet the little toes with a welcome as they touched it and wished he would stand still and not glide over it so lightly.

An air of loneliness came over the little room and the narrow stream of sunlight

on the old rag carpet seemed to flitter and fade because it could not shine on the childish figure that had just left. A swallow lit on the sill of the tiny window and chirruped as if calling for an old acquaintance. It hopped to the center of the window, looked in and seemed to chirrup a good-bye, as it flew away and left the two characters sitting there in silence.

"Mrs. Murray, have you gone back on John?" inquired Warner in a friendly voice.

She gave the little thin lace shawl, which was as red as her queer little bonnet was black, a little pull which brought it tightly around her sallow neck and she bent forward toward Warner as if anxious to have her sharp tone hit his ear.

"Oi've washed and cl'aned and made bids fer John Weatherbee as long as Oi'm goin' to till he pays me," and she pushed herself back to a position of ease as if she had unloaded an awful weight from her mind.

"How long have you been doing work for John?"

She thought a second and informed him in a softer tone that it was nearly three years.

"And does he owe you much?" continued Mr. Warner in a low but firm voice.

Mrs. Murray hastened herself to the edge of the couch again, extended her chin as far toward Mr. Warner as possible and informed him that Mr. Weatherbee had not paid her a cent in over a month.

Warner's voice took on a note of pathos. "He hasn't had it to pay you."

She pulled herself out a little nearer the edge of the couch. "Oi'm not to blame fer that."

"Nor is he," returned Warner.

Her eagerness to reply quickly caused her to move closer to the edge of the couch, but she moved too far and her next sitting position was on the floor. She hurried to her feet, advanced a step in Warner's direction and in a sharper tone than she would have used had she not slipped off the couch, retorted: "Yis, he is to bloime. Sure whin he first came here to live he had to rint the parlor on the very first floor, and he spint his money loike a fool."

"He spent it like a thoroughbred," and Warner raised his head proudly as he continued, "and loaned it like a white man."

"Why don't he go to work?"

"He does work constantly," he replied.

Mrs. Murray had quietly seated herself a little nearer the center of the couch and with a sneer said: "Yis, he works, foolin' his toime away writin' a lot of trash that no one would waste their toime radin'."

The remark caused a heavier note to accompany Warner's voice as he spoke slowly, as if to impress Mrs. Murray that he believed in his heart every word he was saying would come true.

"John Weatherbee is an author and a mighty clever one; his books will be published some day and he will be a rich man. All great authors have been led to fame by the hand of poverty."

The end of Warner's speech found Mrs. Murray listening with her mouth half open and gazing at him as if she unconsciously thought that it was her turn to say something. She soon recovered herself, and forgetting the fatal edge of the couch, drew herself in that direction and exclaimed:

"Why, he owes iverybody that's iver had anythin' to do wid 'm."

"But he'll pay them all, every cent he owes them," returned Warner in a low, firm tone. "I am an old newspaper man myself, and I've been associated with authors all my life. I've watched them and I've studied them. I've seen them climb and fall, only to rise again and climb higher. John's down now, but he is taking the count with a smile, but watch him—just keep your eye on John Weatherbee."

And Mrs. Murray remarked, with much satisfaction as she threw one knee over the other, swinging her foot to and fro, that until she received what John Weatherbee owed her, she would keep both of her eyes on him.

The slow tread of footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs caused her to look anxiously in that direction. The pounding of heavily soled shoes grew more distinct as they reached the top step. A small boy appeared. He held a small package under

an arm which had grown many inches too long for the sleeve of a brown checkered coat that scarcely came below his elbow. The peak of his small hat which covered his somewhat large head was pulled well down over his right eye. His straight brown hair was long enough to reach well over his ears and keep the dust off his coat collar, had it come anywhere near his neck, but the fifteen-year-old shoulders in the coat built for a twelve-year-old boy pulled the collar far enough away from his neck to give the hair an opportunity to go down and keep the dust off of the soft cloth collar which was a part of the shirt of the same material and had never been in any way connected with a necktie. He placed his elbow on the banister, stood on one foot, threw the other carelessly across it, permitting the latter to rest where it landed, gave a large piece of gum a few vicious gnaws that seemed to tax every muscle in the face that was almost hidden with the marks of soiled fingers and in a voice which resembled that of a young rooster, yelled: "Is Weatherbee in?"

The words caused the lines in Warner's forehead to deepen. Mrs. Murray smiled as she inquired of the boy what he wanted of Weatherbee, before Warner had the chance to speak.

"I've got his laundry—one shirt and two collars. Fourteen cents," and he emphasized the fourteen cents with all the power his voice possessed.

"Mr. Weatherbee is not in," replied Mr. Warner in a polite tone.

"Does either of youse want ter pay fer it?" retorted the boy.

There was a short silence, Mrs. Murray watched Warner nervously remove his hat, which was hanging on his cane, and place it on his knee as he tapped the floor lightly with the thin, worn sole of his shoe. She broke the silence as she smiled, tossed her chin in the air and remarked in a tone of voice that caused Warner to shift his hat from his knee back to the handle of his cane.

"Not me!"

The boy centered his gaze on Warner and shouted: "Do you?"

The lines on Warner's forehead deepened again. Mrs. Murray watched him as he

removed his cane from beside his left leg and placed it between his knees and gripped it tightly with both hands.

The silence was broken by the words, uttered in a low tone, which concealed only part of the embarrassment felt by Warner as he raised his white head higher in the air as if to lend them dignity.

"I haven't the change."

Mrs. Murray grinned and moved back nearer the center of the couch. A smile of disgust came over the boy's dirty face as he looked from one to the other and remarked in a voice which didn't betray his disgusted smile: "Gee, there ain't fourteen cents in the bunch." He shook his head, turned toward the stairs and started down them one step at a time, whistling in a high, shrill tone: "Gee, I wish that I had a girl like the other fellers have."

CHAPTER II

As the heavy shod feet of the whistling youngster left the last step, and the air of "Gee, I Wish That I Had a Girl Like the Other Fellers Have," died away in the distance, the old stairway seemed to give a creak all to itself as if for good luck and good riddance.

Mrs. Murray placed her hands on her hips, strolled to the little window, but as there was nothing to see but the rear of the houses on Twenty-eighth Street and the fire escapes which were hung with drying garments, she decided she would rather look in than out. She walked to the center of the room, seated herself on a plain wooden chair and gazed steadily at Warner, who was still sitting in the same chair he had chosen when he entered the room. Both of his hands were resting on the handle of his cane and his head slightly bowed.

She removed a large, white handkerchief from her skirt pocket and, after a careful examination, picked out her choice corner and used it in a manner that caused Warner to raise his head quickly. She moistened the two forefingers of each hand with her tongue and gave her hair, which was parted in the middle, several pats on either side, drawing it down on her temples and back over her ears. She cleared her throat and remarked in a most

inquisitive tone, as she looked at Warner out of the corner of her eye:

"Ye're such a fri'nd of Weatherbee's, whoi didn't ye pay the fourteen cints?"

"I said I hadn't the change," was the gentle reply.

She smiled, pushed her feet as far forward as her limbs would permit her to, carefully laid one hand on the other, and as if to herself, but in a tone perfectly audible to anyone in the room, grunted: "Fourteen cints is a lot of money if ye ain't got it. I guess the laundry boy knows Weatherbee."

Warner spoke gently, but firmly. "If the laundry boy knew him, Mrs. Murray, he would have left the laundry."

"And if Weatherbee knew annithing and had annie sinse, he'd put that kid in an orphan asylum."

Warner's voice showed that his patience was weakening. "He adopted the child to prevent it from being sent to an orphan asylum, and when its poor, friendless mother died, he took money that he needed himself to bury her."

He paused and then marked each word with a firm tap on the floor with his cane, as he continued: "And he'll be rewarded for it!"

Mrs. Murray jerked her feet in so quickly that her ankles hit the rung of the chair. She advanced a few steps toward Warner, leaned over and aimed for his left ear as she yelled: "A foine home he's given the child. Sure it's nothin' but a bundle of patches, and half the toime it don't have half enough to ate."

The quick nodding of her head which accompanied each word of her taunting remark, had caused her bonnet to slide down over the small, round knot which she wore her hair in, until it rested on the back of her neck. She untied the ribbons, took the bonnet with both hands and brought it down on the top of her head with a vengeance, and tied the ribbons so tightly that it drew the bonnet well down over her right eye. She had more to say and was prepared to say it, but the stairs spoke and caused her to turn her head and listen.

A mumbling, puffing sound was heard. She seated herself on the edge of the couch. The puffing grew louder. She

watched the staircase. The top of a round, fat, bald head appeared, its sides and the lower part of the neck were decorated with closely clipped mouse-colored hair. A red, fat face, with a pug nose of the same color, was buried between a pair of heavy, sandy side-whiskers that came down to the corners of his mouth, then waved back and nearly touched his ears. A pair of square-toed carpet slippers covered the two small feet that were hidden in a pair of red knit socks. The light brown trousers that should have rolled up at the bottom hung down in heavy wrinkles and covered the slippers nearly to the end of the toes. The trousers hung like loose bags over the short, fat legs. A heavy gray flannel shirt fitted the little, round, fat stomach tightly, and an old brown velvet vest which possessed one or two buttons and many prominent grease spots hung carelessly down over the waist of the trousers, which nearly reached his chest. The sleeves of the shirt were long and hung below the knuckles of the fat hand that clung to the banister and steadied the small, round, puffing figure.

A twinkle of delight came into the small gray eye that was almost hidden by a heavy eyebrow, which matched the color of the red skin that covered the fat face. Still clinging to the banisters, he bent as far forward as his fat stomach would permit, and chuckled in an English accent that had not lost any of its charm in spite of being on Twenty-ninth Street for over twenty years.

"Good mornhin', Mrs. Murray," he straightened up and continued as he looked around the room carefully and the twinkle left his eye, "his Mr. Weatherbee hin?"

Mrs. Murray replied quickly: "No, Oi'm waitin' fer him. How much does he owe you, Mr. Wartle?" And she glanced at Warner to see what effect Mr. Wartle's reply would have on him, for she knew what the answer would be before she asked the question and Wartle didn't disappoint her.

He shut his two small eyes tightly, as he stuck his head forward and replied in a threatening tone: "E howes me nearly three months han ha 'alf rent for this

room, hand hif 'e don't pay me Saturday, 'e's got to get hout," and he accompanied each word with a swift nod of the fat head that caused the long side whiskers to think the wind was blowing.

Mrs. Murray smiled with satisfaction. Warner stood and faced the doorway. Wartle watched him and continued in a most confidential tone, "Does 'e howe you hanything, Mr. Warner?"

"No," was the firm, quick reply, and his heavy voice filled the little room.

Wartle stepped from the end of the banister as Warner tapped his way there on the floor with his cane. He clinched the banister with the hand that still held his hat and in a low, ringing voice continued, "On the contrary, I owe him. I wish he did owe me. I would consider it an honor to have John Weatherbee in my debt."

The stairs creaked loudly as his heavy weight hit each step and the tapping of his cane was heard guiding him along the hall of the floor below.

Wartle was overwhelmed and amazed at Warner's declaration. He hung his head over the banister and watched him until he was out of sight. He turned to Mrs. Murray and exclaimed with much surprise: "Hi wonder what 'e howes Weatherbee for."

"Fer grub," retorted Mrs. Murray. "Sure Weatherbee has fed him and kept him out of the poorhouse fer the last three years."

Wartle gathered his mouth into an "O" shape and whispered: "Ho! Ho! Hi didn't know that." Then a smile broke over his countenance as he gazed about the room, tiptoed forward toward Mrs. Murray and whispered: "Hi knew Weatherbee wasn't hat 'ome. Hi came to see you, Mrs. Murray."

She threw her head back and glanced at him from the corner of her eye. "Don't flatter now, Wartle. Ye didn't cloimb up four flights of stairs to see me."

"Ho, Hi did," returned Wartle, as he took a step toward her and leaned forward, whispering in a more convincing tone and pointing his first finger at her: "Hi'd climb ha telegraph pole to see you, Mrs. Murray."

A broad smile crept over Mrs. Murray's face as she looked at the little, fat figure

and thought of it climbing a telegraph pole.

"Sure ye couldn't get ye hands near a tilegraph pole with that fat stomach of yours, Wartle."

He took on more courage at her broad smile and advanced another step nearer.

"Hi could hif you was hat the top."

The smile left Mrs. Murray's face as she continued in a reproachful tone: "Faith and ye'll wait a long toime before ye'll see me at the top of a telegraph pole."

Wartle crept a short step nearer, his voice gaining more confidence as he poked his little fat face forward.

"Hand before the world comes to han hend, Hi 'ope to see you 'igher hup than that, Mrs. Murray."

"Away with yer flattery," replied Mrs. Murray with a wave of her hand, but her voice and the satisfied twinkle in her eye betrayed the words and showed she was enjoying Wartle's efforts.

"Hi mean hit," pleaded Wartle, as his fat feet led him a little nearer to her.

"Sure ye don't mean anniethin' ye say," and Mrs. Murray pretended to gaze at the ceiling.

"Hi mean hevery thing Hi say to you, Mrs. Murray, hand Hi wish—Hi wish"—his voice seemed to leave him for a second, as he nervously reached for one of his side-whiskers and twirled it around his finger.

"Hi wish," he continued, as Mrs. Murray looked him straight in the eye and caused his voice to waver into a whispering silence as he unwound his side-whisker from around his finger and gave his vest a pull.

"Hi wish you'd consent to be my wife, hand live 'ere with me, hand take care hof my 'ouse."

He straightened up, gave the other side-whisker a gentle pull of satisfaction and looked straight at Mrs. Murray.

She gave her bonnet a quick push toward the back of her head and took in Wartle from the top of his bald head to the toes of his carpet slippers.

"Faith and if Oi had charge of yer 'ouse (as you call it), Oi'd clane some of these dead bates out that ye have livin' here."

The remark gave Wartle new courage.

He advanced a full step nearer and exclaimed in a firmer voice than he had spoken in since he entered the room.

"Hand that's just what Hi'm goin' to do, hand Hi'm goin' to do hit hat once, too, hif Weatherbee don't pay me Saturday, hout 'e goes."

"Well, if ye take moi advice that's what ye'll do."

Wartle's small gray eyes twinkled with satisfaction and he quickly replied: "Hi'll take your hadvice, hand Hi'd like to 'ave you take me hand my 'appiness."

He stood with his fat hands stretched out with just the fingers showing from under the long flannel shirt sleeves.

The picture amused Mrs. Murray, though she concealed her smile and grunted somewhat sarcastically and dropping some of her h's in order to imitate Wartle, "Sure and what 'appiness have you to share? Yer so stingy ye won't hire a cook er a chambermaid, but try to do all the work yersilf."

Instead of Wartle becoming disheartened, he took courage from the twinkle in Mrs. Murray's eye and pushed the carpet slippers a few inches nearer, with his hands still reaching out as far as he could get them.

"Hif you'd 'ave me, Mrs. Murray, Hi'll 'ire a cook hand ha chambermaid, too."

"Ye can bet ye would. Sure, ye have money to burn an' Oi'd make ye set fire to it. Oi had one husband that was so stingy that he wouldn't give annione his full name."

She watched the little round figure stealing closer to her. His face and bald head were like a ball of fire. She turned her head to conceal her smile.

"Hif you'll 'ave me, Mrs. Murray, Hi'll give you hanything you want."

She turned to find Wartle kneeling at her right knee. She burst out laughing, moved away a few inches and remarked in an affected tone, which showed she was having a good time at Wartle's expense: "Oh, this is so sudden!"

The little gray eyes opened wide with surprise as he looked at her and exclaimed: "Sudden, why, Mrs. Murray, Hi've been hasking you to marry me for hover ha year."

"Oi know ye have," she said and she placed the ends of her long, thin fingers over her mouth, "but ye look so disperate on yer knees."

"Hi'm gettin' desperate," and he crawled toward her on his knees.

"Ye're gittin' foolish," and she moved away a few inches.

"Hi can't 'elp hit, Mrs. Murray," and he seized her hand and kissed it.

"Stop aitin' me fingers," she yelled as she jerked her hand away. "Are ye losin' yer head entirely?"

"Yes, Mrs. Murray."

"Ye can't fool me. Ye make love to every woman that looks strong enough to do housework. Ye're mixed in yer dates. Ye want a housekeeper, ye don't want a woife."

He crawled along and rested his elbow on the couch.

"No, Hi want ha wife, hand hafter we're married, Hi'll give you hanything you want."

"Ye'll give me whatever ye're going to give me before Oi'm married. Oi'll take no chances."

Wartle paused with surprise. He reached out and took her hand, looked up into her eyes and almost gasped, "Then you'll 'ave me?"

"Oi didn't say Oi would, did Oi?"

"You said has much," and he crawled up so close to her that he stepped on her foot with his knee.

"Git off me feet," she screamed. "Sure Oi ain't said half as much as Oi'm goin' to say," and she drew her hand away from his with a jerk.

Wartle was not used to standing on his knees. They were beginning to ache and after considerable grunting and puffing, he struggled to his feet and seated himself on the edge of the couch. He leaned over and whispered, as he reached his head up to get as near to her ear as possible:

"Go hon, Mrs. Murray, Hi love to 'ear you talk. Hi love the little Hirish touch hin your voice."

"Sure I'll give ye an Irish touch that'll do yer heart good," she chuckled as she glanced down at the little fat head that was reaching up toward hers.

"Hanything you'd do hor say would do my 'art good, Mrs. Murray," and he

reached over until his chin almost touched her shoulder, "hand hif you'll consent to be Mrs. Wartle—"

As he said Mrs. Wartle, she threw up both hands and exclaimed: "Wartle! Hivins, what a name!"

"What's hin ha name, Mrs. Murray?" and he crawled along until his chin touched her shoulder.

"There's nuthin' but money in your name," and she gave his chin a push with her shoulder that sent his head away several inches, but it travelled back a short distance with each word.

"Hand hif you'll be Mrs. Wartle, Hi'll put hit hall hin your name."

There was a short pause. Her left eye almost closed as she looked down at him and spoke seriously: "Ye will?"

"Yes," was the quick reply, and his chin touched her shoulder again.

But she didn't brush it away this time. She brushed a little imaginary dust off of the sleeve of her waist, looked away in the opposite direction and spoke in a somewhat careless manner.

"Under thim conditions, I might be induced."

"Then you'll 'ave me?" Wartle gasped in a tone that was blended with astonishment and joy as he reached for her cheek with his lips, but lost his balance and nearly fell in her lap as she pulled her head away, turned and sat in a "how dare you" attitude.

Wartle moved back a few inches and gazed at the floor in embarrassment. Whether he was ashamed in his attempt or because he had missed Mrs. Murray's cheek, he alone knew; but Mrs. Murray wasn't worrying her head either. Her mind was entertaining the business end of the proposition.

"Ye say, if Oi'll have ye, ye'll put ivery-thing into moi name?"

"Yes, Mrs. Murray."

"And Oi'm to have charge of the house here and have a cook and a chambermaid?"

"Yes, dear," and he moved up to her side and took her hand in both of his.

She looked steadily at the little, fat, bewhiskered face, and after a few seconds' pause, spoke firmly and deliberately: "And the first thing ye do is to have thim lilacs cut off yer cheeks."

A bewildered look came over Wartle's face, he felt with each hand each side-whisker that had been hanging there for nearly thirty years. He looked longingly at Mrs. Murray, but her long, thin face was serious. He gave each whisker another little pull as if for the last time and exclaimed: "Hi'll cut them hoff myself!"

He gave them another little affectionate stroke and continued in a more cheerful tone: "Han' when will we be married?"

"Not till ye have everything made out in moi name," she answered quickly and to the point.

"Hi'll 'ave the papers made out in the morning. Can Hi see you tonight?" he asked as he crawled up close to her side and put his short fat arm around her thin waist and gazed up into her face.

"Ye can take me to some show."

"Hi'll call for you hat 'alf past seven."

The fat face was on its way to her cheek, but she pulled away, turned and pointed her finger at him in a threatening way, speaking in a commanding tone:

"Cut them lilacs off yer face ' afore ye come near moi house," and she strolled to the table at the side of the room.

"Hi will," and his hands wandered unconsciously up to the whiskers and gave each one a gentle pat.

"What hopera would you like to see?"

She thought a second, while she fumbled a few sheets of manuscript lying on Weatherbee's table. "Oi'd like to go over to the Third Avenue Theatre and see 'Why Women Sin.'"

Little Jack stood at the bottom of the stairs and yelled: "Mr. Wartle, Mr. Wartle," in a voice that caused some of the roomers to rush to their doors.

Wartle ran to the banister as fast as his little fat legs would carry him, crying: "Yes, yes, yes!"

"There's a gentleman at the door who wants to see you."

Wartle sighed with relief. He thought the house was on fire. He hung his head over the banister and instructed Jack to inform the caller that he would be down at once.

"Perhaps hit's someone looking for ha room. Hi'll see you when you're goin' hout," and he waved his little stubby hand at Mrs. Murray as he started down the

stairs, but paused at the sound of her voice.

"Oi'm goin' to wait fer Weatherbee."

Wartle stood at the head of the stairs and tapped the palm of his left hand

He recognized the voice and said to Mrs. Murray, in a tone that would suggest the coming of a burglar: "'Ere's Weatherbee now!" and stationed himself at the head of the stairs.

Mrs. Murray walked to the corner of the room and seated herself in a plain old wooden rocker, which was everything but comfortable owing to the loss of one of its arms and a few of its rungs at the back, but Mrs. Murray wasn't thinking of comfort, and she crossed her legs, tapped the sole of her shoe on the floor nervously and was determined to have a reckoning with John Weatherbee, who was slowly approaching the top step of the old stairs, carrying little Jack over his shoulder.

CHAPTER III

As John Weatherbee's tall, thin figure, clad in a very dark blue suit which had done summer and winter service for many seasons and was worn threadbare and shiny in many places, reached the top step, he stooped over and gently stood Jack safely on his feet and patted each cheek affectionately, saying in a low, mellow, cheerful voice: "There you are. Dad is a pretty good old elevator, isn't he?"

Jack tried to brush some of the wrinkles out of his dress with his hands, as Weatherbee gave Wartle an amused glance and bade him a polite "good-morning" and a more amused

expression came over his long, thin, clean-shaven face as he turned and saw Mrs. Murray sitting in the crippled rocker.

"Oh—I—good-morning, Mrs. Murray," and he quickly removed a derby hat that was still black only in spots, where the sun hadn't visited.

"Good-mornin'," was the quick reply in a cold, hard tone.

There was a short silence. The twinkle



"Wartle eyed Weatherbee severely with his small gray eyes"

with the first finger of his right and nodded his head as he uttered each word:

"Hif hit's someone for ha room, hand they'll take hit, Hi'll give 'em this one."

He heard Jack laughing heartily on the stairs of the floor below. Wartle listened. He heard a kind, heavy voice say to the child:

"One more flight after this, and it's better to go up than down."

crept out of Weatherbee's kind blue eyes, and an expression of sadness stole into his face as he hung the faded derby on a nail in the wall.

"Hi'll be back in ha few minutes, Mr. Weatherbee. Hi want to speak to you," and Wartle grunted his way down to the ground floor.

Weatherbee knew well what Wartle wanted to speak to him about and he was trying then, as he always had tried, to greet hard luck with a smile, but the twinkle in his eye and the faint smile that only lingered around the corners of his large, well-cut mouth, showed that they had been forced there. The humor in his voice sounded as if it had stumbled over a sad lump in his throat as he glanced at Mrs. Murray.

"I wonder what he wants to speak to me about?"

"It's about his room rent," ejaculated Mrs. Murray, but her sharp tones only broadened Weatherbee's smile and made his voice more mellow.

"Mrs. Murray, he talks about it in his sleep." His long well-formed hands found their way to his trousers pockets, of which the outer edges were worn through showing the white lining. He heaved a deep, heavy sigh and tried to hide its cause by remarking: "It's a hard climb up these stairs."

"It takes every bit of wind out of me," Mrs. Murray replied, and the quickness of her speech and the serious tone of her voice showed that she was not trying to be funny.

But Weatherbee's sense of humor teased him and he saw a chance to carry on a conversation for a few moments that wouldn't injure anyone and might postpone the subject he knew Mrs. Murray was there to talk on. He always found her ready to accept praise, especially about her youth; in fact, she was quite conceited about her strength and often told how she could outdo her twenty-six-year-old daughter "washin'." He looked at her and smiled pleasantly and his voice possessed a slight tone of soft reproach:

"O Mrs. Murray, why, you have wind enough yet to climb to the top of the Flat Iron Building."

The remark hit her bump of conceit.

She rocked herself slowly in the old wooden rocker that squeaked at every move. She hesitated a few seconds and finally remarked carelessly: "Faith, Oi ain't got half the wind Oi used to have," and then she added with a great deal of pride, "but Oi can go some yit," as she rocked a little faster.

Weatherbee saw that he was safe from being dunned for money as long as he could keep her mind centered on herself, so he continued as he stood and looked her straight in the eye: "Why, I always thought you were just full of wind."

"Sure, Oi used to be. Oi used to could be on the go all day and it niver bothered me," and she swung herself in the little chair from one end of its short rockers to the other.

Weatherbee turned to hide his smile and fumbled with some sheets of manuscript on the table.

"It bothers other people though, doesn't it?"

"What does?" and she brought the rocker to a sudden stop.

"Why, their wind."

"Well, other people's wind don't bother me, unless they gab too much with it. Mr. Weatherbee, Oi'd like some money."

Weatherbee raised his head slowly, the sheets of paper fell from his fingers, the twinkle in his eye flickered away into an expression of sadness. The deep humorous lines in the corners of his mouth faded. He was called upon to answer the question that was put to him so often each day and that he had tried to answer so gently and so honestly each time. He had made promises but was unable to keep them. He tried to face his embarrassment with courage, but he had resorted to his pluck so often that it was growing weak, and though his voice was firm it lacked confidence, but was always gentle, kind, honest and hopeful.

"Is that the reason you haven't been around for the past few days, Mrs. Murray?"

"It is," she replied quickly. "Oi've bin makin' up yer room and doin' yer washin' and walkin' five blocks to git here and fer the past month ye ain't showed me the color of a tin cint piece, and Oi'll do it no more until ye pay me."

“Mrs. Murray’s tones were sharp and cutting and in her anger she had drawn herself to the front of the rocker until it tipped forward so far that its back almost rested on her neck and she was a picture which was hard to look at without smiling.

But there was no trace of humor in Weatherbee’s face and his voice was filled with regret, though he spoke firmly.

“Mrs. Murray, I can’t ask you to do any more until I pay you and I shall pay you just as soon as I possibly can, and I am very grateful to you for trusting me as long as you have and I am extremely sorry that I have had to keep you waiting.”

“You’re not half as sorry as Oi am,” she grunted sarcastically. “If ye’d go to work at somethin’ instid of foolin’ yer toime away writin’ a lot of trash that no one would waste time r’adin’, sure that mess of stuff that was writ in typewritin’ that ye gave me to read would make annione sick to their stomach. The two love-sick fools chasing each other around the country,” and she raised her voice in disgust as she threw both hands up in the air and continued, “and no human bein’ could read it fer the jaw-breaking words ye use in it. I don’t see how ye invint such words as is in that thing. Can ye let me have a dollar?”

“Mrs. Murray, if I had a dollar I think I’d forget myself and pawn it!”

She paused a second as she watched Weatherbee standing with his hands in his empty pockets gazing at the floor and then continued, her voice softened with wonderment:

“Well, why don’t ye go to work? Ye can write and spell and figure. Why don’t ye git a job on a street car or git into a store as a clerk? There is plinty of things ye could do if ye wasn’t so lazy!”

Each word seemed to burn its way into Weatherbee’s ear. He raised his head and asked slowly, as if to himself: “Do you think I’m lazy, Mrs. Murray?”

“Annie man’s lazy that won’t work,” she retorted. “Ye ought to be ashamed of yerself adoptin’ a boy and then keepin’ him lookin’ like a rag-bag.”

Weatherbee drew his hands from his trousers pockets and his eyes stared vacantly into the distance, as he sat on the

corner of the table and wondered if Mrs. Murray was right.

She watched him as he walked to the banister and turned to see Wartle’s face sticking up over the railing.

“Hare you goin’ ‘ome?” he whispered.

“Yis, Oi’m wastin’ me time here,” she answered as she started down the stairs.

“Don’t forget tonight,” and he watched her turn down the hall below. He placed his elbows on the banister, ran his fat fingers up among his side-whiskers and rested his red face on both hands, as he eyed Weatherbee severely with his small, gray eyes.

“Mr. Weatherbee, Hi’d like to know what you hintend to do habout the rent?”

Weatherbee didn’t move, but smiled and sighed politely.

“I intend to pay you, Mr. Wartle.”

“When?”

“Just as soon as I can,” and the hopeless tone of Weatherbee’s voice caused Wartle’s upper eyelids to fall down over the gray pupils and give them an expression of defiance as he yelled: “You’ve been tellin’ me that hevery day for hover two months!”

“Not every day, Mr. Wartle.”

“Hevery day,” returned Wartle.

“I thought there was one day that you forgot to ask me,” exclaimed Weatherbee in a tone soft enough to hide any sarcasm or humor.

“No, sir,” returned Wartle in a positive tone.

“Perhaps I’m wrong,” sighed Weatherbee.

“You hare wrong,” snapped Wartle, “hand Hi’m sick hand tired working this way for my rent, hand Hi’m not ha goin’ to hask you hagain.”

“Wartle, do you mean that?” inquired Weatherbee in a surprised tone that seemed to possess a pathetic touch of humor.

“Hi do mean hit.”

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Jack from the other side of the banister, where he had been concealed studying an old torn picture book and listening to a repetition of the conversation he had heard many times before.

“Jack!” Weatherbee called in a mild, reprimanding tone, as Wartle jerked his

head from between his hands and looked over the other side of the banister at Jack, who was turning over the leaves of the book quickly.

"Hi want my rent hor my room Saturday," and he pounded his fist on the banister.

"Mr. Wartle, I'd like to be able to give you both."

"Ho, hif you pay your rent you can stay, but hif you don't pay me Hi must 'ave my room Saturday, hunderstand, Saturday," and he muttered to himself going down the stairs.

Jack peeked around the edge of the banister and made a face at him that sent his little nose high up in the air, but the wrinkles soon died away as he watched his father who was sitting on the corner of the table gazing at the floor, with one elbow resting on his leg and the other arm hanging at his side. A forlorn look came over his little face as he walked slowly over to his father's side and he took his hand in both of his and asked sadly: "Dad, if we have to move, where shall we go?"

The child asked the question that Weatherbee was silently asking himself and couldn't answer, but he had never failed to find a cheerful reply to Jack's many, many questions and they were growing more numerous and more difficult each day.

"Oh, we'll find a place somewhere," and he supplied his voice with a false note of cheerfulness as he continued: "Perhaps we'll go camping."

Jack's eyes opened wide and his face broke into a happy smile as he exclaimed joyfully: "Under a tent?"

"Yes, under a tent, or a tree or something. Won't that be fine?"

Jack yelled as he hung to his father's hand and jumped up and down with delight.

Weatherbee drew the child close to his side and pressed both cheeks with his hands affectionately and tried hard to force another note of hope in his voice, but the cheerful tones seemed to crack in spite of his effort.

"Won't it, though! I tell you we'll have a great time, won't we?"

"And we'll cook under a tree like

the Indians?" and he pulled his head away and looked into his father's eyes.

"Yes, we'll catch frogs and have frog's legs for breakfast and we'll shoot wild ducks and cook 'em for dinner."

"I wish I had some now."

"You play with your blocks. I've a big surprise in store for you for your lunch."

Jack took his seat on the floor by his toy hospital and studied its construction carefully, as Weatherbee sank into an old wooden chair, placed his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hand as his mind traveled from one end of his situation to the other, without finding any way of improving it.

The sun peeked in through the little window and seemed to dance on Jack's light curls as he held his elbow in one hand and rested his chin in the other as he sat in an attitude of deep thought.

"Dad, what does God do with the old moon when he sends the new moon out?"

"What's that?"

"I say what does God do with the old moon when he sends the new moon out?" Each word was clear and distinct and there was no reason for Weatherbee to force him to repeat it. He had answered thousands of questions and thought the hardest ones had been asked, but he found this more difficult than any. He cleared his throat a few times as he searched for a reply.

"Why—a—why, he just stores it away in the clouds," and he gave a little "ahem" of satisfaction as if congratulating himself on a brilliant reply.

"I thought you said the clouds were made of water."

"They are," replied Weatherbee quickly.

"Well, I should think the moons would fall out and down on the earth."

Weatherbee raised his head from his hand, turned and studied the child, who was sitting with his chin on his little hand, waiting for an answer.

"Well, you see—you see—a—the moon floats—the moon floats like a cork—yes—the moon floats like a cork."

"On this side of the clouds or the other?"

"On the other side, of course, on the other side."

Jack's eyes grew more quizzical and the

wrinkles in his little forehead deepened as he pulled his eyebrows together.

"How is it that the new moon floats on this side?" and he drew his little feet close under his limbs and his bare knees stuck almost straight in the air.

Weatherbee "ahemed" a few times and finally started to speak, not knowing just what he was going to say.

"How many moons do you think are up there?"

"Oh, thousands and thousands and thousands," and he peeked over his shoulder to find Jack still sitting in the same position and his eyes dancing with wonderment.

"Can they talk to each other?"

"Oh, my, yes, yes. They can talk and laugh and sing and dance!"

His face immediately broke into a smile of childish delight, as he yelled: "Can they really dance?"

And Weatherbee seemed to forget his troubles, for his sad face smiled and he spoke cheerfully: "Yes, they dance and kick up and have a lovely time."

"How can they dance and kick up? The moon hasn't any legs!"

"Well—a—you see the moons are round and they roll around like balls and—"

"You said they kicked up!" and a disappointed look crept over Jack's face as he lifted his head from his hand and looked at his father in a reproachful way.

"Well," continued Weatherbee in a consoling tone: "They bound up like rubber balls," and he moved his hands up and down, as Jack placed his chin back in his hand and inquired more seriously than ever: "What do the stars do?"

Weatherbee's hands fell to his knees as he gasped: "What?"

"What do the stars do when they are not on this side of the clouds?" he inquired in a pleasant tone.

Weatherbee rested his elbow on the table and crossed his legs as he sighed in despair: "Don't you want to go down stairs and play with the cat?"

Jack jumped to his feet with a shout. "Oh, yes," and started for the stairs.

"Don't make a noise and don't go out on the street."

"No, I won't," he cried and he started



"Jack took his seat on the floor by his toy hospital"

"Well, I guess the moon doesn't float until it's full and—a—when it is full it becomes—a—so full of cork that it just floats right up to the other side," and he turned his back to the child as he smiled and reproached himself for making such an idiotic reply.

"I guess the other side of the clouds must be full of moons, mustn't it?"

"Oh, yes—my, yes—the other side is all covered with moons—it's just full of moons."

down the stairs but stepped back and stood at the side and bowed politely.

"Good-morning, Mr. Warner." He took the end of Warner's cane and pulled him to the center of the room and ran down stairs yelling back: "I'm going to play with the cat, Mr. Warner."

CHAPTER IV

As Jack's voice died away in the distance, it left two smiling faces in the little room. Weatherbee pushed his hands far down into his trousers pockets as he leaned against the edge of the door that opened into a small closet, and a wave of gratitude passed over his face as he closed his eyes and imagined he saw Jack down stairs playing with the cat, and he dreamed back over the child's life until he saw him sitting on the floor of the little hall bedroom, playing with a piece of old rubber doll, and he heard him clapping his tiny hands as he watched Weatherbee pouring milk into his nursing bottle. He saw his mother's frail figure lying on the bed and heard her pleading to him to care for her babe. He heard the friendless woman praying for her child and wondered if she could now see Jack and the cat.

Warner knew that Weatherbee's visit with Mrs. Murray had been anything but pleasant and he tugged at his wit and good humor and begged them for something encouraging to say, as he tapped his way to the crippled rocker with his cane.

"John, you haven't told me about that entertainment you went to, given by that 'Ten Club.' Who recited your poem?"

"The most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I got dizzy when I saw her and heard her speak. Dark hair, tall, slender, and her voice—"

"Why didn't you introduce yourself?" interrupted Warner gruffly.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I thought of it, but I took a peek at the fringe on these trousers and said to myself, if she sees me coming, she'll give me a nickel and ask me to turn over a new leaf."

"John, any girl who likes poetry loves rags. Whose poem won the prize?"

And as Weatherbee informed him that his was the favorite poem, Warner jumped to his feet and shouted: "Hurrah" in a

voice that could have been heard a block away.

"What was the prize, John?"

"I don't know. I haven't received it yet. The club wrote me stating that it would be presented at a luncheon to which they invited me."

Warner swung his cane in the air, as he exclaimed: "Hurrah for Weatherbee," and his face was quite red with excitement.

"But, Warner, I had to decline the invitation."

"Why?"

"If you could see me, Warner, you wouldn't ask. I look like a December leaf on a chestnut tree."

"Those people won't look at your clothes."

"They won't," replied Weatherbee humorously, "for I won't give them a chance. Why, Warner, I wouldn't have that girl see me—why—she's—she's—I wish I could describe her to you."

"John, I never heard you try so hard to talk about a girl before—you are in love—and I bet my life if she knew you as well as I do, she'd be in love with you!"

"Warner, if that girl spoke to me, I'd fall down!"

"You'd get up again and the fall would do you good," and he rested himself in the little chair and rocked contentedly.

"You never know where love is going to light, John."

"Warner, I'm ashamed of myself for even thinking of that girl."

"Why?"

"Why, a pauper like me, with every stitch of clothes I own hanging in the pawn shop, and I owe money to everyone I know and no chance to pay them."

"John, you have every chance in the world to pay them. Here you are twenty-five years old and you have written half a dozen books and every one of them is clever, and they'll be published some day and you'll be a rich man. Each book is original. You have a style of your own. There is no writer today writing in the vein you are writing in."

"Maybe that is the reason I can't get any of them published."

"Patience, John, patience. I wish my chances were as good as yours—you're

young! You have everything before you! Look at me, an old newspaper reporter out of a job and can't get one because I'm so blind I can't see to write a word.

"John, I can't see anything. I can't see when the sun is shining, but I can walk and not very good at that, for my old legs are so full of rheumatism and age, they can hardly carry my old body, but I make them. I won't give up and I hobble over to Central Park where I can smell the green and feel the breeze from the trees and hear the birds sing. I can't see them, but I can hear them sing, and there is an old robin up there, just inside the Seventy-second Street entrance, that seems to know when I come in and he sings and sings and when the carriages drive by and make a noise, he seems to grow jealous, and he sings louder for fear I can't hear him and when I start to come away he seems to sing a good-bye and I can hear him until I get away out into Broadway, and I'm happy, damn it, John, I'm happy. I *won't* be sad. I'm happy, they can't make me sad, John, they *can't* make me sad," but his smile would have been moistened if he hadn't sneaked the tears from the corners of his eyes with his bare fingers, and Weatherbee stood in silence as his heart applauded the man who smiled at the world he couldn't even see.

He sauntered over and slapped him on the back, and then gave his ear a slight pull and placed his hand on Warner's head and shook it affectionately.

"Warner, I'm proud of you. I am proud to know you," and he gave his ear another little affectionate twist.

"You mustn't get discouraged, John."

"Why, Warner, I am not discouraged."

"Don't you bother your head about what you have hanging in the pawn shop. You are going to look back at these days and smile."

"Warner, I smile at them now, bless your heart! When I see a funeral I laugh because I'm not in the hearse," and he seated himself on the table and swung his feet to and fro as he described to Warner the humorous picture he had of himself leaving the small town of his birth and starting out to set New York City on fire with his literary efforts.

"Whenever I am in need of a laugh,

Warner, I look at myself driving up to this house in a cab, renting the parlor on the ground floor, and as my bank account shrunk, I moved one flight at a time until I have reached here."

"It's easier to go down than up, John."

"I think I was the most conceited pup that ever struck New York!"

"You don't know what conceit is. You gave away more money than you spent. You helped the sick and you fed the hungry. You have worked earnestly and you will be rewarded and you should be proud of your poverty."

"Oh, I don't mind poverty, Warner. Honest poverty has got stolen wealth sitting up nights taking sleeping tablets and if I don't do some hustling, I'll be sitting up nights myself," he remarked with a dry smile, as he picked up a small photograph in a wooden frame that was standing on the table and gazed at it steadily for a few seconds.

"That girl who recited my poem is the image of Jack's mother," and Warner smiled as he swung himself gently in the little rocker that squeaked at every move, but its squeak was soon buried by the sound of Jack's voice.

"Rub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rubidy—dubidy—dub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rub-dub-dub. Rubidy—dubidy—dub-dub-dub," and he pounded his little feet on each step of the old stairs until he reached the top and stuck out his chest and yelled: "I'm a soldier," and continued the rub-dub-dub as he marched down to his father's side and saluted him and Weatherbee returned the salute.

"What did you do with the cat, Captain?"

And Jack saluted again, held the edge of his hand to his temple as he replied in a deep tone: "I pulled its tail, General, and it ran down into the basement and out of the back door."

Weatherbee ran his fingers through Jack's curls and shook his little head as he squeezed it tightly between his hands.

"Mr. Warner, we are going camping."

"When?"

"When are we going, Dad?"

"I think we are liable to go about Saturday."

"An' we'll take Mr. Warner, won't we?"

"If you don't take me, I won't take you over to Mrs. Turner's for any more of her nice jelly cake."

"We wouldn't go any place unless we took Mr. Warner, would we, Dad?"

"You bet we wouldn't," and he gave his head another little affectionate shake. "You run down stairs and ask Mr. Wartle what time it is," and he was almost to the next floor before Weatherbee had time to get to the banister and warn him, in a suppressed tone, not to call him "Wartie" and he yelled back a promising "no" from the second floor below.

"Does he know you are going to send him over to Mrs. Turner's for lunch, John?"

"No, I haven't told him yet. I've kept it as a surprise for him. Warner," he continued as he folded his arms and leaned against the banister, "you have been holding out on me for the past two days."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you grown tired of my cooking?"

"How can you ask that after the way I ate here the other night?"

"Where have you been eating since, then?"

"At Mrs. Turner's."

There was a note of doubt in Weatherbee's voice as he walked down to Warner and remarked slowly: "You haven't been over to Mrs. Turner's for your meals for two days in succession! You have been staying away because you thought I didn't have enough to go around."

He placed his hands on the back of the rocker and leaned down over Warner and after a short pause whispered in a voice of determination that startled Warner, for he had never heard the note in Weatherbee's voice before!

"Warner, before I'll see Jack hungry, I'll steal, and when it comes to that, I'll steal enough for the three of us, so you can come here and eat until I cry quits." He placed his hands on Warner's broad shoulders and rocked him playfully.

"It is five minutes to twelve," Jack shouted as he ran up the stairs.

Weatherbee clapped his hands together as he looked at Jack and exclaimed in a jovial tone: "By jove, I almost forgot something. Come here till I wash your hands and face," and he picked him up and stood him on the table and ran to the closet and got a sponge and rubbed his little hands and face quickly.

"What is the matter, Dad?" and his big eyes were wide open with surprise.

"Why, Dad almost forgot that he has to go out on business, and Mr. Warner is going to take you over to Mrs. Turner's for luncheon, what do you think of that?"

"Oh, that is dandy," he exclaimed in words that were interrupted by the sponge.

"Dad has got to go out on business, understand, regular business."

Jack shut his eyes and held his face up as Weatherbee bounced the sponge against his mouth as he tried to talk and after a hard struggle finally asked: "What business?"

"Oh, regular business," Weatherbee answered, as he ran for the towel and covered Jack's face as he tried to talk through it.

"A boo—o—ok?"

"Yes, that's it—a book. Where is your hat—quick!"

"Dad's in a hurry, an awful hurry," and Jack ran and got his little faded straw hat and Weatherbee tied the blue streamers under his chin and gave him a kiss that made the child gasp for breath.

"There you are!" and he put his little hand in Warner's, who was waiting at the banisters.

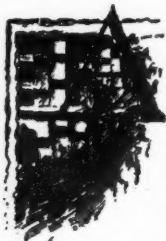
"Good-bye, and give my love to Mrs. Turner," he yelled, as Jack led Warner down the stairs.

"We will. I hope they print your book, Dad," he shouted, as he pulled Warner around the corner of the hall below.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MADE GOOD

62
Harry Lee Snyder



ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning of the first day of April the high cost of living landed a solar plexus blow. I had just paid my good German landlady for my preceding week's board and lodging, and she had remarked apologetically: "Potatoes costs so much an' meat is so high once that it is I must ask you for ten dollars every week already."

And I had been paying only seven! I went to my office and sat down at my desk to think things over—a not altogether pleasant or wholly profitable task. I was a lawyer. My honest old blacksmith father—having in mind nothing but the thought of securing my future—had made numberless sacrifices that I might be educated, and his dearest wish had been to see me cozily established in my chosen profession. Within a week after my admission to the bar he died, and I found myself alone in the world, for my mother had passed away some years before. As I sat at my desk that morning I fell to thinking of my father's last words to me:

"Be a man, Robert," were his last words. "Don't be afraid of failure, but beware of uselessness."

I was thinking about uselessness. To what purpose, I asked myself, was I standing idly in the already overcrowded ranks of a myriad of lawyers? I was, I realized, a failure, and the roadway ahead of me seemed rough and wreck-strewn. I didn't have the knack of getting business—why should I deny it? I was fairly well grounded in the elements of legal learning, but knowledge alone, I reflected, did not seem to attract clients, and a lawyer without clients was as useless as a fifth wheel of a wagon.

I reluctantly took account of my assets. Of cash I had exactly twenty-five cents, and of accounts due me—mostly of doubtful value—perhaps as many dollars. I owned an inexpensive desk, three second-hand chairs, and thirty or forty dollars' worth of law books. I had good health and an abundance of energy and ambition, but they were not assets susceptible of speedy conversion into cash. I owed nothing, but I knew that I could not say as much by nightfall, for both my obligations to my landlady and to the owner of the building wherein my office was located were keeping pace with the sun in its journey through the blue-vaulted sky.

It was not, perhaps, an entirely hopeless outlook, but I kept thinking of the uselessness my father had warned me against. I began to suspect that the world would never be any better or wiser because I had chosen to trail modestly along behind Sir William Blackstone and his illustrious disciples, and I was certain that my inroads upon the professional interests of my brother lawyers would be imperceptible.

When the time came for me to lunch I took my quarter out of my pocket and stared moodily—almost resentfully—at it. It gives a man a queer feeling down around the pit of his stomach to contemplate spending his last cent, and there are some men who simply cannot bring themselves to take the step. But I was not one of them. I determined to lunch as sumptuously as my modest means would allow, and to that end I sought a restaurant where the price of a meal just held my single coin in a quivering equipoise. I selected a seat near the door and confidently ordered a repast of which boiled beef and cabbage constituted the basic ingredients.

Opposite me sat a prosperous appearing

man who was eating leisurely and with the patent enjoyment of hale ruggedness. His ruddy cheeks and clear blue eyes testified to good health and a cheerful spirit. His neatly trimmed gray beard and well-fitting dark suit led me to think he was a prosperous business man, although there was an indistinct something about him which reminded me of a glorious apple orchard, just touched with the hoarfrost of an October morning. Presently came the frowzy-haired waitress.

"Apple pie or cottage pudding with hard sauce?" was her demand.

"Apple pie," was my choice.

As I finished my dessert I observed that my companion had concluded his meal and was looking at me with humorous wrinkles hovering about his eyes. Again came the waitress, truculently. I tossed my quarter upon the table before her with contemptuous unconcern.

"Thirty cents," she observed tartly. "Pie is extra."

"How is that?" I asked warmly. "Meals have always been twenty-five cents before."

"New prices," she said, waving a grimy hand toward a glaring placard upon the dingy wall, "went into effect this mornin'."

I felt myself growing red to the very roots of my hair and a prickly, shivery sensation began traveling slowly up my spinal column. I fumbled in my pockets—although she must have read in my face my fore-knowledge of the result—and confessed:

"I have no more money with me; I'll pay you the next time I come in."

"No, you won't," declared the waitress. "Have to call the boss."

I was contemplating an embarrassed explanation to the proprietor—whom I did not know—when the gray-whiskered man interposed.

"Don't trouble the boss," he said, throwing a nickel upon the table. "It isn't worth while."

The waitress tossed her yellow hair and walked away, while I turned to my companion, vainly endeavoring to hide my embarrassment behind a laugh.

"You are very kind to the needy," said I, "but I don't know how soon you'll get your nickel."

"Up against the high cost of living, are you?" he smiled.

"So much so," I replied earnestly, "that I have just given that waitress my last quarter, and I don't see another in sight."

"Let's take a walk," suggested my new friend, rising from the table. "I'd like to have a little talk with you."

Arm in arm we went slowly down the street, and I told him my name and my story. I did not conceal my perplexities, doubts, or misgivings, and I told him how my father had warned me against uselessness. He made little comment, and I saw that he was a man who did not employ circumlocution but went straight to the point.

"My name," said he, "is Thomas Rannals and I am a farmer. If you want a job, I'll give you twenty dollars a month and board."

"But I know nothing about farming," I objected.

"Quite likely," he observed dryly. "If you did I'd pay you thirty."

"Wait!" I cried. "Do you understand that I have failed as a lawyer, and that if I accept your offer it is only because I have nothing better in view?"

"I think I do," he replied grimly, "but the question is, will you try to earn your wages?"

"Yes," said I.

"When can you go?" he asked.

"I'll be ready in an hour," I decided.

Getting ready was a simple operation. I made an arrangement with the insurance man who shared my office to make the best sale he could of my meagre effects and send me the proceeds, and then I hurried to my boarding house, where I packed my trunk and told my amazed landlady that my room was at her disposal. Well, within the hour Mr. Rannals and I were on our way to his farm, which was located some twenty miles west of the city.

"Mary," said Mr. Rannals, "this is Robert Chanlor—a lawyer who has failed."

It was my introduction to Mrs. Rannals, a motherly, gray-haired woman to whom my heart went out at once. And further acquaintance only served to confirm in me the belief that a kinder or more womanly woman never lived. No one will

ever know what Mrs. Rannals did for me. I can never make anyone understand how she comforted me during my first days of loneliness, or how her faith in me many times helped me banish black discouragement.

The next morning I was given an old black team and put to work harrowing a potato field. It was dull work, and tramping back and forth over the yielding earth was especially trying on soft and flabby leg muscles. By evening I was too tired to eat, and after a hot bath I went to bed, where I tossed for an hour or more, unable to forget those tortured and complaining muscles. The next day Mr. Rannals gave me an easier task, but I was still unable to see any joy in farm life.

Gradually my flabby muscles hardened, and I was able to do my work without undue weariness, but I took no pleasure in it. The potato ground was at length prepared, and I finished it on a big Aspinwall planter. But I was tired of my job and about ready to quit; I could not see that I was accomplishing anything.

Early one morning Mr. Rannals and I walked out upon the potato field. The dark green leaves of the young plants were poking their way comically through the soil, and in that moment I got my first insight into one of the compensations of the farmer. For the first time I saw some of the tangible results of my own labor, and there never came a time after that when I could not look a little way into the seemingly impenetrable future and catch a glimpse of the pay-car.

"A good job," was Mr. Rannals' comment, "and every promise of a satisfactory crop. If we farmers must venture the hazards and uncertainties of changing seasons, we none the less deal with the verities. One solemn fact of life is creation, and while we do not ourselves create, we are constantly observing and are continually associated with the miracle."

At the close of the season I had more money in the bank than I had ever had before, for I had spent only a few dollars for simple articles of clothing. At reduced wages I remained with Mr. Rannals during the winter, and the next spring he employed me for the ensuing year at thirty dollars a month.

With the apple blossoms of May came Nancy, and I at once drew a part of my savings from the bank in order that I might freshen my wardrobe. Before that time I had not noticed how ragged I had become, but some linen, a couple of ties, and a moderate priced suit did wonders for my self-respect. Nancy Fitzgerald was Mr. Rannals' niece, who had come from Carroll, Iowa, to make her home with her uncle—at least she would be with them a year, Mrs. Rannals told me. She was twenty years of age and as dainty as the pink and white blossoms that came with her. Her eyes were a clear and sparkling blue, her hair undeniably red, and her nose up-tilted, but I didn't know whether she was pretty or not and I didn't much care; I knew that I was going to like her and I hoped she was going to like me.

"Nancy is a good girl and a capable girl," said Mr. Rannals to me one day. "We are her only living relatives, and I hope she may make her home with us, but whatever her final decision may be, Nancy is well able to take care of herself."

I had no doubt about it, for it was evident from the beginning that she would not become a useless pensioner. I am not sure but that is what attracted me most in the beginning—her passion for usefulness. She and Mrs. Rannals were like two girls together. They divided the work of the household between them, and Nancy always contrived to select the more difficult and laborious parts of it.

During the summer I became more and more interested in both the practical and theoretical sides of farm work. Mr. Rannals was a good farmer and a fairly prosperous one, but he had small respect for knowledge gained from books. My own studious habits led me to understand the necessity of theoretical knowledge, and I spent a good many of my evenings in reading and studying. Nancy fell into the habit of studying with me and I was amazed at her knowledge of the subject.

"Where did you learn all of this?" I asked her one evening. "It seems to me that you know something of every phase of agriculture."

"Oh," she replied, "my father was a student and he taught me all I know. He



"Nancy is a good girl and a capable girl"

could have specialized in agriculture had he so desired and made a success."

It was the first time she had ever spoken of her father, and I concluded, from her guarded words, that he had not been a success in any line; and the fact that so little had been said about him by Mr. Rannals and his wife served to confirm me in that belief.

"Doubtless," said I, "he had other

interests which occupied his time and attention."

"I do not think," she replied, flushing slightly, "that he ever permitted any one thing to occupy much of his time."

I was working in the cornfield one morning in September, whistling softly and thinking of Nancy. Some way I had been thinking of Nancy a great deal during the summer.

"Good-mornin'," said somebody behind me.

I looked around quickly and saw a comically weazened old man leaning on the fence. He was small, slight and stooped; his hair was long and gray; his lean face was covered with a two days' growth of beard, but his keen eyes were black and constantly shifted from side to side.

"It is a beautiful morning," I agreed.

"Be you a lawyer?" he asked slyly.

"I was a lawyer," I replied. "Just now I am a farm hand."

"Very well answered," he said, and I saw his shrunken shoulders quivering with mirth as he hobbled away.

That evening I related the incident to Mr. Rannals and asked him who the old man was.

"That," he replied, "was Ezra Wilfest. He is the richest man in the county—and reputed to be the stingiest. He was asking me about you the other day and I told him you were a lawyer."

I determined, however, to become better acquainted with the old man and to that end I called upon him one evening. I found him living all alone in what must have once been a comfortable home. But it had run to seed. Weather-beaten, dilapidated, and stripped of all its finery, it seemed to me the merest husk of a home. And yet it comported well with the time-worn old man who was its sole occupant. He greeted me in a civil—almost friendly—manner and I soon found myself telling him the story of my life. He seemed greatly interested in my father and in his last words of advice to me.

"Uselessness," said he, "comes near to bein' the greatest sin of young men today, an' lawyers are the worst of the lot. You're doin' more good than you ever could whittlin' away at the law, an' if you ain't happier, you ought to be."

"I don't know that I'm happier," said I, "but I'm at least more contented."

"Workin' as a farm hand," said he, "is a good way to be educatin' yourself, but don't be keepin' it up too long. Get a farm of your own an' rent if you can't buy. Get a farm an' get a wife—that's the only way a young man can ever prosper an' amount to shucks."

I am afraid I blushed when the old man advised me to get a wife, for I at once thought of Nancy. She and I had been together a great deal during the summer and I had begun to rejoice in the thought that she, like myself, was poor. We often enjoyed the simple social pleasures of the community together, and Mr. Rannals and his wife had dropped into the habit of occasionally drifting out of the sitting-room during the evening and leaving us together. I have always known that Mrs. Rannals was largely entitled to my gratitude for that.

It was in January that I asked Nancy to marry me. Sitting before the hard coal burner in the cozy sitting-room—with one of the worst storms of the winter howling outside—I asked Nancy to marry me.

"Bob," said Nancy—and though the tones of her voice were smooth and even, her blue eyes were swimming—"I am willing to marry you—but how in the world, you dear, impudent boy, do you think we would live?"

"Potatoes," said I.

"Potatoes," she laughed. "A monotonous diet, I am afraid."

"Now listen to me, Nancy," I said, "and don't laugh. We are both poor, but we can still be happy—and maybe happier because we are poor. We shall rent that old Durkin thirty-acre farm and raise potatoes. I have saved four hundred dollars—and I have learned how to grow potatoes. I know that's a small capital, I know it will be a struggle, but I can make good, Nancy—only I need you."

"You are a foolish boy," said Nancy, "but I believe you can make good—and I love you."

Nancy's blue eyes invited me and I kissed her—and then we said silly, absurd and tender things to one another after the fashion of all lovers, rich and poor alike.

At Nancy's request—although I did not then understand her reason for making it—I said nothing to her uncle or aunt for a couple of days, and then I told Mr. Rannals that I loved Nancy and wished to marry her. I also told him how I had planned to support her, although it seemed ridiculous enough when I tried to justify it to a hard-headed and practical farmer.

"You are a couple of simpletons," grumbled Mr. Rannals, "and I'm not sure but that Nancy is worse than a simpleton. So you are going to grow potatoes, are you?"

"I am," I said, "and I can make good. I am going to grow potatoes, work hard—and take good care of Nancy."

"I'm not worrying about that," said he. "Nancy is quite able to take care of herself." He looked me over with a slow and inscrutable smile and continued: "I believe you'll do it, my boy—and here's hoping that both you and Nancy may win."

Nancy and I were married in the spring and moved into the dilapidated Durkin house. We had little money but a great deal of love for each other. Mrs. Rannals gave us enough old furniture to make us comfortable, though without any pretense at style, and certain new furnishings mysteriously appeared which I also attributed to Mrs. Rannals, although Nancy smilingly refused to either confirm or refute my suspicion. It was the first real home I had known since the death of my mother and I rejoiced riotously in it, for the time almost forgetting our poverty and the struggle ahead of me.

Potatoes mean plenty of hard work and by no means unlimited wealth, but I had chosen to rely upon that crop because it is a staple—something that people must have. I was not afraid of work, and Nancy, dear girl, seconded my efforts nobly; she was a constant and never-failing source of inspiration and the very thought of her drove me to do my level best.

"The potatoes shall be your work, Bob," said Nancy, "and you will have to get up early in the morning to beat my chickens and garden."

I did get up early in the morning and went to bed late at night; I had no fear of hard work. Of course, neither my means nor my strength permitted me to plant the whole farm to the appetizing tubers, but I did what I could and rented the balance on shares to one of the neighbors. By dint of hiring some work done and paying for it by my own labor, I managed to get along and soon had a fine crop under way. Of working tools I had few, only an old team, a plow, and a harrow.

Three times during the summer Mr. Rannals took Nancy to the city on some mysterious business, and once I saw in her hands a letter bearing the name of one of the big law firms of a Western state. I was naturally curious about it, but Nancy would tell me nothing; she would only shake her pretty head and smilingly insinuate that she was about to apply for a divorce.

"Bob," said Nancy, one evening, "we are getting richer every day; I can almost see your potatoes grow."

"And the chirping of a hundred little chicks," said I, "sounds to me like the tinkle of gold coins."

There never was a couple who faced the future more blithely, and no man ever had a wife more cheerful, self-sacrificing or persevering than was my Nancy. She never grew discouraged, and she would not permit me to grow discouraged—but no man who is so fortunate as to marry a girl like Nancy has any right to indulge in that questionable and devastating luxury.

I had no time for visiting that first summer, but I did see old Ezra Wilfest occasionally. He came over to the farm once in a while, and always gave me the impression that he was secretly laughing at me.

"Still think you ain't a lawyer?" he asked one morning. "Ever think you'd rather be diggin' in law books than among these here potatoes?"

I leaned on my hoe and looked into his sharp black eyes. "I wouldn't trade my interest in these potatoes," said I, "for the finest law practice that a man could have. I'd rather deal with living things—I'd rather have a growing, living plant than a dead and lifeless brief."

Mr. Wilfest laughed silently. "We'll see how it will be lastin'," said he. "We'll see how you'll be feelin' when your crops show signs of bein' failures. How's Nancy?"

"Fine as silk," said I, "and as happy as a lark."

"Show any signs of bein' discontented with poverty?" he asked.

"Not one," I replied emphatically, "and we're not going to be poor always, either."

"Not while you're havin' Nancy around," said he, "an I expect you wouldn't be tradin' her for a crop of fortunes."

Before winter we had harvested and sold our crop, and found we had had an unusually successful season. Our debts were paid, we had a snug little balance in the bank, and almost enough provisions on hand to see us through the winter. I was in a mood to indulge in some unusual extravagance.

"Nancy," said I, "let's have a dinner party. Suppose we entertain your uncle and aunt—and I should like to invite that eccentric and lonely Ezra Wilfest."

"Bob," said Nancy, "we will. You have made good."

It was a pretty successful dinner. Nancy and I were hilarious, Mr. and Mrs. Rannals seemed satisfied and contented, and Mr. Wilfest, who had accepted somewhat grudgingly, appeared to enjoy himself as well as could have been expected. I was proud of Nancy and proud of her dinner. There was chicken of her own raising, hot and flaky biscuit, and in the center of the table a great platter of potatoes boiled in their jackets, and through the split skins a feathery whiteness gleamed. I could not refrain from boasting a little after dinner, and I told our guests just what Nancy and I had accomplished that season.

"Robert," said Mr. Rannals, "I don't know much about potatoes—they're only a side issue with me—but I do know about men, and you're one. A man—an honest man—who has made good."

"Which reminds me," said I, "that I owe you a nickel for a piece of apple pie. Here it is." And I gravely passed the coin across the table to him.

"Guess he's quit bein' a lawyer," commented Ezra Wilfest dryly. "He's a-payin' his debts."

Soon after the first of January Mr. Wilfest sent for me, and when I reached his house I found him sitting alone in his cheerless kitchen.

"Bob," said he, "did you ever think of buyin' the Taylor place?"

Had I thought of it? Every nerve in me throbbed and jumped at the mere mention of it. It was the finest little eighty-acre farm in the county. Not only were its fields well cultivated and fertile, but the residence was commodious, artistic and convenient. I thought I would be the happiest man on earth if I could see Nancy presiding over it.

"Have I?" I gasped. "I have never dared to even dream of it—I haven't had time for dreams."

"John Taylor is thinkin' of sellin' it," continued Mr. Wilfest calmly. "You know John was settin' out some years ago to be a gentleman farmer an' he ain't exactly been succeedin' in his plans. He's wantin' to go to the city now an' be takin' a job, an' he was tellin' me last night he would sell out for seven thousand."

"I'd like to have that farm," I admitted, slowly, "but you know as well as I do that it's utterly out of the question."

Mr. Wilfest paid no attention to me and continued slowly. "I've been watchin' you an' Nancy," he said, "an' I'm thinkin' you've both got plenty of sense an' grit. I can be lettin' you have the money—say at about four per cent. Pay it back when you get around to it."

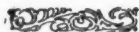
I gasped—and then shook his withered hand vigorously.

"I must tell Nancy," I said breathlessly.

But Nancy, when I told her, did not act as I supposed she would. She began to cry. Then she raised her tear-stained face, laughing through her tears, and threw her pretty arms around my neck.

"Bob," she whispered, "I don't know that you will ever forgive me—but I wanted to be sure—sure—that you could make good, and I couldn't risk marryin' a—a failure."

She stepped back and looked at me smiling. "Bob," she said softly, "you have made good, but best of all I love you—and I'm worth fifty thousand dollars in my own right."



GRAFT IN THE GRAVEYARD



Marie Conway Oemler



UNCLE ADAM CAMPBELL had never heard of New Thought, and wouldn't have understood the modern phraseology wherein is now being set forth the art of Getting What You're After. He did know, however, that he very much wanted to be made keeper of the colored cemetery, a fat and fallow piece of ground in constant use since long before the Civil War; so keeping his thought upon his desire, he got what he wanted.

What was merely a graveyard to everyone else was to Uncle Adam a golden opportunity. Having taken faithful charge of his domain, under his skillful hand it began to blossom, not exactly as the rose, but as the more useful, if less romantic, cabbage, turnip, onion, tomato, and other succulent garden "sass."

"Dem ol' hills an' rows is sho' fine," commented Uncle Adam, after experimenting. "I ain't got to buy a Gawd's mite o' fertilizer. Looks like dem ol' befo'-de-war niggers is jes' natchully what's needed fo' cucumber and cabbages."

Under his patient care long forgotten graves grew green with sage and parsley; why waste on them ineffectual flowers when pot-herbs are equally green and gracious, and, beside, fetch five cents the bunch? Taking the owner's permission for granted he borrowed God's Acre and made it yield an hundredfold; in the midst of death he was busily in life.

All day long, with M'riah, his yellow mule, Uncle Adam happily toiled, reclaiming a bit here and a bit there, in every minute he could spare from his regular duties.

The best soup bunches, the earliest lettuce, the finest, hardest cabbages of appropriately the "niggerhead" variety, were offered by Uncle Adam, and eagerly bought by housewives. Good cooks learned to wait for the rickety wagon drawn by yellow M'riah, named with fine and frank disregard of sex, in honor of Uncle Adam's deceased wife.

"Dat mawl's so natchully like dat 'oman, twell he's a heap o' comfort to me," the old man confided to an interested customer. "He's got de same look outer he eye, de same kin' o' jog-walk, an' when he lif' up he voice I 'clar to Gawd hit seem like muh wife's a-callin' me to cut de wood an' bring een de water. Yessum, dat mawl's a heap u' comfort to me."

As the years went by Uncle Adam began to regard his farm as being really his own property, for had he not reclaimed it? It had come to him rife with jimson weed and nettles, and now pleasant rows of good green eatables had taken their places. His only grievance was that he often had to make room for newcomers in his own particular domain, the unclaimed ground or Potter's Field.

He had nothing to say against decently burying you in your own lot, where your widow was free to put shells, jugs, cuspidors, medicine bottles, cups and saucers, and other household utensils over you to her heart's content. But when you had neither lot nor widow, or worse still, widow minus lot, he regarded you as an impertinent intruder, disarranging his trim and orderly house with your new yellow door.

Afterwards, of course, when your widow had been consoled, and spring had helped him paint your door green, Uncle Adam looked upon you more kindly, and put a choice bouquet of feathery carrots or fresh

pink radishes above you. Sometimes a spasm of recollection seized your widow and she came to visit you and claimed the carrots and radishes, to the fury of Uncle Adam, who had entrusted them to you. Sometimes the rabbits came and nibbled, but he preferred the rabbits to the relatives any day; he could knock the rabbits in the head when he could catch them, but one may only expostulate with relatives.

Uncle Adam trove, waxed sleek, and radiated cheerfulness, for his days were days of pleasantness and all his nights were peace. He had a healthy bank account, he was president of the Amalgamated Brothers and Sisters of the Rising Star in the Bonds of Love; secretary and treasurer of the Free United Sons of Zion Burying Society, and vice-president of the Sons and Daughters of Mary Magdalen Marching on to Glory.

But as virtue and prosperity provoke envy and malice, much as molasses draws flies, when less initiative minds grasped the fact that in hands entirely skillful the free graveyard is mightier than the bought farm—which no city pays you to attend and then allows you to pocket the pickings—good colored republicans sat up and took notice.

When it dawned on Uncle Adam that he might be deprived of his perquisites he was at first indignant, then enraged and then frightened. As the time drew near for the city elections he sought to placate the powers that be, and was delicately informed that fresh vegetables, though welcome daily offerings, were insufficient; it was impressed upon him that if you want a thing you must pay for it.

Sorrowfully he trudged behind M'riah, lamenting the threatened loss of his kingdom; sorrowfully he viewed the blooming graves which had added so materially to his worldly prosperity.

"Yo' wuzn't wuth a cuss but hoss-nettles an' pizen weeds twell I come along an' rickamembahed yo' mought be good fo' vigitibbles," he addressed his garden patches. "Yo' wuzn't good fo' nothin', an' now when I mek yo' good fo' sum'p'n, dey ups an' wants to tak yo' 'way fum me."

He wiped his perspiring face with a red bandanna handkerchief, and groaned.

"I *could* buy a fahm," he mused darkly. "Oomhoo, but it cawst good money to buy lan', an' den I'd hab to buy fertilizer, too; but, my Gawd, attah I done pay fo' de lan' an' t'ings, wha's muh money?"

He leaned mournfully against M'riah, who flicked an ear and cocked an eye of sympathy. Uncle Adam reached out a grateful hand and stroked the velvety nose.

"Yo's a heap bettah'n de othah M'riah, mewl," he praised. "Case yo' doan' mek me trouble wuss, a-jawin' 'bout it."

M'riah lifted up his voice with a bray that startled a rabbit from a carrot patch, but Uncle Adam was too dispirited to throw even a cuss-word at that persistent enemy.

He was still leaning against M'riah in mournful introspection, when the minister approached with a solemn and secretive air. Save for the mule Uncle Adam was quite alone, but the minister peered fearfully around as if suspecting hidden listeners were in the carrot patch.

"I has to talk wid yo'," he informed the wondering Uncle Adam. "An' what I say I ain't mean to hab repeated, so come along one side an' listen at me, private-like."

"My Gawd, man, what mo' private yo' want dan dis?" asked Uncle Adam. "'Tain't nobawdy hyuh but me an' de mewl, ceptin' de daid; dey *can't* talk, an' I *won't* talk."

The minister took him by the arm and firmly led him away from M'riah, as if that faithful beast might bray aloud what wasn't intended for his long ears.

"Hit's pollerticks," he informed Uncle Adam solemnly. "Dey's dem what's plottin' fo' yo' livin', Mistah Campbell, an' ez a fren' an' a Christian I'se hyuh to talk wid yo'. Yo's got a mighty pooty place hyuh, Mistah Campbell," he insinuated.

"Hit's me what made it pooty," growled "Mistah Campbell".

"I ain't sayin' yo' didn't," deprecated the minister. "But I is sayin' yo' bettah fix t'ings so's yo' kin keep what yo's got." He leaned closer to Uncle Adam. "I'se a powerful 'xorter an' mover o' sperrits," he whispered. "Ef'n I had a decent suit o' clo'es an' some shoes an' a hat, an' a

sh'ut fitt'n to 'peer een, I c'd see de right pussons, Mistah Campbell, en move 'em to let yo' keep yo' job."

Uncle Adam's heart contracted painfully. "How much yo' want, man?" he wailed, his eyes on a cabbage-covered mound.

"I cyant do a Gawd's t'ing less'n I got a full forty dollars," said the tempter.

"Come tonight an' git it," groaned Uncle Adam, after a silent wrestle with himself.

When the minister had left, Uncle Adam went back to M'riah, and leaned against him for support. Beside him a small white wooden cross proclaimed, in faded letters, that,

"Mary had a Little Lamb;
Its skin was Black as Nite,
The Kine Lawd come and took the Lamb
And now I guess its White";

but neither the poetry nor the pathos moved Uncle Adam. He looked at the tomato vine tied to the cross, and almost wept; not because Mary had lost her lamb, but because he feared he might lose his tomatoes.

It was horrifying to Uncle Adam when he found out how many people he had to furnish with hats, or shoes, or pants, or groceries, or house rent, in order that they might intercede with the right "pussons," but having put his hand to the bribery plough, he had to follow it to the bitter end of the furrow.

He ran distracted thither and thither; he lost time and sleep and money and peace; and finally he lost his job. Uncle Adam wasn't re-elected keeper of the colored cemetery; it fell to Elder Washington Hanks.

Uncle Adam snorted with rage and disgust. Elder Hanks, of all men, who wasn't worth anything but to pass the plate in church and lead the hymn in a bull-basso! Elder Hanks, who had never done a hard day's work in his life, but subsisted upon choice morsels filched from the "buckrah's" kitchens by pious cooks and heaven-aspiring housemaids. Uncle Adam shrewdly guessed that the Elder's strong-minded sister-in-law, Molly Middleton, beloved of the white people, had induced her friends to put him in the cemetery, into which she would much have preferred seeing him enter as a respectable corpse; he couldn't, in justice, blame

Molly Middleton for thus shifting the burden of her brother-in-law's partial support from her own shoulders to those of the city.

Molly Middleton had the show-lot in the colored cemetery. The marble token of her widowhood which marked her husband's resting place quoted, "I am black but comely," adding that the deceased had been a good man and the husband of Mrs. Molly Middleton. A cast-iron wreath leaned against the monument; two large vases, whereon blue and pink roses entwined a gilt cross, several large shells, a pink cup and saucer, and a bright blue china spittoon, embellished the grave.

"It looks real stylish," sighed the widow, with melancholy pride.

Elder Hanks had supinely allowed himself to be appointed keeper, believing that all he had to do was to drive Uncle Adam from Eden and preempt his perquisites and profits. He had lavishly agreed to reward those who had helped him secure what he believed to be a fat job, and looked upon Uncle Adam's vegetables as part payment of his obligations.

It was therefore a painful surprise to him when Uncle Adam promptly presented him with an order restraining him from touching a crop planted in good faith and with the city's tacit consent; and further, having rented a small plot of ground next to the cemetery, the ex-keeper was thus enabled to keep a very watchful eye upon his property.

M'riah belonged to Uncle Adam, and Elder Hanks found himself without a "mewl"; and what normal negro can work without a "mewl"? There is between them a bond of sympathy and understanding, and they will work for each other as neither will work for the white man. The hot sun made the Elder sick, the unaccustomed work blistered his hands. He found himself precipitated not into Eden but out of it.

Molly Middleton forced him to spend laborious hours embellishing her lot, without pay; he hadn't time to call so frequently on his lady friends, and his stomach suffered greatly thereby; he couldn't levy on Uncle Adam's crop, and his crowning trouble was the staving off of the hungry horde to whom he had

promised a share of the spoils. It made no difference to them that there were no spoils to be had; they clamored just the same.

Uncle Adam looked on with grim satisfaction. He had been ousted, but the new monarch didn't know how to reign, and anarchy resulted. When he saw bullet-headed persons with underhung jaws come to the cemetery and call the keeper aside, he grinned.

Toward the minister he cherished the only animosity his kindly nature was capable of entertaining. That taker of bribes had made him promises which he had not kept; he had separated Uncle Adam from forty dollars, and then deserted him for a promised tribute from Elder Hanks and a word from Molly Middleton.

He had kept out of Uncle Adam's way at first, but later, judging that the old man's power had diminished with his bank account, ignored him completely. As he grew more brazen he came almost daily to demand from the new keeper the money which had been promised him.

Elder Hanks, soured, disappointed, overworked, and nagged beyond endurance, turned at bay. He had lost twenty pounds and gained twenty blisters. His back ached from bending, his mind fermented with anger. He had gathered a lot of perfectly useless bones one day and sold them to a white farmer for fertilizer, and some foolish and meddling people had just heard of it and had threatened to raise a scandal. Life began to taste bitter in his mouth.

One morning, therefore, when the minister again called, Elder Hanks turned his back upon his tormenter and walked off. The minister followed, expostulating, and thus they made the rounds of the cemetery.

Uncle Adam had been watching a choice assortment of herbs, almost ready for cutting, in a deserted lot next to Molly Middleton's. It was warm, and he sat in the shade of a large spirea bush and dozed. He was roused by the sound of an angry voice, and peered from his place of concealment to find the minister and Elder Hanks glaring at each other, within a few feet of him.

The minister raised his voice still higher, and "thief," "robber," "liar," "bum," "low-down nigger," and other insulting epithets rained upon Elder Hanks, who, with hands on his hips, faced him without replying. When the minister paused to take breath, Elder Hanks shook a contemptuous finger under his nose.

"All dem t'ings yo' say I is, yo' is," he said bitingly.

The minister's reply was a box on the ear, and the next second they were upon each other. It was only when they fought their way toward him and began to trample upon his cherished herbs that Uncle Adam roused from his trance of rapture, and leaped forth with a howl.

"Git off'n my grave! Tek yo' foots fum my passley, an' quit tromplin' on my sage! Git off, I tell yo'! What yo' mean mussin' up muh grave, niggers?" he bawled.

He seized the struggling pair, and with a well-directed shove sent them over the low stone coping into the next lot, to topple upon the stylish grave of Molly Middleton's husband. Elder Hanks' hard head shattered the blue spittoon which was Molly's pride; the bony body of the minister smashed the shells and vases. There was a horrible sound of shivering china, and the combatants rolled off of the grave and sat up, one on either side.

The minister was a wreck, for dirt and the hands of Elder Hanks had ruined the suit which Uncle Adam's money had bought; and every rent in those clothes was as balm to Uncle Adam. He watched the dilapidated one pick himself slowly and painfully up from the wreck of Molly Middleton's mementoes, and with threats and complaints limp away, knowing that fate, in the form of the hot-tempered widow, awaited him.

When the minister's mutterings had died in the distance, Uncle Adam turned to Molly Middleton's brother-in-law, upon whose forehead a large and forbidding lump was rapidly gathering.

"Yo' sho' is a sight, Elder Hanks," said Bidlad the Shuhite in the person of Uncle Adam. "It jes' natchully looks like a nigger goose done laid a big black aig on yo' fo'haid. An' I suttently trimbles," he continued wildly, "when I

rickamembahs de sto' Molly Middleton sot on dat blue spittoon an' dem cups an' t'ings. She's a pow'ful good thrower an' hitter when she gits started, too, Molly Middleton is."

Elder Hanks raised himself up from the wreck with a rueful countenance, picked a piece of the blue spittoon from the small of his back, and wiped a trickle of blood from his neck where a fragment of the vase had gashed him.

"Wish to Gawd I'd kep' outer de dang ol' cemetery twell I natchully had to be toted to it," he lamented, trying to brush the dirt from his garments. "One t'ing sho', ef I doan' git outer it alive pooty soon I'll lan' up een it daid, dat's what."

"We's all got our trials an' tribulations, whichin we has to bear an' trus' een Gawd," exhorted Uncle Adam unctuously.

"Uncle Adam," said Elder Hanks firmly. "I'm goin' to trus' een a peace warrant fo' dat nigger, an' lan' him een de calaboose fo' 'sa'lt an' battery, likewise bribery. I ain't got no money lef', an' I ain't got no fren' lef'. I got to dodge Molly Middleton, too, 'ca'se she'll bus' muh haid wide open like I busted her blue spittoon.

"I don' want no sich job es dis nohow," he went on vehemently. "Dey'd lef' yo'

keep it ef twusn't fo' Molly Middleton makin' 'em gie it to me. I resigns, I quits, I throws it up dis minnit. Take back yo' job, Unc' Adam, an' I hopes to Gawd yo' soon be raisin' turnips on dat low-down nigger whut helped Molly Middleton to mek me come hyuh. An' fo' Gawd's sake, Unc' Adam," he added piteously, "len' me fifty cents to git a shampoo an' a bite o' vittles."

Uncle Adam reached down in his jeans and silently handed him a dollar. He then went to the gate with the fallen one, and watched him tramp down the dusty road. M'riah was hitched to the fence, and Uncle Adam loosed the halter and brought him inside.

"Yo' an' me is comin' back, M'riah, honey," he chirped.

M'riah lifted his voice in exultant brays, and a rabbit darted from a clump of blackberry vines, pursued by a clod of earth which Uncle Adam hurled after him.

"Dern yo', keep oof'n muh graves!" he shouted. "Jes' yo' watch out, Brer Rabbit, an' see me lan' yo' een one o' dem traps I'm gwine to set."

With his arm twined lovingly around M'riah's neck, he went whistling down the rosy Road o' Hope.

THE WAYSIDE INN

(SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

SET by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew,
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred,—
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew;
And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.

Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown!—
Happiest that from the Poet it has won
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

WHAT A WOMAN KNOWS

Letters of Maxie, an Actress



Ora Lee Bargamin

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 10, 1910.



DEAR ELIZABETH:—I do believe that the road to Fame is more bumptious than the Rocky Road to Dublin! Who would have thought the jars and bumps of strenuous acting would finally land me 'way down

here in "ole Virginny"? Yet, here we are; Aunt Janie and I. It's so lonely here with nothing but James River, Hampton Roads, et cetera, making a big splash all around the Peninsula!

I remember when I was young. . . Ah! pshaw! I mean younger. I used to think that the Hampton Roads was paved with cobble stones! Now that I actually see it and know better, the thought is yet suggestive, for the waters are usually just as wobbly. But here, I am deviating.

Of course, you darling girl, of all the desirables I had rather you were the one to "fill the bill!" But it does seem, when I had just commenced to make good at the New Theatre, that the final draught of success might have been mine ere this nerve fever had set in! How tantalizing to have the cup so near and then be compelled to set it down! Guilford said that I would have had a successful run this year in "What Every Woman Knows," especially since my debut was effected last season, and New York and I were about to become acquainted. (What I want to know is: Why will a woman go to see what every woman knows? Pshaw! Would a Scotchman smile at that?)

To return to Guilford. I am sure, my dear, you will like him even if he is fat. He is a good manager, and his tempestuous moods quiet to a mere zephyr before a winsome smile. Try some of yours in

broken doses whenever you may find that they are needful.

You see I am posting you. You have been so much out on the Coast and so little in New York that I think you will find my hints useful, after all. Eh? Gilbert Loftin is good to lead with; his eyes and heart are the first things your heart begins to thump to. Aren't they? You know; you've rehearsed with him. But do be careful, girl. And only lead *with* him. First thing I know you'll have the "with" in parenthesis and there'll be simply "lead him" staring us all in the faces! Don't. Though with your baby-blue eyes and baby mouth, how can you help it? Nevertheless, I repeat—don't. When you go behind the scenes, keep on the mask for my sake. Will you? Gilbert and I are old pals, but he's got a weak spot in his heart that just yields immediately to a fascinatingly pretty girl. (What man has not?) But I'm usually around to cover that spot up—to protect it—to protect my own interests. Now it's different; and distance doesn't lend any enchantment, either.

Be good; give my regards to the company; smash any heart you like but Gilbert's—that's mine, and I don't want it the least bit damaged. . . MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 13, 1910.

Darling Girl:

Three days of grace! Well, old New York doesn't seem so far away after all, when you can post a letter here Monday morning and receive a reply by Wednesday.

I must compliment you on your letter. So newsy! Just the very thing for this exiled self o' me. For the time being I was transported among all of you once more, and enjoyed the little chats and gossip as only a hungry heart can.

Oh, for the din and roar of noisy New York once more! 'Tis the only music can soothe this savage breast. The comradeship, the laughter, clatter; the mad, wild confusion of things; the dear, gay lights of old Broadway! It is home to me. I cannot live without it; I cannot rest away from it! I long for it as only a New Yorker can. Even you cannot; for you, chérie, have been so long away from us that I would dub you "Californian." While I, in New York, have lived the best part of my life—or the worst; sometimes I am not sure which.

Here everything is so quiet and deadly calm at night as early as ten o'clock! Imagine. So still, so still; and I am so wakeful. Last night I arose in one of the wee, sma' hours, and looked from the window. Such a dearth in noise—so complete a silence, that I looked up and actually fancied I could hear the moon rustling in and out among the clouds!

So you want to know what is happening to me? Attention: I don't think that I have told you before—being naturally so upset at having to leave my company at this critical period in the season—but Aunt Janie and I have secured a dear, cozy bungalow on the Boulevard, which runs along the banks of the famous, historic Hampton Roads. I imagine that the summer months, cooled by the briny breezes that sweep shoreward, must be incomparably delightful.

I am glad we are in this part of the country, after all. The Soldiers' Home Grounds—Fortress Monroe—and other places hereabout furnish excellent "copy" for my stories; and I expect to do much work in that line at least. Having been forbidden to put the smallest thought upon my public profession, I must devote my leisure to that love of my earlier days which was endured so long suffering in silence.

I don't know that old Dr. Giddons would approve this latter resolution, since his strict orders were to exercise extreme caution in any diversion whatsoever I should undertake. When I complained of the ennui of such idleness as he wished me to adopt, he flew into a rage and exclaimed:—"Stay here, then! Work yourself to death. You've got just about

eleven months and thirty-one days left!" Then I filled my eyes with tears, and he patted me on the shoulder softly and tamed down a little: "You little humbug. Do as I tell you now. Go to Old Point Comfort, or Hampton and locate right in sight of the water and the open; don't crowd in anywhere! Get the fresh air into your lungs and let that be the most strenuous work you do—breathing. Give up—relax—sit around—read—eat heartily—drive—go to bed early and sleep long and well." Thus his parting injunction. Indeed, I have obeyed him so far; but for me, the call to activity is positively irresistible! This part of the country with its mystery, history and romance, invites—nay, *commands* my hand to the pen, and I *must* write! With such charming material and so strong an impulse, who would not yield?

I have saved until the ending of this letter a surprise which I shall now spring: (Prepare). I am going to sing at an Episcopal Church here which reminds me very forcibly of "The Little Church Around the Corner," which, as you know, is about the only church I've ever attended since entering the "Art World"—and even then most infrequently.

Ciel! Would that you might join the choir invisible and participate! Amen. (I should like to view your expression at present—though I believe that I have a correct conception of it!)

I am somewhat surprised myself, when I fairly open my eyes upon the realization of the thing. But it was all so simple, chérie.

When I returned at dusk yesterday from a drive, by mistake, I walked into the bungalow next to ours. Of course, once within, I discovered the error and hastened to depart; but a kindly old lady came forward to bid me welcome. I explained my presence, and we enjoyed the joke like two old cronies. This morning she came to call on us and introduced herself as the Episcopal minister's mother!

Spying the music room, she enticed me therein and committed herself to an hour's painful endurance—for you know my chronic weakness for music! When you once lead me to the piano, it is impossible to tear me away! The Lord

knows why she is so intent on my rendering this—er—infliction Sunday. However, I am programmed for same and shall try to recall some prayers of my childhood days to tide me over the crucial moment.

I can face an audience with words and gesticulations; with tears and laughter;



"Of course we got lost frequently from Aunt Janie and his mother"

and vehemence—emotion of any sort, but—with a sacred solo? Viola! I pause.

Au revoir, sweet girl; you and lights and life seem a long, long distance from me tonight.

MAXIE.

P. S. Here I have cast aside my *nom de plume*, and stand forth stripped of all celebrity—simply Maxie O'Rell. I regret not having informed you of this in my first letter. Your reply would not have reached me save for the correct address. I had even then a trifling trouble identifying myself to the postman's satisfaction.

M.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 25, 1910.

My Girlie: Your letters! I have every need of them, though they are to me as poison. Slowly creeping through my blood, they will be the death o' me yet! How can I sit idly about with your words running through my brain like fire, touching every hidden thought of the old life, (even at this early period it has come to seem so distant that I invariably refer to it as the "old life!") kindling these thoughts and making every impulse in me burn bright with the longing for New York—the "boards"—and you (and Gilbert).

I can hear the roaring applause; I can see you before the curtain with Gilbert—your hand in his—I witness your triumph—Ciel! It is hard to be so far away!

Of course I hear from Gilbert—every other day. But your letters contain the "news." *His?* Well, we are pals. Strange he has not once mentioned your name to me nor in any way referred to you. I asked him point blank how he liked you, but this query has received no response. Have you hypnotized him? Enlighten me!

I am glad our play gives evidence of so prosperous a run; but there is no reason why it should not. The company is a strong one and each well adapted to his particular part. Now, I shall tell you, *ma chérie*, what occurred last Sunday.

I sang; without a tremble—without a halt—and the congregation received it—the solo—very peacefully after all. . . . After service I was introduced to the Reverend John Stetson, by his

mother. We managed a very friendly conversation for ten minutes!

Elizabeth! I have a very wicked scheme afoot! In casting about for a hero amidst these suggestive surroundings, I pounced upon the minister—mentally, of course! I am upon my best behavior; dignified to the extent of sanctification—neither you nor Gilbert would recognize this new me! Now the Reverend John Stetson is coming over to call on me in the very near future: a prediction. Wait: see! Oh, it will be delightful! Such a novelty to have a minister for study—for copy in my new story. Oh, by the way,

I might mention right here that I would prefer your silence on this matter. Others—er—Gilbert, if you will have it, may not understand—as you do, dearest.

Last night I dreamed you and Gilbert were married after the evening performance. I ran in to protest—too late! The ceremony was just completed. Quite a horrible nightmare, I assure you, dear Elizabeth. Assuage my fears and doubts, or my nerves will be playing fatal tricks upon me soon.

Here come Aunt Janie and Mrs. Stetson up the drive; and I do believe . . . yes! The minister is with them. Do you hear me laugh—see me wink as I whisper “I told you so?”

Deepest love,

MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, November 15, 1910.
Dear Elizabeth:—“There is nothing new under the sun,” yet there is always something left to learn—paradoxical, *n'est-ce pas?* Who would have thought a minister capable of really excellent jokes, fond of really picnical outings, et cetera? Not I—of all people. The sum and substance of this explosion is: the Reverend Mr. John Mitchell Stetson offered to conduct us on a little tour about his city and to the points of interest thereabout.

Of course we got lost frequently from Aunt Janie and his mother, particularly at Fortress Monroe. Here we were lost for such a length of time that when we returned to the officers' quarters where we had left Aunt Janie and Mrs. Stetson in charge of a guide—who was waxing eloquent before the small quarters where Jefferson Davis had been imprisoned—these two dear old souls had departed.

When we walked in our bungalow at dusk it was truly with the feeling of disobedient children and I really enjoyed the childish wickedness of it all—I believe he did, too—there was such a mischievous smile on his lips as he addressed his mother and my aunt sitting before a cozy fire in our library: “I see you left us? Well, I don't blame you!”

I did so enjoy the visit to the Fort. At sunset we were standing upon the rampart at the rear of the grounds when a private came up the incline to lower

the flag, and another followed to fire the gun.

We were quite near the former, and I exclaimed: “Oh, I should love to haul in the flag!” The man looked at me—smiled, waved his hand toward the cord as it left his fingers, then stepped aside. The great old cannon went “boom!” under the gunner's assistance, while I drew the flag slowly to the ground from the high pole. The men left us immediately, and we remained in silence gazing for some time out over the Point. The view was excellent; the great gray monsters in the waters loomed up proudly and warningly to any hostile eye. Across the stillness of the twilight hour floated the sweet, thrilling strains of the “Star Spangled Banner.”

I didn't feel like shouting or applauding as Southerners are moved to do, but, somehow, the entire scene awakened a mournful note in me, and I could have sat there upon the rolling bank and sobbed a most appropriate accompaniment with the assistance of water-works. But the minister *is* a Southerner; when he turned to me I fancied I must have inflicted my lachrymose mood upon him. His face was grave. He said: “Let us go.”

Just then the ships' bells chimed “one, two, three!” (This I have learned means five-thirty o'clock). All the way home he tried to cheer me with some amusing jokes and I must say I became interested though not entirely restored to my usual spirits of effervescence.

I do not know what made the mood swoop down upon me and retain me in its clutches. But in those few reminiscent moments I longed inexplicably for something which seemed so far away—and it wasn't New York either . . . nor you—nor Gilbert! That's why I can't understand.

Oh, I am just reminded of the questions you propound. Yes. I knew Gilbert had gone to Nevada. And it was certainly a good thing Van Greeter could have been at hand so opportunely. Though I believe he is not nearly so well adapted to “John Shand” as Gilbert is. He has not the personality Gilbert has. No, dear; Gilbert did not inform me of the contents of his telegram. Indeed I do not think

it strange. Why should you? Perhaps it was sad news; perhaps—well, anyway you know a man is naturally of the clam species where his own affairs are concerned. But in the end, Gilbert comes to me with his worries and plans, all rolled into one big confidence and all that he has tried to keep from me unfolds to the least dark corner. That's why we are such real good comrades—Gilbert and I.

I am nearing the completion of a short story with these surroundings and the minister for copy—but am stalled in the "round up!" I think a few more visits of the Reverend John Stetson will set my inventive brain to work once more. *Quelle idee!* Affectionately,

MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, November 28, 1910. Elizabeth! Your today's letter exploded as a bomb under my feet, and I have not yet gotten myself all together since returning to the earth!

Tell Dr. Giddons that after the survival of this test he may rest assured his patient will live until the second childhood age—and beyond!

Gilbert married! And for the past five years! The brute—to have left that poor woman away out in Nevada! Yet . . . I don't know, *cherie*, we shouldn't judge, I suppose, being ignorant of the facts and circumstances. Think you? But I can forgive Gilbert; yes, dear, I can forgive him, and I am happy that his wife recovered, after all.

You say that Guilford knew the whole thing when Loftin left? Why should he have told *you*? Our manager's pronounced characteristic is his silence—his very brusque and business-like silence, on all personal matters. And he confided to you? Well, I confess my stupidity. These successive surprises have taken the very wit o' me!

However, tonight my heart is so heavy I feel I must unburden it to its last thought that I may betimes sink witless and thoughtless to bed . . . and, I pray, to rest.

As usual, when the foolish individual flies into an alluring web, Fate is there in character of the spider to see that the poor de'il gets his deserts. I thought

John Stetson was good copy for a story and friendly pastime for an exiled artist. Alas! He thought me a good woman; tender and considerate, with all femininely winsome attributes to make an ideal companion for a minister!

I must tell you all or nothing. The cap has been drawn and the stream of grief will flow to its least drop to you; so lend your kindly forbearance.

In his study at the church—we had gone there for a copy of Omar Khayyam—he told me of his love and asked me to become his wife. Then I realized he made the offer to only the imaginary me! The idealized me. Not the real, the actress me. What would he do if he knew? Then I thought: Why should he know? It was the best thing that had ever happened to me. I might snatch this happiness which, at that moment, appeared as an oasis upon a weary stretch of useless desert life. I might take this step and live up to the glorious idealization he had of me. Why not? I wrestled with these tormenting thoughts in a silence he could not understand and one he misinterpreted.

I was seated near the window—looking out on the sunset across the waters and thinking—thinking; finally my brain became numb, and I simply sat there like a marble statue. He came over and stood before me.

"You don't love me? You couldn't ever come to care?" His voice was low, and it hurt me, and wrung the truth from my heart.

"I do care; that's why I am the most miserable person in the world. I'm not what you think I am! I came here from New York to build up a shattered nerve system. To substantiate my health to return to the stage! I'm leading woman at the New Theatre. You see—you see—I'm an actress!" I stammered, tumbling the words vehemently one over the other.

He never even spoke, but went over to his desk, sat down, and bowed his head in his arms. I wasn't sure; I didn't quite understand. Perhaps the blow staggered him.

I arose. The sun's rays were slanting just through the top of the window and seemed to terminate in one beautiful halo about his golden brown head. I had to

pass the desk to reach the door. At his side I halted. It was too much! I could stand no more. Just for one touch, oh, one *touch* of him! I reached out my hands and rested them on his head; and these words slipped my tongue ere I could bridle them.

"John—dear—dear!"

Then everything reeled and somehow I quit the room. He did not follow me. That was yesterday, and I have heard no word from him since. Tomorrow is Sunday. How can I go to church? How can I face him stripped of this deception? I must slip back into the old shell and return to New York at once; back to the lights and laughter; to the gaiety of the "boards" which once meant the life o' me, but now means an artificial semblance of real, good, solid happiness. Who is this talking? Elizabeth! Do you *know*? I have been buried ages and ages ago! And yet . . . have I? Perchance it was a long sleep and the awakening to true womanhood has just come.

I would I could answer the row of interrogation marks which confront me; but they are just so many complex problems that a fatigued brain and sluggish heart should have naught to do with. So I shall seek the arms of Morpheus and bid the eternal questions and you—good-night.

Sadly yours,

MAXIE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, December 5, 1910.
Darling, Darling!—I have the exhilaration of one who has just made a successful flight in his new biplane; though it *is* a ludicrous comparison since I am lying here in *bed*, propped up by two big pillows that I may write this to you!

I shall not attempt to answer your many, consoling and tender replies to Aunt Janie's notes. But first of all to congratulate you upon the romantic little marriage with our manager, and to assure you of all the good wishes in this surprised heart o' me!

You sly little rascal! Who would have believed that you—*you*, with your baby-blue eyes and baby mouth could penetrate old Ironsides' marble heart! I beg pardon? He is your husband now; I should at least remember that, but—ah, pshaw! I

haven't the strength to even tease you! I am quivering so with delight that you must perceive it by the little tremulous this pen is making!

One week ago I was in the deepest regions of Pluto; one hour ago—I was in—I was about to say, heaven. But I believe all true lovers call it Paradise. Anyway, as you comprehend I was very, very near heaven. Fever and nerves, and worry in general just played havoc with me for six days and nights, of which time I was only partly conscious.

Two hours ago I awakened from a refreshing sleep and here in the twilight came Aunt Janie whispering to me that Mrs. Stetson had just telephoned to know if she and her son may come over for a few minutes to see me. Her son! John!

After a bit Mrs. Stetson and Aunt Janie withdrew on some pretense or other and left John and me alone.

He came and knelt at my side. Somehow I felt all that was in his heart and he must have understood it, too. I do not know why, but suddenly the glad rush that filled me, and shook me to the very soul—the gladness of his return—just burst the last iron band about my heart and the flood gates of endurance opened. I burrowed my head in his arms as he held me, and sobbed as if my heart, too, would burst. I heard him whisper:

"God bless you, little woman. God—*bless—you!*" And I felt it was a benediction straight from heaven that cleansed my whole life and made me *good enough for him!*

We are to be married this spring in April. Nevermore a return to the old life; the new life has such a promise of goodness and happiness I never dreamed could be mine. But you understand, darling, as no one else could, what a draught it is to the thirsty soul o' me. To be tossed about in the years past on hardship and now to suddenly fall on the down—the exquisite down of good love—you understand!

A sheltering home, a protecting husband, and good love are what every woman needs, *and she knows it, too!*

Good-night—I sink to a sweeter sleep than ever before—for I know the next day brings—John!

MAXIE.



THE LIBERTY POLE

62

Anstis Maida Fairbrother

A VAGUE feeling of unrest was stirring in the little seaport of "Holmes's Hole." Sober-faced men passed hurriedly to and fro upon the crooked main street; housewives, usually staid, home-keeping bodies, found excuses to run to the nearest neighbors for prolonged kitchen-door chats; demure girls escaped the watchful eyes at home and hovered about the corner store, listening breathlessly to the news that was handed about, while small boys, braving the terrors of the master's rod on the morrow, ventured on the edges of the groups of older boys and men on the dock.

In the harbor, riding at anchor on the sullen, gray sea, was the cause of the wave of excitement that was sweeping the quiet little town from beach to hills. A British vessel, with a mast gone, had come silently into the bay a night or two before. Since then the gold lace of the officers and the carousing of the crew ashore had been the topic of village conversation.

The door of the corner store swung open suddenly, and a tall, sturdy, broad-shouldered youth elbowed his way through the crowd of chattering young people.

"John! John Robinson, lad! Hast come from the wharf? What news of the cursed vessel and her crew of rowdies, now?"

At the question, shouted by the burly storekeeper, the babel of voices ceased abruptly and an expectant hush awaited the lad's reply. His fresh, boyish face was clouded and he hesitated a moment before he said:

"My father sent me up to tell thee, Master Luce, that the captain will not order his men on board again; he says they do no harm, and if—" he frowned and lowered his voice—"if our women-folk like not the advances of his officers, they must keep their girls at home. Plague on their red coats and finery!"

"Ha, lad, thou dost not fancy the soft glances that have passed between that gay young cock; the first officer, and thy lass, I ween. Take heart, boy,

"Who goes"—

brass buttons never keep a woman's heart for long, and Parnell Manter is too—"

"Peace, Master Luce, peace, if you love me" begged the boy, the dull red rising under the bronze of his cheeks.

"I've taken leave of my senses, I trow. My father commissioned me also to say that Sir Bragadoccio has sworn to take our flagpole for his mast. He says 'twill take too long to—"

"Take our liberty pole for the mast of yon vessel!" roared the storekeeper, shaking a huge fist in the direction of the harbor.

"Is that what ye mean, lad?"

"Hush, hush, Master Luce, I prithee. My father cautioned me—"

The warning came too late. During the conversation between the storekeeper and the young man, a murmur had again begun, but now it swelled to a torrent of excited voices.

"What said ye, John, lad? Our liberty pole?—Our flagpole for his mast?—Let him try! He'll find a warm welcome, I trow—I'd main like a chance at those infernal Britishers—Our liberty pole, forsooth!"

The pent-up feeling that had been simmering for the past few days now burst forth; excitement ran high, the crowd increased as a snowball gathers volume, each newcomer was greeted with incoherent explanations and for several minutes there bade fair to be a riot in the hitherto sleepy little store. The younger men were for marching in a body down to the water's edge, there to shout defiance at the pompous captain. The older men shook their heads, paying no heed to the impetuous suggestions of the boys, but offering no solution of the problem. Something must be done and done quickly, for—

Said John Robinson—"My father said 'twas his belief that the men would come ashore tomorrow to cut down the pole."

"Then must we act at once!" said a stern-faced man who had listened intently, but who had not spoken before.

"Friends, will ye meet at my house tonight? There can we talk without interruption, but here my head doth spin in all the clatter."

"'Twould be well, methinks, to do this," responded Welcome Allen. "What think ye, friends?"

"Aye, 'tis well."

"At seven of the clock, then."

Several hours later the "stately measure" of the minuet was just coming to an end in a great room gay with lights and gowns and the ripple of laughter rising ever and anon above the music. Rodger Smith guided his dainty partner to a seat, and as he picked up her fan he asked mischievously:

"Dost not miss John tonight, Parnell?"

A rose-red flush swept over the girl's sweet face, but she answered quietly: "Not more than thou dost miss having this first dance with Polly Daggett. Thou art not often beaten in *that* race, Rodger. How came it that our friend William captured the prize?"

"I delayed a moment at Master Bradley's to hear if aught had been planned to save our liberty pole on the morrow. John was there and 'tis—'tis not a secret, Parnell, but I shall tell no one but thee—"

"And Polly," murmured Parnell.

"Um-m-m. It may be. Thou art sharp and no mistake. Perchance thou'lt not care to hear about John? Well, then, he is to do sentry duty by the pole from twelve till two tonight—ah, who comes, so fine?"

A stir at the door announced a late arrival; every head was turned expectantly and the first officer of the British ship made the effective entrance he had planned. He was a strikingly handsome chap, resplendent in his uniform. A murmur went round, though instantly hushed, of admiration from the girls but of decided dislike from the young men. In the stillness that followed they watched the newcomer keenly as, smiling and bowing to those with whom he had somehow picked up an acquaintance, he went straight to where demure little Parnell Manter sat. Saucy Polly Daggett, across the room, tossed her curly head, but not from envy. Big, plain Maria Allen looked worried. The three were bosom friends, sharing each others' joys and sorrows, and Polly and Maria did not approve of the first officer.

Most of the evening the young man spent at Parnell's side. He danced to perfection, he laughed and talked gaily

and even to those farthest away it was evident that he was captivated.

"And by Parnell Manter, of all people!" commented one jealous damsel. "La! Methinks he must be blind to lose his heart to such a prim, quiet piece."

"And were some others quieter, they'd have no need to whistle for a lad, Charity Look!" flashed Polly Daggett. "If thou wert more like thy name—"

"Polly, lass, I have aught to say to thee. Wilt come with me to yonder bench?"

"Thou hast saved me from much discourtesy, Rodger. My wicked temper doth so often overcome me that I fear I have a devil, but it grieves me sore to hear dear Parnell criticized. Yet—Rodger, look at yon simpering idiot. See how he smiles into her very face. How came Mistress Beetle to bid him here to-night? There, see! He doth make as if to take her hand! Oh, is Parnell bereft of her senses? At least we can be thankful that John is not here!"

Indeed, Parnell seemed over-excited; her cheeks were crimson, her eyes shone like stars and her little hands plucked nervously at her fan. But could her censors have seen the burning gaze that was bent upon her, could they have heard the words, impetuous though softly spoken, that were being poured into her ear, they might have been kinder in their judgment.

"Why, 'tis folly," laughed the girl tremulously. "We did first see each other but three days ago."

"And have scarce three days more to see each other," groaned the officer.

"Three days! I—I—"

"Thou canst keep a secret, I'll warrant. Come closer, while I whisper—"

"Rodger, if thou lovest me as thou sayest, thou'lt bring Parnell to me. Quarrel not, if thou canst avoid it, with yonder coxcomb, but I can no longer—Ah, 'tis too late, they dance. Oh, I would that wretched vessel had foundered in the bay!"

* * * * *

The wind blew in from the dark, heaving ocean with a chill breath. Back and forth, to and fro, paced the lad on sentry duty. The night was thick and black, the feeble glow of his lantern but empha-

sized the darkness round him; in the harbor the light on the British vessel moved up and down with the tossing of the ship. Back and forth, to and fro, back and forth. It must be nearly one o'clock; it seemed hours since he had come on duty. From twelve to two were the worst hours, he reflected; Hezekiah Adams had from two till four, but he was a slender stripling, not strong and—hist! What was that? John gripped his gun like a vise and sent a ringing challenge out into the night.

"Who goes—"

He stopped in amazement. The quick patter of feet slackened, the runner came to a halt. The light from the lantern that John held high fell upon a slender form, closely wrapped in a long mantle. The girl's hair was blown about by the wind and her breath came heavily.

"Parnell!" ejaculated the sentry slowly. "Parnell, lass, what—"

He stopped abruptly, caught his breath and then grasped the girl's shoulder roughly.

"Parnell Manter, what calls thee from a warm bed and thy father's house at this hour o' the night? Parnell, say thou art not going to meet that devil of an officer from yonder vessel. Say it, dost hear?"

The girl wrenched herself violently away.

"Keep thy hand off me, John Robinson!" she blazed, then more quietly:

"Thou wouldst best be careful what thou sayest. Think not to presume too far upon a friendship of long standing. I go to fetch Goodwife Luce; she is much skilled in the treating of that grievous thing, the colic."

"Thy little sister tormented again! 'Tis a most painful ailment, to be sure. Parnell, thou'lt forgive me? I heeded not what I was saying—I—but thou must not go alone, lass! 'Tis a fearsome long and dark way to Master Luce's; why did not thy father—"

"Ye forget my father's rheumatism, John. The dampness of the night air is most dangerous and, besides, he can scarce hobble along as fast as I can walk."

"But Parnell, I'll not allow it! 'Tis too long a way and, aye, dangerous these few nights past. I would anything I were

not here as sentry," groaned the lad, not the first man hard pressed twixt love and duty.

"I care not for the dark nor yet the length, but thou canst run so much faster than I. Let me stay here as sentry and do thou haste to Goodman Luce's. See, John, my cloak doth cover me; give me thy hat—I will carry thy gun—let me—oooh! 'tis heavy, is't not? But see, am I not as good a sentry as thou?"

She stood clasping the clumsy gun, John's hat pulled well down over her fluffy hair, her mantle wrapped tightly about her. John stared dumbly for a moment at the picture within his lantern's glow, then with a start he came to himself.

"Let thee stay here, *alone*, lass? Thou art mad! 'Tis dark and cold and there lurks a danger in the air. I know not what 'tis, but it hath made me as uneasy as a good-wife."

"John, wilt thou not go—for me?"

John drew a long breath. "I'll go *with* thee, Parnell! 'Tis foolish to think there'll be any man here," he muttered to ease a chiding conscience.

"Yon Britishers will be in no haste to leave their warm quarters to come ashore a night like this. Come, lass."

"But, John, if there be no danger of aught here, do thou go on; thou'lt do it in half the time if thou hast not to wait for my lagging footsteps."

"I like it not, Parnell."

Slowly the girl held out the gun to him.

"Here then; if thou wilt not, I must go."

"Nay, I'll go—" he started but swung back again.

"Parnell," his voice was husky, "if aught *should* come to thee—"

"Thou foolish lad! Run on now, else will little Becky think me a laggard indeed. Thou'lt easily be back before 'tis near time for next watch."

"Yes—Parnell, how comes it thou art suddenly so brave? Only a week ago thou dar'st not skip over to thy friend Polly's after sundown—"

"John, *wilt* thou go?" exclaimed the girl, half-laughing, half-crying from impatience.

"If ever thou hadst suffered with the colick thou wouldst—"



"*La! Methinks he must be blind to lose his heart to such a prim, quiet piece*"

"Take not my head clean from my shoulders, Parnell! I'll hasten Goodwife Luce until she thinks the Evil One himself hath got her in his clutches. Fare ye well."

As the night swallowed him up, the substitute sentry peered into the darkness and whispered:

"Art ready? Methought the lad would never have done. Let us be quick, I prithee!"

The roar that shattered window-panes and brought the villagers bolt upright

and trembling in their beds reached John Robinson as he raced along a grass-grown lane. He pulled himself up, dazed for a moment, then his senses woke to an agonized perception. The British guns, the pole—Parnell! He tore back over the distance he had covered, his breath coming in sobbing gasps, his brain a mad, reeling chaos of uncompleted thoughts.

"Par-nell! Par-nell!" he moaned aloud to the pounding throb of his heart-beats. He could hear shouting now and a woman's screams—a woman's screams! He had betrayed his trust, but that thought was vague and far away, something to be reckoned with later. But just ahead of him a woman had screamed and if that woman were Parnell— He stumbled into the melee of noisy men and frightened women and knocked heavily against a sturdy figure. The man wheeled angrily, then clutched at the lad's coat.

"Here he be, now!" he shouted. "A pretty sentry thou dost make, John Robinson! Where wast thou when—"

"Peace, wait, Thomas! How dost know but that John heard and was chasing some of the fiendish redcoats? Speak up, lad, and tell thy story."

As in a dream John heard the rough voices, the high-pitched ejaculations of the few women; dully he watched the bobbing of the lanterns carried hither and yon.

"Why—what?" he said stupidly. The man who held him gave him an impatient push.

"Art gone daft? Explain what happened! How came *that*?" John's glance followed the pointing finger. On the ground was a blackened stump and all about it, bits of wood and splinters powdered almost into dust.

"Didst hear the shell coming, lad? 'Twas God's mercy thou wast not killed," said Elder Adams feelingly. "How came it that thou hadst moved away just at that time? Hadst been there, methinks thou wouldst have been blown into pieces."

The black night turned red and green and all darting fire before John's eyes. Blown to pieces! Then where—he reeled, but at that moment a shrill voice penetrated the mist closing round him—

"For the love of Heaven, masters, hast

seen my Parnell? I did go to call her but now, and her bed has not been slept in!"

The red and green and darting fire went out suddenly, and the blackness of everlasting night came on.

* * * * *

The meeting-house was filled to the doors, the men occupying the main body of the church, the women in the rear seats and in the gallery. Not a whisper, not a rustle was to be heard, a tense silence reigned. Never, in the memory of the oldest there, had such a proceeding taken place in the quiet little town. Even the babies seemed awed by the grave faces and hushed their whimperings.

At the extreme front of the building there were seated before the high pulpit Elder Adams and an imposing array of church dignitaries, "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker" in the ordinary walk of life, but this morning personages important and to be feared. In the gathering were haggard faces and heavy eyes; the shock of the early morning had been an unaccustomed one and the mystery of the affair was a strain on the nerves. Then, too, their very presence was for a hard duty; one of their number, a bright, well-loved boy had deserted his post, and worse, could or would give no light upon the affair. He sat now, a little apart from everyone, head bent, eyes fixed doggedly upon the floor. Many were the curious glances turned on him and passing on, rested pityingly on his father, a proud-spirited man whose heart had been bound up in his only son. His self-control was no less perfect than his boy's, but the look on his face was not pleasant to see.

All night young John Robinson had walked his room. He had been carried home in a semi-conscious state; his mother, sternly ordered to "leave the boy alone," had gone weeping and uncomprehending, back to bed; his father had left him roughly enough, but there was no sleep in the house of Robinson that night. Gradually the lad's brain had cleared, and as he paced feverishly up and down, the horror of the situation dawned upon him. Better that his first fearful conclusion had been true; better almost that he should have been Parnell Manter's murderer, as he had believed; better that her slim young body

should have been blown to atoms—better anything than this! Becky Manter had had no colic, Parnell was not on the way to Master Luce's; the gay young officer had warned her of the shell that was to be fired upon the town and alack a day, his dark eyes and tender smile had done what he, John, could not accomplish—they had won the girl's heart. When his mother called him to a breakfast that he made no pretence of swallowing, he heard them say that the British vessel, disabled as she was, had slipped away sometime during the night and he knew, though they kindly forbore to tell him, that she carried Parnell Manter on board. As he sat now, counting the cracks in the meeting-house floor, one hurt burned deep into the lad's heart—"The lass lied to me. She that hated falsehood lied to me!"

He became aware that Elder Adams was speaking, in a deep, sorrowful voice. From snatches now and then he knew that the affair of the night was being discussed; he caught the words, "sentry, desertion, honest lad, painful duty," and he wondered dully what would be done to him. Betrayal of one's trust was punished bitterly in those days.

"John Robinson, stand up!"

Once on his feet, he saw dimly the sea of awestruck faces, blurred and faraway.

"John Robinson, last night from the hour of twelve until two, ye were stationed as sentry in front of our liberty pole. At a quarter after one a shell was fired from the ship that was in our harbor, demolishing the pole. When the men of the town had gathered ye were missing from the post of duty. Since then ye have refused to offer explanation, therefore it becomes the duty of this council—" and so on until suddenly the elder rapped out a question like a pistol-shot.

"John Robinson, why wast thou not at thy post when Welcome Allen, he being the fleetest of foot among us, reached the site of the liberty pole this morning?"

John Robinson threw back his head and calmly met the elder's stern gaze.

"I will not tell," he said.

A horrified gasp greeted this. To openly defy the elder and the members of council! Betrayal of one's trust was bad enough, but this, sure, meant damnation.

The elder glared angrily at his flock, then spoke again.

"John Robinson, once more I charge thee, why wast thou not at thy post this morning?"

"I will not tell."

An angry murmur, swelling louder and louder, came from the gathering.

"Peace, order, I say!" shouted the elder; he leaned further over his pulpit, his voice shook a trifle:

"John, lad, have no fear. Speak up like the man ye are. Why did ye leave the pole?"

John Robinson turned ever so slightly toward the elder, the dogged expression faded a bit from his face. Breathless, the people leaned forward to catch his first word.

"I cannot tell, Elder," the boy said simply.

A long disappointed sigh swept over the crowd, and on its heels came a stir at the back of the church. Three girls, Polly Daggett, Maria Allen and Parnell Manter, were moving swiftly up the aisle. The Elder frowned and the members of council stirred uneasily. Had no one taught the girls how unseemly 'twas for women to make a show of themselves? Mercy on us! What were the girls about? Would no one stop them? What—one of them was speaking, *speaking in the meeting-house and to the Elder!* Now let the heavens fall!

A slender girl she was who was speaking, in a clear, steady voice.

"Elder Adams, full well we know 'tis not the custom—"

"Look, look at John Robinson! What ails the lad?" shrilled a woman excitedly, then collapsed into her seat. She, too, had "spoken out in meeting."

At her words every one craned and stretched to catch a glimpse of John Robinson again. He stood, with staring eyes and open mouth, steadying himself against a chair-back.

The clear voice rose again: "We know well 'tis not the custom for women to be heard in meeting, but what we have to say concerns the honor of another, and therefore we seek thy gracious consent and that of the council, to proceed."

Away back in the meeting-house a little

woman whispered in amazement—"My Parnell, as bashful as the lass is, to speak like this! Whatever can have come to the girl?"

Elder Adams having given a dazed consent, Parnell went swiftly on.

"Last night, some of us were bid to Mistress Beetle's to a ball. Before the evening was far spent, there arrived another guest, the—the first officer of the vessel that hath quitted our harbor so short a time ago."

A murmur that was scarcely more than a breath stirred somewhere in the gallery. Polly Daggett's eyes flashed fire and Maria Allen's square chin settled itself sternly. Parnell's voice sank for a moment, but rose again, clearer than before, though the tell-tale red fluttered in her cheeks and the fair head was held a trifle higher.

"He paid me some courteous attention and confided to me a secret, that the crew of his vessel were under orders to land at four this morn, to hew down our liberty pole."

This time the hum of voices could not for the moment be quelled, but when the girl raised her hand appealingly there fell the hush of the tomb.

"I knew not what to do. The officer—he—talked of many things and I found much difficulty in getting a moment's whisper with my two friends here. I fear I did dissemble, but I was forced at length to step upon the flounces of my gown and I tore it most grievous, but it afforded us a chance to talk, as Mistress Beetle did kindly offer us the privacy of another room in the which to repair my gown. We were greatly distracted and knew not what to do; we desired not to spread an alarm and so break up the enjoyment. At length Polly Daggett did burst forth with a plan; I was much terrified at first and would fain have given up all part in it but that I had not the heart to let Maria and Polly call me coward. We did excuse ourselves to Mistress Beetle and on our way home did make our plans. We had much ado to 'scape the escort of two anxious youths—methinks they feared me for a witch that I did sprite away my friends so suddenly."

A smothered laugh greeted this sally,

and Rodger Smith and James Tilton turned crimson in a second.

"At fifteen minutes before the hour of one I crept most carefully adown the stairs and from the house. At our front gate were Polly Daggett and Maria Allen; the night was fearsome dark and we hastened at once to the liberty pole. At the corner, my friends did stop and I ran on alone; John Robinson was stationed there as sentry and I—I did tell him a most vexatious falsehood. I said—nay, I let him *think* that my little sister Becky had the colick and that I was on my way to Goodman Luce's to implore Mistress Luce's aid."

Another laugh interrupted her, but it died as quickly as it rose.

"John was much distressed at my going alone on so dark a night. He would not desert his post and still he would not have me venture on alone. Forsooth, Elder, the lad was so blown about he knew not which way to turn. And all the time Polly and Maria were waiting on the corner but a few feet away. At length, I feel much shame to tell it—I made feint of going on because my little sister was so tormented."

The penitent tone and the drooping head were irresistible and even the Elder smiled.

"I think ye may be forgiven, Parnell," he said, "Go on."

"'Tis a tiresome tale, Elder, but after much argument I did persuade the lad to leave me as sentry in his place—my mantle did cover me to my toes—I took his gun and—"

A roar of laughter, the result of reaction and the relief to strained nerves, startled the girl.

"Why," she protested in an injured tone, "I made a proper sentry, I do assure thee. When Master John was safely out of the way I called the girls and—there remains but little more—we vowed that the boastful British Captain should never have our pole, Elder, so we blew it up."

"Ye blew up the pole!"

No pounding or shouting could still the tumult now. Men cheered, women wept and laughed and all the time the Elder, purple of face, hammered on his pulpit and added his shouting to the rest. Some

detail-loving person recollected suddenly that the whole of the story had not been told, and the plea for silence passed from mouth to mouth until the stillness became tense again.

"Ye say ye *blew up the pole*, child, ye three girls?" asked Elder Adams hoarsely.

"Nay, Elder, 'twas a mistake. Polly Daggett did bring the powder and Maria here did set it off. My silly heart failed me and I proved but a coward after all. We did run as fast as our limbs could carry us and when the mighty noise did come I was all but turning in at our gate. I had not ceased trembling when my poor mother came home at dawn. I thought not of the distraction I was causing her, Elder, but—"

"Our liberty pole was saved! The British had it not! Three cheers for Polly Daggett and Maria Allen and Parnell Manter!"

Rodger Smith was dancing wildly on a seat well to the front and as he shouted, all in the building sprang to their feet. Cheer after cheer went up. It would have been madness to have attempted to stop the mad joy. Men clapped each other on the back, women kissed and cried and the dignified members of council were rudely pushed and crowded as they endeavored

to keep a protecting circle around a little group.

"Three cheers for John Robinson, the bravest lad on the coast! Now, friends!"

Again and again they shouted; the few who were kept away from the meeting by household duties or necessary tasks heard the uproar and wondered if all the world were going mad.

Under cover of the wild confusion, John Robinson bent over Parnell Manter.

"Art grieving for thine officer, Parnell?" he asked soberly, though a twinkle lit his gray eyes. "Methinks if he could see thee now, he'd much regret his sudden departure."

Parnell stamped her foot.

"A plague take all British officers!" she cried vehemently. "Wilt *never* speak for thyself, John?"

In the tender curve of an island coast, just off Cape Cod, there nestles a little town. It is no longer a sleepy village nor is it now known as "Holmes's Hole," but should you walk up its main street some fine day, you would have pointed out to you a tall white pole. At its top flutters "Old Glory"; nearly three-quarters of the way down is a bronze tablet to the memory of three brave girls, Polly Daggett, Maria Allen and Parnell Manter.

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—From the book "*Heart Throbs*."

Serious Aspect of German Potash Contracts

By W. C. JENKINS



JUST at this time when the people of the United States have become deeply interested in soil fertility and forest conservation, a condition has arisen which has dampened the ardor

of a great many people who were enthusiastic advocates of proper crop rotation and the use of manures and commercial fertilizers as a means whereby the average yield of grain in this country might be materially increased. This condition has been brought about by the invalidation of the American potash contracts by the German government.

The American interests affected by the German potash law are so extensive that it is perhaps not strange that general concern is manifested by the people of this country who are familiar with the facts. The interests affected involve at least a half billion dollars of capital invested in the manufacture of fertilizers, chemicals and explosives, besides the livelihood of several million farmers and indirect consequences to every citizen of the United States.

Potash salts, in their natural state, are found principally in Germany where they exist in practically inexhaustible deposits. They are also known to exist in large quantities in Austria, and in China, Persia, Peru and to some extent in the United States. The United States Department of Agriculture is at the present time securing data on the American deposits and is also demonstrating the feasibility of extracting potash from feldspar rocks through a patented process discovered by a government official and donated to the American people. Development of the industry outside of Germany will be stimulated as a consequence of the extraordinary attitude of the German

mine owners in securing the recent passage of a drastic potash law.

Nearly sixty years ago the Prussian government began boring for rock salt and at a depth of 1,080 feet found it in immense quantities at Stassfurt near the Harz mountains. Above the rock salt are large deposits of various minerals at first thrown away as valueless but later utilized to supply the world with potash.

The agricultural value of potash was demonstrated in 1860, and in 1861 the first factory for refining crude potash minerals was established at Stassfurt. Since that time the industry of mining potash salts has grown to enormous proportions until today there are seventy-one German potash mines in operation. Notwithstanding the fact that the present capacity of the mines is three times the present world's consumption, it is stated that nearly fifty additional mines are in process of development. The United States uses about sixty per cent of the amount exported and thirty per cent of the entire production of the mines.

The policy of the potash trust is to ask high prices for its products, thus stimulating the development of new mines. Twenty mines could easily supply the world's demand for a number of years. The mines are now working on an average of six hours a day and the syndicate is again advancing prices, still further defying well-known business laws.

Viewed from an agricultural standpoint the discovery of these inexhaustible accumulations of potash was one of the greatest blessings of the Nineteenth Century. The process by which nature made this accumulation possible is truly marvelous; and ingenious man has added considerable interest to the discovery by methods which he has devised to utilize and convert the product of the potash mines into some of the most useful and valuable necessities in our civilization.

The potash beds of Germany were formed in ancient geologic times long before history began. These minerals were deposited as a consequence of the evaporation of sea water confined in lakes which, like the Dead Sea and our own Salt Lake, were without outlet. They were connected, however, with the ocean by dry channels through which the sea water was occasionally forced by great storms and tides, and fresh supplies were thus forced into the lakes and, as the climate was tropical during the formative period, the surface evaporation was rapid. As evaporation carries off only pure water, so in course of time those salts least soluble in water began to separate from the soluble ones and deposit themselves in more or less uniform strata until immense layers of rock salt and other minerals were formed.

For the past twenty-five years the owners of these German potash mines have maintained a close monopoly of the product by means of the "German Kali Syndikat," which has usually been formed for five-year periods, the last of which expired by limitation on midnight, June 30, 1909. This syndicate has been able to control not only production but to fix prices in all the markets of the world. The present syndicate was formed on July 1, 1909, but between the expiration of the old and the formation of the new organization there was an interim of a few hours during which time Robert S. Bradley, representing prominent American fertilizer manufacturers, made large contracts with individual mines for a seven-year period at prices averaging about thirty per cent below those of the syndicate.

There was a general opinion that the syndicate was broken. The government group of mines was negotiating with the Americans, and the Aschersleben and Sollstedt mines were more than anxious to effect the seven-year contract with Mr. Bradley. The latter, it must be admitted, was taking considerable risk in the transaction because of the possibility of prices going still lower following the dissolution of the syndicate.

Much to the surprise of the parties to the seven-year agreement, a new syndicate was unexpectedly formed on July 1,

1909, and within a few hours after the consummation of the Bradley contract. The Germans, thoroughly alarmed over the possibility of being unable to further maintain syndicate prices the world over, and especially in the United States, began to devise means whereby the Bradley contract might be broken. The result of their planning was a threat that the German government would impose an export duty upon potash unless the contracts were surrendered.

Notwithstanding the threat of export duties the Aschersleben and Sollstedt mines, controlled by the Schmidtman interests, remained out of the syndicate, and in the following September sixty-five other American manufacturers who held contracts for potash made in 1906 and 1907—running to 1917—secured modified agreements in accordance with these contracts so as to conform to the Bradley contracts. It was plain to the syndicate that the trade of the United States had been lost, and in December the threat of governmental interference was carried out by the introduction of a bill in the Bundesrath which would, in effect, constitute a governmental repudiation of the contracts, thereby invalidating the agreements.

There was an intentional delay in the passage of the bill in order to permit representatives of the syndicate, who had been sent to the United States, to effect a compromise with the American manufacturers, if possible. Their demands, however, were so unreasonable that the Americans refused to consider them. In turn the fertilizer manufacturers of this country proposed to meet the Germans half-way and divide the twenty-five million dollars then involved, thus offering to surrender \$12,500,000 to the syndicate. This offer was rejected, and negotiations ceased.

As the matter not only concerned the American fertilizer manufacturers but the collective body of the people of the United States, the case was then laid before the State Department at Washington in the hope that a diplomatic appeal would protect the American citizens in their contract rights with a foreign government. Following an emphatic pro-

test to the Imperial Government of Germany, through the American Embassy in Berlin, the bill was withdrawn. It was supposed that the whole matter had been settled, and in the most friendly spirit the commercial treaty between the United States and Germany was soon thereafter consummated, one of the provisions being that Germany should be given the benefit of the minimum tariff of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act.

In May, 1910, the Imperial Government of Germany passed a potash law which in effect is more injurious to the Americans than the bill previously withdrawn. The new law imposes a penalty tax of twenty-two dollars a ton on muriate of potash production of any mine in excess of the quota allotted to it by the government. The result was that the Americans were compelled to pay thirty-seven dollars per ton at the mines for muriate of potash instead of fifteen dollars, the price agreed upon with the mine owners.

In fixing the quota for each mine there was a discrimination in favor of the syndicate mines, their privileged output, without being subjected to the penalty tax, being large enough to supply the entire trade of the world, while the allotments to the independent mines were limited to one-fourth to one-sixth of their sales to the Americans. The independent mines having sold their entire production to the Americans and none to the people of other nations, it is manifest that the law was aimed entirely at the fertilizer manufactures of this country and with the evident purpose of invalidating the American contracts made ten months before the law was passed, and in pursuance of a previous threat to this effect unless the contracts were surrendered. The ultimate effect has been to establish a monopoly and to maintain syndicate prices in the United States.

During the seven-year contract period the penalty tax would aggregate about forty million dollars. This amount would be paid to the German government by the people of the United States, while Germany would not derive a dollar from the citizens of other countries as a result of its exportation of potash. In view of these facts, plainly stated, it is difficult

to conceive what the German Foreign Minister meant when he assured Ambassador Hill that the law would not affect or impair the American contracts.

Naturally the action of the Imperial Government of Germany caused much criticism in the United States, and, on the invitation of the German government, a committee of the American manufacturers went to Berlin last September, accompanied by Mr. M. H. Davis of the Department of State, to effect, if possible, a satisfactory settlement of the matters in dispute. Ambassador Hill co-operated with the American committee but was unable to receive any proposal from the German government or the "Kali Syndikat," and finally the committee repeated the "half-way" proposition made in New York the early part of the year. This was again rejected by the Germans, and as no counter proposition was made the Americans, concluding that their efforts were fruitless, returned to the United States, the Department of State again taking the matter up officially. The question now comes before the United States government in this form:—Do the conditions which led to the proclamation granting to Germany the minimum tariff any longer exist? Eminent counsel in the United States maintain that Germany has deliberately changed the conditions under which she secured the minimum tariff concession.

Warren, Garfield, Whiteside, and Lamson, of Boston, have given an opinion which states:—"The President of the United States, acting under authority of the Tariff Acts of August 5, 1909, has by proclamation put into effect the minimum tariff upon goods imported into this country from Germany. At the time that the minimum tariff was so proclaimed the Act of the German Government of May 10, 1910, above referred to, had not been passed, and its enactment so affects the situation that in our opinion the conditions which led to the issuance of the proclamation of the minimum tariff no longer exist, and a proclamation should now issue, imposing the maximum tariff upon all goods imported from Germany to this country.

John S. Miller, of Chicago, has written

the following opinion:—"In my opinion, by reason of the passage of this potash law and the action of the German Government in applying and enforcing it up to this time, to the prejudice of such American holders of such existing contracts, which were made before the passage of the act by potash mines made subject to the act, and which contracts exist only with such American manufacturers and purchasers—the conditions which led to the issuance of the proclamation of the President admitting articles imported from Germany under the terms of the Minimum Tariff, no longer exist."

John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, has given a written opinion from which the two closing paragraphs are quoted, as follows:—"Can it be that when this Government is confronted with the fact that the German Government, designing to destroy contracts which citizens of the United States had entered into, enacted legislation which affected this design and thus necessarily put them at a disadvantage, it can properly protect its citizens otherwise than by subjecting Germany to the maximum tariff?"

"In my opinion, a changed condition now exists, such as imposes upon the President of the United States the duty of issuing a proclamation which, within ninety days thereafter, will apply to the importation of articles from Germany the provisions of the maximum tariff."

Germany claims that the potash law was enacted for the purpose of conserving the natural resources of the nation. This claim, however, does not harmonize with the statement sent out by the German Kali-Works, the American selling agency of the syndicate mines, that "this law does not aim to restrict the production of potash, but on the contrary expressly seeks to increase it." Neither is it consistent with the claim of German mining experts who have pronounced the Kali deposits of Germany as practically inexhaustible.

The potash controversy is being watched with keen interest throughout Europe and the United States. This country, to say the least, is placed in a very delicate position. Its desire to promote friendly trade relations with foreign countries

is a matter of worldwide knowledge; but it cannot, in justice to its citizens, refuse to take cognizance of discriminative legislation or the repudiation of international contracts. Therefore the Department of State at Washington is insisting upon the recognition of the sanctity of these potash contracts and is maintaining that, having been entered into in good faith by all parties, they should not be invalidated nor in any way impaired by a law passed ten months after the contracts were signed.

Germany, through its paternal form of government, has departed from the system of unbridled competition so conspicuous in the commercial activity of the United States. The Germans assert that it is better for the people as a whole to permit small manufacturing concerns to make price agreements with their larger competitors, as such agreements tend to build up the smaller manufacturers, diffuse the employment of labor and prevent the development of overgrown corporations. In their stead they have enormous trusts, greedy and daring. The various state governments of Germany, through their legislatures and executive department, control, in the interest of the ultimate consumer, the price paid by the Germans. There is, however, no limit to the prices which may be charged the people of other countries.

Germany also protects the health of its people through stringent laws which control the manufacture and sale of food products, but is not so particular about food and beverages shipped to other nations.

The policy of the United States is different. Laws have been enacted in this country which stimulate competition between the larger and smaller companies by forbidding reasonable price agreements. The effect is that the smaller companies are often demoralized and forced out of business or are forced to sell to their larger competitors, thus forcing the various industries into the control of large corporations and defeating the object of the law. In international trade the two systems occasionally clash, and they are now in collision over potash and other articles. The Germans are endeavoring to crush competition and

have extended their system to the United States by the formation in this country of the German Kali Works, an American corporation but owned by the "German Kali Syndikat," the control of which is centered in the Prussian and Anhalter government-owned mines. The German potash law penalizes the two independent anti-syndicate mines and the American contractors about six million dollars a year for seven years, while the mines of the "German Kali Syndikat" are not exposed to this penalty tax, nor are the citizens of any other country affected by any such charges.

The total cost to the Americans is forty-two dollars per ton *delivered* in the United States. The German-owned American syndicate has been quoting thirty-six dollars to thirty-eight dollars, apparently with the idea of forcing a surrender of the advantages gained by the Americans. The company is also actively engaged in a campaign among the farmers and others, the evident object of which is to prevent any action by the President under section two of the Payne-Aldrich Act. Thus the German syndicate, of which the Prussian and Anhalter governments are members, are endeavoring to influence American political and diplomatic action.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the American fertilizer manufacturers alone are interested in this controversy. The numerous by-products obtained in refining crude potash salts are utilized for many purposes. Some of them contain twenty to thirty per cent actual potash. Besides the agricultural, plant-feeding use of potash salts, large quantities are used by the chemical industry of the United States in the manufacture of carbonate of potash, caustic potash, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash and bichromate of potash, alum, cyanide of potash and other compounds. Many trades use potash in one form or another. It is used

by doctors, photographers, dyers, painters, weavers, bleachers, soap-makers and electricians. The manufacture of fireworks, gunpowder, matches, paper, glass and the extraction of gold from its ores would be impossible without it. Hence these potash contracts are of more than ordinary importance to the American people.

The question is not a political one; neither is it in any sense sectional. It concerns the collective body of the American people and the administration should be supported in its efforts to command international respect for contracts made with citizens of the United States. The enforcement of these potash contracts will be of distinct benefit to rich and poor alike.

What will be the outcome of the present situation? Will Germany win out, as she has done heretofore, or will the United States government take a strong position, and by so doing stop the trick law methods of discrimination practiced by foreign governments against the commercial interests of the United States?

The German government works solely for the Germans. Its methods are thorough; it bides its time; is patient, diligent, daring, greedy. It is thoroughly informed as to the political situations existing in foreign countries. It measures accurately the inertia, the tolerance, the peace-loving tendencies of the American people. It knows how to stir up the mollicoddlers—how to throw dust into the eyes of the general public—how to enlist the aid of men who admire adroit methods, and how to tire its opponents. It knows the American people are "easy" unless aroused. It sees the American traveler leave a trail of gold as he meanders over the Fatherland paying double prices for his desires and enriching by foolish fees the porter and the keller. So it taxes the American farmers the price of a battleship a year. Will Germany get it?



THE MOTE IN HIS EYE


Henry L. Kiner



HE clock had just chimed half-past nine and Billson arose to go, which was his invariable custom. With a good deal of hesitation, he stepped to Annie's corner, and diffidently asked permission to examine the motto she had been making during the evening.

"Annie does these things with some taste," said Rector John, grabbing the card from his daughter's lap, and holding it aloft, at arm's length, to fit the focus of his spectacles. "'What Is Home Without a Mother?'" read Rector John admiringly.

Barnaby Billson, admiring the motto with face illumined, murmured something about the sentiment being as pretty as the yarn. Then he looked at Annie, as much as to say: "But neither sentiment or yarn is as pretty as the maker." Rector John, blundering and butting about, got between them, and delivered himself of the opinion that fathers have something to do with founding a home. Why didn't sentimental females work a motto that reads: "What Is Home Without a Father?"

"Somehow it doesn't sagashiate right," said Billson, whose ideas were often vague as a driving cloud; but which, like the lightning-loaded cloud, sometimes contained a shot that hit the mark. "It's all hunky to make a motto read, 'God Bless Our Home.' But ye never see one that reads, 'God Bless Our Boarding House.' Wouldn't sagashiate right. See?"

* * * * *

"There, she's coming." Billson, hustling home from Rector John's, looked up at the tempest-tossed clouds, as a particularly powerful gust grabbed at him from the dark. The gust was dust-laden. Something went into Billson's eye.

"Drat it!" exclaimed Billson, gouging

at his eye with his thumb. "Sand, I suppose. Feels big as a hunk of gravel."

When Billson went to bed, the foreign substance was still in his eye. He had tried various expedients without avail, such as rolling up the lid on a pencil, and putting flaxseed in. He had also washed the eye with copious libations of water. The thing stubbornly stuck. Tears streamed from the eye. They did not wash out the substance.

The eye pained Billson so much that he lost much sleep. In the morning, the eye was inflamed and red, contrasting strongly with Billson's other haggard features. He turned from the looking-glass, and glanced discontentedly from the window. The thunder gust had blown over, without rain.

"It's gone Foraker's way, and saved his hay," muttered Billson audibly. Foraker was a young neighboring farmer. "Gosh, that's a rhyme," he grumbled, as he gathered his clothes. "Wonder if I can make another? It's bad for my corn, as sure as you're born. That's another rhyme. Ah-h-h, it's so easy to rhyme. Nothin' to it. A small speck of dirt causes eyeballs to hurt. I hope I'll get through this day without seeing that senseless and sapless old salamander, Rector John. Why doesn't he make himself scarce, so's a fellow can have a word with Annie? Bumped in last night. 'What Is Home Without a Father?' Humph, a place to have a good time in, I should say, if the fathers are like Rector John. Wonder if I can manage to spill him the next time I get him up behind Flying Childers? If I could bu'st a few of his bones, and lay him up, I could make good with Annie."

Talking thus to himself, Billson finished dressing, and went out to do his chores. The wind had upset a strawstack, and a sow and her swarm were absent. Billson forked frantically at the billowy ruin, and

rescued the mother and family in a state of exhaustion. Billson was exhausted himself. He sat on a hummock of straw, and regarded the reeling pigs he had just released with a disconsolate gaze.

The violent exertion had set his blood thumping at his temples. He felt that his face was aflame. The eye was throbbing with pain.

"Good-morning, friend Billson." It was the voice of Rector John.

"Oh, go to —" Billson might have said something unhallowed; but at that moment he caught a glimpse of a fluttering red frock just beyond where Rector John's fat face filled a hole in the hedge. He deferred to the frock. He cut it off short, and sat staring through the hole in the hedge, trying to see past Rector John.

"Friend Billson, you have a bad eye this morning."

Billson, finding it vain to see past the big round face of the Rector, arose and drifted lumberingly to the hedge, like a derelict.

"Something was blown into it last night," explained Billson. "Good-morning, Annie," he added, craning slightly and sidestepping to catch a glimpse of her.

Rector John thereupon consumed a quarter of an hour with a long and circumstantial account of how he once got a timothy seed in his eye, which he could not get rid of for so long a time that it began to sprout and grow. Finally, when the sprout grew long enough to make a handle, he had got hold of it with a pair of tweezers, and removed it.

"That was an expensive timothy seed," concluded Rector John. "Surgeons, doctors, medicine and all told, it cost me about \$7.40."

Annie had drifted away down the hedge in the direction of home, and was loitering and waiting, plucking leaves, and gathering the petals of wild roses, which strewed the ground, after last night's wind.

Billson yawned.

"Perhaps," said he drearily, "this may be a seed of some sort. I'd look deuced odd, going round with a young tree sticking out of my eye," he added, laughing a little, and wanting to get away. Billson's knowledge of botany was limited.

Rector John responded with a perfunctory smile.

With some parting cautions against catching cold, Rector John went on after Annie.

"I have my suspicions," he puffed as he came up with her, "that Billson stopped in a saloon on his way home last night."

"Why, papa!" Annie was horror-stricken.

"I caught a suspicious whiff of his breath," Rector John went on. "It smelled like liquor." Billson had suffused his eye with diluted alcohol and witch-hazel.

"Ugly, cross-grained, awful eye," went on the rector.

"Many persons are petulant early in the morning," said Annie tentatively. "Then, your eye did not appear very presentable when it harbored the timothy seed, did it?" There was just a suggestion of mischief in her face. Rector John, regarding her obliquely, saw that she was counting the leaves on a locust twig: "He loves me, he loves me not." She formed the words with her lips. The last leaf at the apex was "he loves me." She seemed pleased.

"If I were sure that he drank, though ever so little, he would never again be welcomed at the rectory. I would never ride with him again," said Rector John emphatically.

He then lectured Annie upon temperance till they reached the rectory door.

"Oh, dear," said Annie, flinging her little straw hat on the piano, "papa prosed so."

Billson's eye grew worse that day. He worked hard about the farm, and drove Flying Childers furiously about the leafy lanes in the early evening. These diversions distracted his mind from the pain; but as the later evening gloomed along the land, he became apprehensive of the long painful night before him. He concluded to make the loneliness of the night as brief as possible, by spending an hour or two at the rectory. He turned Flying Childers, reeking and palpitating, in that direction.

"I never seem to sagashiate right at the rectory," growled Billson. He was tying Childers to the accustomed post, when Rector John came into view. Billson was

not overjoyed to see the moonfaced man. He had hoped to hear that he was in his study, preparing the customary weekly portion of torment for fallen man.

Irritated and filled with repugnance, Billson viewed the rector's approach.

"ahs" and "ums," accompanied by shakings of the head.

Billson sat down, and looked about for Annie. She was not visible. To his extreme disgust, Rector John set off in a long diatribe against the sin of profanity.



"There was just a suggestion of mischief in her face"

Childers, nervous and champing his bits, relieved his red nostrils, dilated like bird's nests, by a bugle blast. Billson said, "Blast it," and Rector John halted in horror.

"Do my ears deceive me?" exclaimed the man of piety.

"No, I don't know as they did," growled Billson. He was getting busy with a handkerchief.

The two men walked to the house together, Billson still busy with the handkerchief, and the rector gasping out pious

"Savages do not swear, nor do the animals," said Rector John, at the conclusion of a quarter of an hour's harangue.

Just then a pair of cats outside the open window by which Rector John sat, put up the most terrific vocal turbulence that mortal ears are called upon to endure. For height and depth, for grief, and rage, and despair, and horror, and a wild desire to rend reeking flesh asunder, all concentrated into two voices, in intense rivalry, the life of each depending upon the outdoing of the other, these felines displayed

a fearful fluency, beyond all earthly comparison.

"Drat the cats!" exclaimed Rector John, entirely forgetting his lecture and himself, and leaping to his feet in a frenzy.

"If that isn't swearing, it is the best substitute for it I ever heard," said Billson.

"Do you have reference to what I said?" demanded Rector John.

"Naw," said Billson, "to what the cats said."

"I can't endure it," said Rector John, mopping his fat face. "It really does sound like swearing."

The rector thereupon ran from the room, and Billson heard him scraping about in the dark of the yard, in search for some weapon.

"Why, Mr. Billson, your poor eye is worse." It was Annie's soft voice. She had come into the room by an inner door, as her father left by the outer door. She bore a lighted lamp.

"Good-evening, Annie. Yes, it is painful," said Billson.

"Come here to the light," she entreated. "Perhaps I can remove the obstacle that pains you."

Billson arose, and reseated himself by the light. Annie's touch upon his inflamed face was soothing, wonderfully soothing. He had never felt the touch of her hand before.

With fingers exceedingly deft, she rolled the eyelid on a pencil, and in a few seconds held aloft her little white silk handkerchief in triumph. There was a tiny speck upon it.

"I have it out, Mr. Billson," she exclaimed. She showed it to him.

"I never can thank you enough," said Billson, unusually relieved and rejoiced. "I have a good notion to make you a present of Flying Childers, out there."

"He would run away with me," pouted Annie.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Billson, minutely examining the little speck that had caused him so much misery. "I'll put it into a flower pot. I believe that it is a seed. You remember about your father's timothy seed. Perhaps it may be the seed of some lovely flower. I will grow the flower and present you with

it." And he wrapped the seed carefully in a bit of paper, which he placed in an envelope, and then in his pocket.

Thus the atmosphere was growing quite sentimental, when a diversion was created in the dark of the yard.

The cats had just set up another labored vocal disagreement. This was immediately succeeded by the savage whirr of something in the air, followed by its violent collision with something, and this by an explosion of howls, and that by the rearing and snorting of a horse, and that by a hollow, subterranean scream, as if the earth itself had gone mad, and its bowels were rent.

Annie and Billson hurried out of the house. The first thing they became aware of, was the rapidly lessening sound of a wild tattoo of hoofs. Flying Childers had torn his tether, and started homeward.

"Where's papa?" asked Annie anxiously.

"I hope he's on the cart behind Childers," growled Billson to himself. Then, in a louder key, "He must be right around here somewhere. He fired a club at the cats, only a few seconds ago."

"He has totally disappeared," wailed Annie.

"Just as if he had gone up in a balloon," responded Billson.

"No, I've gone the other direction," said a voice so apparently beneath their feet, that both sprang back in dismay. "Help me out! I'm in the cistern!"

Billson got a ladder, and soon had the dripping rector out on the surface.

The rector, with widespread arms and legs, the water drizzling from him as if he had been a walking drain, immediately started for the house.

"Good-night, Annie," said Billson, ignoring the rector. "I wish I had given you Childers. Then you would have to chase him down."

Annie followed her father into the house, and Billson proceeded down the dark lane, in pursuit of the runaway.

Billson found the horse and cart in the barnyard, as he expected, and little the worse for the escapade.

Before he retired that night, he planted the speck taken from his eye. He placed it in a pot of rich earth, and put the pot in a sunny windowsill, in his room.

"I hope it'll sagashiate right," murmured Billson, carefully moistening the soil from a sprinkling pot.

The speck did prove to be a seed. It pushed a tiny tendril of green through the brown soil. Billson was so rejoiced that he immediately upon the discovery hitched Flying Childers to the cart, and sent him at top speed to the rectory, where he divulged the glad news to Annie. She received the tidings with a genuine sympathetic delight that was lovely to see. Billson was so enchanted that he had to grab and hold himself with both hands, metaphorically speaking, to keep from grabbing and holding her.

"The thing seems to be sagashiating about right," murmured Billson, as he drove homeward. "I have it all planned out. When the plant blooms, I'll wrap the pot in that big white silk handkerchief that Ma gave me onct for Christmas, and which is too nice to use, or carry around. How nice that'll look! The pot and dirt will all be covered up, and the pritty posy a-wavin' and a-noddin'! Then I've made it up to say to her that she brought beauty and loveliness out of pain and misery, and that if she will be Mrs. Billson, the pain and misery of life will always give way to beauty and loveliness. Now, if that isn't pritty smooth, I don't know what is. 'Be Mrs. Billson,' says I, after the speech about the posy plant, 'Be Mrs. Billson, and my life will be like that there seed that was in my eye, pain and misery at first, but all turned into beauty and loveliness by Annie.' That'll fetch her. 'Mrs. Billson I'll be,' she says, and falls into my arms. Git up, Childers!"

Tenderly solicitous, Billson watched the tiny tendril pushing its way from the dark mould into the air and sunshine. He watered it half-a-dozen times a day.

"I wish I could feed it, too," said Billson.

* * * * *

It was on a hot and sultry night. It was such a night as that on which Billson got the seed in his eye. Thunder was growling along the horizon, and angry puffs of wind raved along the land. Billson, alone in his room, was preparing for bed. Before extinguishing the light, he

took up the flower-pot, and rehearsed, for the thousandth time, the speech he had prepared as a presentation address to Annie.

"It's growing pretty fast," muttered Billson. "Only a week or two more, and it'll be away up in the air, where my hopes are." Billson had grown so poetical and inspirational that, in a sudden fervor, he placed the plant to his lips, and kissed it.

He did not remove it, but stood there, holding the plant to his face, and staring into vacancy.

He stood there so long, the plant close to his face, and that awful look into vacancy frozen upon his features, that an observer would have become alarmed. But there was no observer.

Slowly, with awful deliberation, Billson replaced the pot upon the windowsill, extinguished the light, and went to bed.

"Longfellow says," muttered Billson, after the lapse of a full hour, "'that his hopes fell thick, like the leaves in the blast.' That's what ails mine. That there plant is a onion."

Billson slept little that night. The odor of the obnoxious onion appeared to permeate the place, and drove sleep away. He arose next morning, red-eyed and unrefreshed.

"All that pritty speech wasted," mourned Billson, regarding the nauseous plant with a glare. "No flower, no wife, no happy future! Loneliness and desolation! Things don't sagashiate right."

Not knowing how to break the news to Annie, and knowing that she would surely inquire about the plant as soon as she saw him, Billson studiously remained away from the rectory. A week, ten days, drifted by, and Billson had not been at the rectory, nor had he seen anyone from there. He remained away from the church services and temperance lectures.

"Mind my word," said the astute rector, when Annie uneasily alluded to Billson's long absence, "mind my word, he's gone wrong. That eye! It was beer or red liquor that made it. I said so then, and I maintain it now. He doesn't want to hear any more temperance lectures. You just make it a point to get a good whiff of his breath the next time he comes, and report the whiff to me."

"But he may never come!" responded Annie, troubled.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the baleful onion grew in altitude and strength. At the end of ten days, after the discovery of its true character, it was a big, rank, reeking thing. The rich soil and the tender waterings had encouraged the onion wonderfully.

Billson had decided a dozen times to smash it; but always refrained, held back by some unaccountable restraint. It was on his mind day and night. "I taste it in my sleep," muttered Billson, in lone self-communion. "It ha'n'ts me. I see acres of onions in the fleecy clouds that sail over me. I taste onions in my food. I dreamed I saw Foraker with an onion head, and long green legs made of onion stalks. He was reading in a roaring voice a verse he had made up to worrit me:

'Billson had a forget-me-not,
Growing in an earthen pot;
Now Billson's temper has a bunion,
For his posy was an onion.'

That's a good deal better than that lunk-head, Foraker, could do. I gave him too much credit in my dream."

Once Billson decided to take the pot, plant and all, out behind the barn, and bury it. But what should he tell Annie?

"And that old rector always a-buttin' in," said Billson, talking to himself. "I wish I had left him in that cistern! I wish him and this here onion was in the cistern together, and the cistern would cave in."

So desperate had this gentle rural soul become! Willing to sacrifice Annie's father with the onion!

One evening in a sudden frenzy he grabbed his enemy by the top, furiously wrenched the root from the soil, and with, perhaps, something of the feeling of a cannibal when feasting upon his worst enemy, he ate it, root and branch.

Then he rushed from the room, hitched Flying Childers to the cart, and went like the wind into the village.

Billson bulged up to the bar, and amazed the barkeeper by absorbing a stein of beer. It was his first visit there.

Then, his courage being great enough for anything, from trying a flying machine, or commanding an army in a great battle,

on up to asking a pretty woman to marry him, he sped behind Flying Childers to the quiet rectory.

He was tying his horse to the accustomed post, when he became aware of a presence in his immediate vicinity. Looking up from the tying-strap, he beheld Foraker.

"And this is the first obstacle I meet," he confided to Childers sullenly. He meant object; but, on the whole, he spake wiser than he knew.

Something about Foraker caused Billson to falter and halt in his manipulation of the halter. He concentrated his gaze upon the young man.

Foraker was immensely dressed. He seemed to stew clothes.

To emphasize his gorgeousness, Foraker had a red flower in his buttonhole. It was a poppy or hollyhock. It was a very conflagration of a blossom.

"Good-evening," said Foraker, lounging up, and elevating one foot to the hub of Billson's buggy.

"Good-evening." Billson's response was even less cordial than Foraker's greeting, which is getting it down below par.

"Good weather for crops." Foraker said this in self-defense. Billson had come close to him, and appeared to tower and swell in the deepening dusk. Foraker's tone was conciliatory. Aggressiveness surrounded Billson, as an aura and halo.

"You seem to be fixed up a good deal," said Billson, growing still bigger, and swelling to a threatening degree about the chest. He entirely ignored Foraker's remark about the weather.

"Why, aw—yes—I—in fact, I came to see Annie, and girls like to see a fellow groomed up. It sort of shows respect to them, like." Foraker, still with his foot on the buggy-hub, put his finger in his vest pocket, and drew forth a quill toothpick, with which he began a nervous and unnecessary exploration of his teeth.

Both men began a slow saunter, side by side, toward the house. Neither looked at the other. Each had his gaze fixed upon the ground.

Thus they appeared before Annie, who met them at the door. Behind her loomed Rector John, like the full moon rising over a troubled sea.

"Come in, come in," called the rector.

Good soul, his officious hospitality and his presence could have been dispensed with by the turbulent-souled trio at the door.

Annie knew, with a woman's intuition, that both these men had come to say to her the words of greatest mortal import to any woman, and divined at once that they had, each unknown to the other, chosen the same evening and the same hour for the same purpose.

"Come in, come in," chirped the marplot rector. Though men called him a divine, he divined nothing. He bobbed and ogled and thumped about, like an ill-conditioned, unguided log, coming wrong-headed adown the stream of time.

The two young men stiffly took seats near together, close against the wall. Annie gracefully drooped into a settee a little way from them, wondering, faint-hearted and filled with forebodings, what on earth would come of it.

"Fine weather, fine growing weather," muttered the human magpie, feeling about for a match. "Great weather for corn, and grass, and onions. Now, what makes me think of onions? I guess I must smell—why, I declare" (looking at Foraker, who sat nearer him). "Mr. Foraker, you have been eating onions."

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Foraker.

"Why, goodness me, what's the use of denying it? The onion is an undeniable vegetable, sir, and there's no use denying it, for it speaks for itself, as one may say."

"I don't care what you say, I have not been eating onions," said Foraker stoutly.

"And I don't care what you say, sir," said the contentious rector. "I have not yet taken leave of my senses. One of my senses is the sense of smell. I do hereby and now affirm that I do hereby and now detect upon your breath the odor of onions, and I am prepared to affirm and maintain that it is not what is expected of a young man in respectable society to go reeking with onions into the presence of a young lady, to say nothing of the clergyman of the parish. Neither do I approve of the odor of beer, which has within a few moments become apparent in this apartment."

"O papa," protested Annie.

"My child," said the now thoroughly aroused rector, "this is for your good.

Your salvation may be worked this night, here and now. Haven't I given of my intellect, my time and best attainments to the cause of temperance? Has not this same young man sat under my lectures, and gathered unto himself the rich gold of my mental treasure-house? Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, he sat among the lambs of my flock, and now he comes after one of them, laden with the poison against which I have preached all my life. This is an insult to me. I—"

"I won't stand for this any longer," said Foraker fiercely, and rising to his feet. "You must be crazy, you old stoughtonbottle! What do you pitch onto me like this for, the moment I enter your house? Your mental treasure-house—bah! It's empty. It ought to have a tenant. Your old lectures were the worst mental rot that ever festered in a diseased brain. To thunder with you and your imbecile estimates of yourself! You don't know enough to come in when it rains. You ain't fit to fertilize a turnip-patch. I cut you and your whole shooting-match out."

"Ah, ha! He doesn't deny the beer as he denied the onion, note that," Rector John was toddling after him, as Foraker strode from the apartment. Shaking his fist after the disappearing form of the youth, Rector John stood in the door, shouting all manner of invective.

"Why, I smell the odor yet! The room is redolent of it. It'll take all night with open windows to let it escape upon the shuddering atmosphere," fretted Rector John, prowling around and around the room. "It makes me sick. What a lucky escape you have had, Annie, my own! I know you two will miss me; but I must go to bed. This excitement and this odor have entirely unnerved me."

* * * * *

As Billson drove home in the lonely night, the wind going by him like a restless memory, he thought of Annie's promise to marry him, and still he was not happy.

"I like to be on the square," confided Billson to Flying Childers, "and I feel that Foraker didn't have a square deal tonight. He didn't sagashiate right. They say that all's fair in love or war. Do you believe that?"

"Neigh!" whinnied Flying Childers.

Home Sweet Home

By WILLIAM McGRATH

I WAS on the steamer "Croix du Sud"
We met—the captain's cheer to test—
And soon the little ship was gay
With song and laughter, wine and jest.
The glasses gleamed with ruddy glow,
Their chinkling pleasant music made,
While cheese and crackers rested near—
The booty of the purser's raid.

The watchman with his measured tread,
Upon the deck marched to and fro,
Keeping a bright lookout ahead
In case a sou'east gale should blow.
And then when suddenly a lull
Fell on the merry laughing throng,
The first mate rose and volunteered
To sing the crowd a song.

He sang of England, and each voice
Joined in the chorus loud,
And patriotism burning bright
Inflamed the jolly crowd.
But when the last note died away
And all again was still,
Another rose and sang of love:
"Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still."

And by the hush that fell on all,
For no one spoke or moved,
The power of that sublimest thing—
A woman's love—was proved.
Another sang that old sea song:
"O'er the Wild Waves I will Roam,"
But all hearts joined in brotherhood
While singing "Home, Sweet Home."

With tear-dimmed eyes and husky throats
We sang that song sublime,
While each heart swelled with longing pain
As throbbing it kept time.
And thus wherever man may be,
On land or ocean foam,
His heart will turn with fond regrets
And love to Home, Sweet Home.

"EVERYWOMAN"

A MODERN MORALITY PLAY:

Its Author and its Producer

by James Shesgreen



HENRY W. SAVAGE'S production of Walter Browne's modern morality play "Everywoman" has given rise to much speculation regarding its title, and the question naturally arises, what does "Everywoman" mean?

The answer is vastly interesting and, to a large degree, unexpected. Mr. Browne describes his work as a "modern morality play" which has a special significance to all students of dramatic literature. The query that comes to the mind naturally is:

"What was an *ancient*

morality play and what is the relation of the two?"

Epicures of the stage—as a certain class may be styled, will inevitably recall "Everyman," that curious antique which was presented a few years ago and attained a conspicuous vogue as presented by Miss Edith Wynn-Mathison and a company of English players. That was an "*ancient* morality play," and the only example of its kind, familiar to present day theatre-goers; but it was largely curiosity that drew its audiences, much in the same fashion that persons of culture will go to see a Greek tragedy presented by university students.

Of course it was "Everyman" that suggested the name of Mr. Browne's

work, and he has in a great measure followed the general structure of the earlier piece. This may seem a daring experiment where the favor of the sophisticated, pleasure-seeking theatre-goer is sought, but there is a wide difference between the old and the new. Mr. Browne has adopted the quaint system of philosophy that pervades the earlier work, but his achievement lies in the fact that he has applied it with power and originality to contemporary conditions, the result being a spirited, pulsing drama of life as it exists today in every metropolitan city.

Considering the fact that the basic idea of both dramas is about five hundred years old, it may easily be said that the author of "Everywoman" is a bold adventurer. It is that very feature, however, that lends extraordinary interest to Mr. Savage's production, and makes a look backward profitable. In "Everyman," as in its successor, the characters are given names that indicate their qualities, but the first is little more than a preachment, prolix and dull, the only interest in which was purely literary, and the excellent acting of which—in the revival mentioned—alone saved it from disaster as a theatrical production; while in Mr. Browne's play, there is a story of absorbing vital interest.

In the olden times the morality play was simply a form of allegorical literature. It did not become widely popular until its personification of the virtues and vices in action could be used as an appeal to the people on great public questions in debate among them. It had a use of its own when, in the days of Henry the Eighth, it was taken up by men who sought the reformation of abuses, and it helped to

form or express the opinions of the people. The best examples of this period, of this particular class of writing are the "Magnificence" of John Skelton, and Sir David Lindsay's "Satire of the Three Estates."

Lindsay's play set forth the condition of the country with distinct and practical suggestions of the reforms most needed. Some of the characters were King Humanity, Diligence, Wantonness, Lady Sensuality, Flattery, Falsehood, Deceit, Solace and Good Counsel. It was played before the King in 1539 and had such an effect that at the close of the performance His Majesty warned some of the Bishops present that if they did not take heed they would be dealt with summarily.

Actually, the morality play is isolated among forms of dramatic production. It sprang in a sense from the miracle play, which dealt with spiritual subjects only, but its usefulness ended when the Renaissance brought into England the wealth of Italian poetry, and translations of Terence and Plautus took the stage. Then came the wonderful Elizabethan Era, and the morality play was virtually forgotten, although Shakespeare and his contemporaries make casual allusion to it.

In the chapter on "The Mediaeval Drama," in his work entitled "The Development of the Drama" (Scribner, 1903) Professor Brander Matthews writes:

"The Morality was an attempt to depict character, but with the aid of primary colors only, and with an easy juxtaposition of light and darkness. Yet it helped along the development of the drama, in that it permitted a freer handling of the action, since the writer of Moralities had always to invent his plots, whereas the maker of Mysteries had his stories ready-made to his hand; the Morality was frankly fiction, while the Miracle play gave itself out for fact. Then also the tendency seems irresistible, for any author who has an appreciation of human nature, to go speedily from the abstract to the concrete, and to substitute for the cold figure of Pride itself the fiery portrait of an actual man who is proud."

There was no attempt in the old morality play at what we now call dramatic construction. There were no "situations," in the modern sense, no "climaxes." The

play was all talk, didactic and dull. But in it lay possibilities which the serious-minded writers of those days did not realize. It remained for a playwright of a period of five centuries later to appreciate the opportunity, and in the guise of allegory to build a drama of which modern femininity is shown "Everywoman," with all the virtues and frailties of the sex, but beset and surrounded by the conditions which prevail today in every great metropolis.

In calling "Everywoman" a modern morality play, the author has sought to convey two facts. First, that to a large extent, it is written in the same fashion and after the model of those products of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries of which "Everyman" is the best known example. Second, that notwithstanding this, it is absolutely modern as regards action, characterization and environments.

While every part is symbolical of various abstract virtues, vices and conditions, Mr. Browne has endeavored to make them also concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. The object was to present an allegory, in the shape of a stage play, sufficiently dramatic and soul stirring in its story and action to form an attractive entertainment, quite apart from its psychological significance.

"Everywoman" is not a sermon in disguise. It is not a quixotic effort to elevate the stage. It is intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers—hence the music, the songs, and choruses, the dances, the spectacular and scenic effects, and the realism of everyday life.

At the same time it is hoped that the play may be found to contain some clean and wholesome moral lessons. Since the days of chivalry, when knights clashed steel for their lady loves and went on crusades to prove their prowess, while they remained secluded in cloisters or in moated castles, womankind, of which the title role of this play is intended to be a type, has grown more self-assertive and more bold. To every woman who nowadays listens to flattery, goes in quest of love, and openly lays siege to the hearts of men, this play may provide a kindly warning.

To every man it may suggest an admonition, the text of which is contained in the epilogue to the play:

"Be merciful, be just, be fair,
To Everywoman, everywhere.
Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame."

The principal characters in "Everywoman" are named Youth, Beauty, Modesty, Conscience, Nobody, Flattery, Truth, Love, Passion, Time, Wealth, Witless, Age, Greed, Self, Vanity, Vice, Charity, Law, Order, Stuff, Bluff, and a dozen others of lesser value.

The story and action of the play is as follows:

The scene of the first canticle is laid in the home of Everywoman, a character designed to be typical of all womankind. The dawn is just breaking and in the dimly-lighted room Nobody is discovered. The character of Nobody, which acts as Chorus to the play, is portrayed as a whimsical, cynical, sardonic and somewhat mystical figure.

After a plea for fair play for Everywoman, there are seen dancing in the dawn-lit garden, bound by garlands of roses and singing a joyous spring song, three fairy-like, graceful maidens. They are Youth, Beauty and Modesty, Everywoman's cherished friends and companions. Their sweet song awakens Everywoman, who appears at the head of the stairs leading to her bed chamber. She greets them lovingly. It is seen that Everywoman is a beautiful, young and innocent maiden, with a girl's harmless love of fun and a girl's love of admiration. She bemoans the fact that Nobody is in love with her, and fearing that Nobody will marry her against her will she orders that mythical personage from the house. In anger he prophesies that when Everywoman shall have lost Youth, Beauty and Modesty then she will love Nobody and will find comfort in Nobody's arms.

Youth and Beauty lead Everywoman to her mirror. She rejoices somewhat vainly in the beautiful picture she presents, and as she gazes the image of herself fades away; in its stead she sees Flattery, in the guise of a fop and courtier, who announces that he bears a message from King Love the First. Love would make her his queen, and Flattery bids Every-

woman go out into the world in quest of Love. Everywoman elects to do so, and Youth suggests that Love is most readily found in the amusement temples of the great cities.

Everywoman and her three companions are about to set out in quest of Love, when Nobody again warns her that disaster will follow her obeying the dictates of Flattery. She scoffs at him and spurns the pleadings of Modesty. Then Truth comes to her. Truth is depicted as an old witch, who is beloved by Nobody. Truth almost prevails on Everywoman to remain at home and await Love's coming, but again Flattery appears and fascinates his victim. It appears that in reality Love is the offspring of Truth, and as she brings her son to Everywoman's house, Everywoman is seen doing homage to Flattery, and Truth realizes that it is too late. Everywoman and her three companions go out into the world in quest of King Love the First.

In the second canticle is seen the stage of a big city theatre at rehearsal time. It is shown that Everywoman has quickly risen to be a "star" in the profession she has chosen, while Youth and Beauty are her subordinates. Unknown to the managers of the playhouse, Everywoman has smuggled her much loved friend, Modesty, into the chorus. There she is discovered by Bluff and Stuff, theatre managers of a vulgar type. In spite of the pleading of Youth and Beauty, Modesty is banished, and when Everywoman arrives at the theatre, accompanied by two of her admirers, Wealth, a millionaire, and Witless, a nobleman, she laments the loss of Modesty. She is attended by her handmaiden, Conscience, whose still, small, sweet voice alternately soothes her and makes her sorrowful. As Everywoman grieves that Love is still unfound, Youth and Beauty suggest to her that Passion, a play actor, may be Love in disguise. She feels his strange influence over her, and when he rehearses to her a passionate love song, she relinquishes herself to his artifices. As she embraces him she hears the voice of the banished Modesty wailing "Fare thee well." Realizing that for the moment she had forgotten Modesty, Everywoman,

in a revulsion of feeling, tears the mask from Passion's face, repulses him and orders him away. The scene ends with a powerful apostrophe to Love, whom Everywoman still vainly seeks.

Everywoman's palatial apartment in the city is the scene of canticle three. The time is after midnight and Everywoman is entertaining Wealth, Witless and a host of friends of somewhat reckless type, at a lavish, uproarious, Bohemian after-theatre supper. Late hours and a gay life have had their influence on Beauty, and while the others eat, drink and make merry, Beauty lies ill upon a couch, attended by Conscience, whose plaintive, dirge-like song ever and anon is heard by Everywoman midst the din and the hilarity of her guests and her own audacious frivolity. The party gradually develops into an orgie, during which Everywoman is enthroned on the top of a table as "Queen of the Revels." There she recites to music a poem of an almost ribald nature, backed by the bacchanalian chorus of her friends in the refrain, "Be-elzebub!" "Be-elzebub!" The voice of Conscience breaks into this and eventually reaches all hearts, so that Everywoman dismisses her guest sorrowfully. Youth falls asleep from exhaustion, as Wealth returns unsteadily and more or less brutally to endeavor to persuade Everywoman that he is the king she seeks. Assuming the name and title of Love, he tries to buy her with rich gifts, but when she reminds him that sooner or later she will lose Youth, and Beauty, Wealth shows himself in his true colors. She realizes that it is because she is young and beautiful that he desires her, and that he and true, pure love are not even akin. Disgusted with her pilgrimage in search of Love, she determines to go back to her old home, taking Youth and Beauty with her, and to consult with Truth, but in the moment of her resolve, Conscience tells her that Beauty has perished. Everywoman is horrified, and as the window curtains are drawn and the light of day streams in, she looks in her mirror and sees, not Flattery, but Truth. Maddened by the sight she hurls a wine bottle at Truth, and seizing the hand of Wealth, who still lingers by, she breaks into a wild, hysterical

abandoned dance with him, singing the refrain: "Be-elzebub! Be-elzebub!"

The fourth canticle occurs on "The Great White Way" during New Year's Eve. There is seen the merry, uproarious throng which marks upper Broadway at such a time. The scene is the street outside a fashionable restaurant; within are a typical crowd of New Year's Eve supper parties. Everywoman enters, still clinging to Youth, the last of her early companions. But Youth is failing fast, and Time, who seeks to slay her, is dogging her footsteps. Everywoman, who has fallen from stardom, since Beauty ceased to exist, now seeks Wealth, who cast her aside at Beauty's grave. Youth tries to lead her to the adjacent church, from which the chimes proclaim the birth of a new year. Everywoman, blaming Youth for her many mistakes and determined to let worldly wisdom guide her in future, bids Youth begone and Youth falls into the clutches of Time. Wealth appears from the restaurant, surrounded by a crowd of vulgar sycophants. Everywoman makes a final appeal to him, but he discards her, now that she has lost Youth and Beauty, and goes off with Vice, a siren of the "Great White Way." Everywoman is now alone, an outcast. In the midst of her misery a bier with the body of Youth is borne across the stage to the church, Charity, a minister of the gospel, chanting at the head of the procession, followed by Conscience singing a requiem. Everywoman, heartbroken, sinks to her knees amid the falling snow and at the end of her pathetic appeal for "Help" Nobody appears. He reminds her of his having protested that Nobody was her friend. She would find Love in Nobody. Tragically she seeks to escape him and she then meets Truth. Gladly she greets her and led by Truth approaches the church, crying "Charity! Charity for Everywoman, I ask."

The scene of the fifth canticle is the same as that of the first—Everywoman's home. It is a stormy winter night. Sitting in a cosy corner by the glow of a fire is Love, who has patiently awaited Everywoman while she has been battling with the world. To her old home comes Everywoman, led by Truth. There, when alone

for a moment she finds Love, awakening him from his slumbers. Believing him a stranger she calls Truth, and is astounded when Love greets Truth as "Mother." She has not known that Love is ever born of Truth. After pleading her unworthiness, because of her unholy pilgrimage in which she lost Youth, Beauty and Modesty, she is won by Love, and with the return of Modesty, who has escaped her persecutors, the play ends with Everywoman happily betrothed to Love, in her old home, where with Love and Truth she will evermore abide by the fireside of happiness.

The manuscript of "Everywoman" was accepted by Mr. Savage nearly a year ago, and for the past four months his production department has been busily employed constructing the scenic equipment, properties and vast paraphernalia that will constitute the settings required in its five canticles. One of the big scenic features will faithfully depict the riotous reveling of a New Year's Eve on Broadway, and in order to render this scene absolutely correct Mr. Savage took advantage of the opportunity recently afforded. His scenic artist, Walter Burrige, made sketches from life, and his general stage director, George Marion, visited the congested intersections of the "Great White Way" for the purpose of absorbing the realistic atmosphere of the riot fanfare and the carnival spirit that prevails in New York on New Year's Eve. In this scene in "Everywoman" upwards of three hundred people will be employed on the stage. The magnitude and vast realistic details of the New Year's Eve scene will be further enhanced by a chime of bells weighing three thousand pounds. In order to accommodate this particular feature it will be necessary to rebuild the upper structure of the stage of the theatre in which the play is presented.

The scenic equipment of "Everywoman" will be most elaborate and intricate, and will represent the biggest investment in stage offerings since Mr. Savage's amazing production of "Parsifal" in English.

The costumes were designed by Hy. Mayer, the well-known artist and illustrator, and their production alone will represent a small fortune. Their making

has been a laboriously long process. Every detail of the designs has been followed faithfully, as they are a very necessary adjunct to the actors in the correct depiction of the characters in the drama.

The incidental and choral music, of which there are twenty-six numbers, especially written by George Whitefield Chadwick, the famous American composer, will be a very important feature. The musical numbers include a male quartette, six choruses, solo dances, a trio, three solos, and several incidental numbers for the orchestras, which will number forty-two pieces—nearly as many instruments as are required for grand opera.

In selecting the cast for "Everywoman" Henry W. Savage has exercised the greatest possible care and discrimination. Scores of actors for the principal characters were considered, and accepted or rejected before the company was finally organized. The principals make up a remarkable roster of talent that includes Laura Nelson Hall, Frederic de Belleville, H. Cooper Cliffe, Edward Mackay, Orlando Daly, John L. Shine, Sydney Jarvis, Walter Soderling, and Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

The action of "Everywoman" furnishes an object lesson in diction and the reading of blank verse that has seldom if ever been afforded the student and observer of the drama in America. Each and every principal player in the cast of "Everywoman" was engaged with a special view not only to his ability as an actor but also his training in diction and reading blank verse, in which metre "Everywoman" is written. The company was rehearsed and the play staged under the direction of George Marion, Mr. Savage's general technical stage director, who is without a peer as a master craftsman in his art in this country or in Europe.

Walter Browne, the author of "Everywoman," was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, and is the only son of the late Dr. George Browne, who was twice Lord Mayor of York. He was graduated from St. Peter's College and took the degree of L. D. S. Royal College of Physicians. As an amateur Mr. Browne founded the York Garrick Club. He studied music in England and in Italy and for some time toured England giving pianoforte

and vocal recitals. He made his first professional appearance on the stage in London in 1881, originating the part of the Colonel in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Patience." He sang many of the principal baritone parts during the seasons of grand opera at the Covent Garden and the Crystal Palace. In the meantime Mr. Browne did much magazine and dramatic writing. He was one of the founders of *The Yorkshireman*, a weekly satirical publication, and for three years was dramatic critic for the London *Evening Echo*. Mr. Browne's first play "Hearts and Homes," was produced at the Theatre Royal, York, England, in 1879. In the same year there was published in London a volume of his verses. He is the author of "A King of Shreds and Patches," produced at the Theatre Royal in 1880. Other plays by Mr. Browne are "Ripples," "A Love Game," which was played for over nine hundred times at Toole's Theatre, and "A Wet Day" which had a run of four hundred nights. His plays "Fits and Starts," "Blue Ribbons," "Wedded," "Once Again," "The Bo'sun's Mate," "In Possession," "Mates," "Photographic Fun," and a number of others enjoyed a great measure of success in London and the provinces in the eighties. He also wrote "The Next Day," which was produced in this country by Harry Lacy. Mr. Browne is also the author of two novels, "Joe Buskin, Comedian," published in London, and "The Fossil Man," published by Dillingham, New York. In 1889 Mr. Browne went to South America as the principal baritone of the first English opera company to visit the South American Republics. He returned to London and for a year appeared in vaudeville sketches of his own writing in the London Music Halls. He then embarked for South Africa where he was for some time a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. From Africa he came to this country, making his first appearance as Grosvenor in "Patience" at Palmer's Theatre, New York, in 1892. In 1894 Mr. Browne joined the editorial staff of the *New York World* and has since been known as a newspaper man and writer of dramatic short stories. He is at present with the *New York Herald*.

Henry W. Savage, the producer and managerial sponsor of "Everywoman," ranks with the foremost of America's theatrical managers. His name is familiar to every theatregoer throughout this broad land, and is equally well known in the theatrical and musical centres of England and the Continent. Mr. Savage's career as a theatrical producing manager began upwards of a score of years ago, as the lessee and manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. After several seasons of elaborate revivals of light operas covering the entire repertoire of the most popular and best known bills, he organized similar companies in New York and Philadelphia. At this period his eye caught the spirit of the public demand and he launched into the sister realm of musical comedy. His first production in this field was "King Dodo," which was followed by "The Prince of Pilsen," "Peggy From Paris," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Woodland," "The Yankee Consul," "Sho-Gun," and "The Yankee Tourist." Following these came his productions of "The College Widow," "The County Chairman," "The Student King," "The Stolen Story," "Tom Jones," which were followed in rapid succession with "The Galloper," "The Love Cure," "The Gay Hussars," "The Devil," and a number of others leading up to his most recent successes, "The Merry Widow" and "Madame X." In addition to this long list of productions Mr. Savage has attained international distinction as a producer of grand opera in English. For several seasons the Savage Grand Opera Company toured the principal cities of the country with enormous success. His production of "Parsifal" in English will long be remembered as the most amazing offering in the realm of music-drama in the vernacular, in American history, and his production of Puccini's grand opera, "Madame Butterfly" in English was one of the most artistic and elaborate offerings that ever graced the operatic stage. Next season Mr. Savage is planning an elaborate presentation in English of "The Girl of the Golden West," Puccini's grand opera based on the famous Belasco drama, which is the feature bill of the present season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Savage's production of "Everywoman" is justly regarded as the crowning achievement of the remarkable career of a remarkable man.

Henry W. Savage is perhaps the least known individual personally of any of the big theatrical producers. His time is wholly engaged in planning and executing his multifarious enterprises. Labor is his sole pleasure. He is invariably at his office at eight o'clock in the morning and, except when attending rehearsals, he is at his desk at 108 West 45th Street, New York City, till midnight. His vacation is a trip to Europe semi-annually, whither he journeys to look over the European theatrical markets. He maintains foreign representatives in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

When Mr. Savage plans the production of a foreign attraction, Mr. George Marion, his technical stage director, is sent abroad to study the features of the play, and frequently some of the principal actors are sent, in order that they may familiarize

themselves with the roles that they will essay in this country.

One of Mr. Savage's notable characteristics is his courteousness. He treats with marked consideration every member of his various organizations and admonishes his managers and executive staff to follow this rule. The keynote of his "Bible of Publicity" is to keep within the province of *Facts*. Among his instructions to his press agents are the following:

"Speak in the highest terms of other attractions. A short story with a sting in the tip is to my mind infinitely better than a florid paragraph which hardly anyone prints and no one believes. Do not use the term 'show girl.' Avoid stories about losing valuables, accidents behind the scenes, fires, etc. Omit references to stock brokers, automobiles and stage-door 'Johnnies.' Stories about members of the company winning large sums at the races should be avoided. Do not use extravagant terms and do not misrepresent."

THE HUMAN TRIUMPH

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

NOT from the lightning flash;
Not from the icy star;
Not from the flames that lash
The wandering fires afar;
But from the noonday heat,
Torch I snatch for my feet!

Not from the purpling rose;
Not from the lily cool;
Not from the garden close
Sheltered and beautiful;
But from the wayside flower
Do I snatch breath of power!

Not from the maddening thrush;
Not from the nightingale;
Not from the winds that rush
Storm-driven through the dale;
But from the silence calm
I snatch the sweetest balm!

Not from the printed book;
Not from the word or song;
Not from the smile or look,
Nor from the bell or gong;
But from the grassy sod
I snatch the peace of God!

Seein' Things at Night

By MARY LOUISE RUSSELL

IN winter when I go to bed it's awful dark outdoors,
There are horrid lookin' shadders on the window, an' the floors
Just covered all with crawlin' things that give one such a fright.
So how's a feller goin' ter help a-seein' things at night?

There's a ghost up in the corner where my hobbyhorse has stood,
An' he starts a-sort o' wavin' roun' his hands as though he would
Come an' catch an' hug me in his awful arms so white,
An' then I scream, it skeers me so, a-seein' things at night.

An' in the Spring it's most as bad, though it is not so dark;
I hear the burglars climbin' up my window from the park,
An' then I hide my head—but soon I peek it out a mite,
An' find it's only vines that keeps me hearin' things at night.

I heard a noise t'other night, the mostest awful howl,
But mother laughed at me an' said, 'twas nothing but an owl;
I guess she wouldn't laugh like that, if *she* hadn't any light
An' was in my place, all alone, a-hearin' things at night.

One summer we was in the woods, an' I was awful skeered,
'Cause there was lots of things up there that made me all afeared.
When I was lyin' in the tent, an' I hear 'em gnaw an' bite
I'd get all shivery an' cold, a-hearin' things at night.

I ain't afeared o' porkeys when I meet 'em in the day,
Nor snakes nor bears, nor any other o' them beasts o' prey;
But when I'm lyin' all alone, I stop my ears up tight,
An' even then I just can't help a-hearin' things at night.

But Autumn is the time for ghosts that make the weirdest noise,
For then they creak, an' crack, an' groan, an' all the little boys
Is almost skeered ter death, ter see 'em dancin' roun' so bright.
For it's awful creepy, lyin' still, a-hearin' things at night.

My mother says it's only winds a-howlin' out o' doors,
An' moombeams dancin' on the walls, an' shinin' on the floors,
But you just bet she can't fool me, 'cause I'm dead sure I'm right
An' that I'm really a-hearin' an' a-seein' things at night.

THE MUSICAL SEASON : IN AMERICA :

by Arthur Wilson



HE singing of opera in the English language is a lively question for speculation and debate just now. It is not the first time in the history of opera that men have reasoned among themselves,

have arisen in high places and said: "Come, let us sing together in the theatre, as in the church and the concert hall, in the tongue of our fathers." This is upon the supposition that their fathers spoke the King's English as well or better than the King.

Indeed, let us ponder a moment in profound contemplation of that perennial, that eternal work: "The first American Opera." A catalogued list with genus, species and pedigree would comprise a respectable sized monograph, not as voluminous as the New York telephone directory, Montgomery Ward's catalog or the unabridged dictionary, but perchance rivaling the space required to treat with due respect the hats of Geraldine Farrar, or the reason why David Bispham said "Fie! fie!" and called for an ounce of civet at Mr. Bonci's incomprehensible audacity in presuming to undertake to teach American singers how to sing their own tongue, and at the equally inexplicable delusion of the gentlemen who would proffer a portion of their worldly goods to back him in an opera company as a means to that end.

Not long since, when Boston was about to have its second session with Mr. Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," there was to be observed in some literature cir-

culated about it, the statement that it was the first really American opera. Doubtless we shall keep on having the first American opera yet for a goodly number of years. We have had it reborn, revived, resuscitated and otherwise discovered for the first time for so many decades now that it is a question what we should ever do without it.

Mr. Louis Elson, veteran of musical research, in his "American Music," cites W. G. Armstrong as authority for saying that the first American opera was "The Archers, or the Mountaineers of Switzerland," libretto by William Dunlop, and music by Benjamin Carr, said to have been performed in New York, April 18, 1796. In the same book, Esther Singleton, a writer upon operatic subjects, names her first American opera as "Edwin and Angelina," libretto by one Smith, music by Pellisier, performed for the first time in New York, December 19, 1796. "Bourville Castle," by the same composer, was given the following season. The first American opera apparently began to thrive a number of years ago.

Then there was "Leonora" in 1858 and "Notre Dame de Paris" in 1863 by William H. Fry, European correspondent and music critic of the *New York Tribune*, and there was "Rip Van Winkle" (1855) by George F. Bristol. For a time Mr. Bristol and Mr. Fry had an "American school of opera" all their own. There should be a word of remembrance for Frederick Gleason's "Montezuma" and his "Otho Visconti." The latter, if I am not mistaken, was produced several years ago in Chicago at what was known as the College Theatre. There was also "The Scarlet Letter" of Walter Damrosch,

produced for the first time anywhere in Boston at the Boston Theatre, February 10, 1896, with Mme. Gadske as Hester Prynne; the "Azara" of Professor Paine, never produced as an opera, but sung in concert by the Cecilia Society, Boston, April 9, 1907, B. J. Lang, conductor.

Nor is that all. The record should include the "Zenobia" of Louis Coerne, produced at Bremen, December 1, 1905, the "Safir" of Henry Hadley, produced April 6, 1909, at Mayence, during the period of the composer's conductorship there, and Arthur Nevin's "Poia," of recent and not altogether joyous memory, yet now alert with the promise of a new baptism, for upon the receipt of the cable of congratulation from the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at the premiere of Professor Humperdinck's "Kingschildren," the Kaiser straightway commanded the intendant of the Royal Opera to stand before him, and the report went abroad that it was probable "Poia" would be revived, perhaps as a measure of international reciprocity, perhaps as a penance for the vituperative comment of the German musical press. From the accounts even of Americans who were in Berlin, it would now appear that the Kaiser's capacity for compunction is generous. But Mr. Nevin is soon to have a hearing in New York, his one-act opera in English, "Twilight," has been accepted for production this month at the Metropolitan Opera House.

And the end is not yet, nor is this list guaranteed complete. There is Howland's "Sarrona," sung once last winter in New York, Pietro Floridia's "Paoletta," produced in Cincinnati last August, and, for a pioneer overlooked, "La Spia," an opera with a libretto founded by Filippo Manetti on Cooper's novel, "The Spy," and with music by Luigi Arditi, a well-known conductor, which was performed at the Astor Place Opera House, New York, March 24, 1856, for the first time on any stage.

More than any other work, "The Pipe of Desire" has been associated and in a sense identified with this agitation of opera in English, and unfortunately so. Its premiere occurred in Boston, January 31, 1906. It was done by amateurs. Two

other performances followed in February and March. It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the eighteenth of March, a year ago. A repetition followed at the Metropolitan and another at the New Theatre. Why the opera was accepted for production in New York must remain an inexplicable mystery, for inherent and serious weakness in the libretto was discovered at its first appearance in Boston, and was promptly pointed out and exceptions also taken to the music by the New York reviewers. Notwithstanding, it was again proffered to Boston by the local company the sixth of January, and once again has been found wanting in the power of appeal.

It is therefore unfortunate that the cause of opera in English should in any manner be judged by or associated with a work which manifestly ignores the salient principles of dramatic construction in plot, text and consequently in much of the music. There are now operas in English forthcoming which it may be hoped will more successfully promote the innovation for which they stand. Mr. Converse has made a second essay in "The Sacrifice," announced for production by the Boston company this season. This time he is to be his own librettist. He has laid his plot in picturesque Southern California in 1849 during the struggle for possession between United States and Mexican troops.

But the opera of the hour is Victor Herbert's "Natoma," the premiere of which at this time of writing is announced to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia, by Mr. Dippel's Chicago-Philadelphia company or now, according to its degree of geographical latitude, the Philadelphia-Chicago company. Mary Garden, one of the comparatively few upon our lyric stage to whom the word "artist" in its supreme and proper sense justly applies, is to create the name-part. The librettist is Joseph D. Redding, a lawyer of New York and San Francisco. He was the first president of the Bohemian Club of the latter city, and has written some of the plays which they have given in the redwood forest. At this time the vocal score of "Natoma" has not come



MISS FRANCES ALDA

An artiste of exceptional ability who is pleasing Boston opera-goers

from the printer, and it is not yet possible to know the character of the libretto.

Opera in English, such as it is or was, has therefore existed for some time. That every work with music set to a text in English has not endured through successive years is not strange. The founding of an American "school" of opera is not a thing attained with a few sporadic performances of any one opera or of several. There are many factors which must be successfully combined to produce operas with an English text, and with music by American composers that will endure, and retain a place in operatic repertory.

In scanning the horizon to discover the coming man in American opera, whoever he shall be, much thought has been taken of the music. No one will deny that an opera demands music, and music presupposes a composer whose schooling and practice has not set up as his models either the oratorio or the symphony, but one who has observed the operas of Scarlatti, of Gluck and of Mozart before sitting down to express his thoughts in the style and vocabulary of Strauss and Debussy, and who has also observed that the fundamental and enduring principles which underlie operatic construction require a terse, vigorous and vital recitative which shall narrate and propel the action of the plot and express the prose of declamation, and with it a fluent, more graceful but equally vital arioso which shall express the poetry of passion and emotion. Let him then be mindful of the need for dramatizing or characterizing music which, by the employment of melodic symbols or by sheer tonal suggestion, will mirror, illumine or italicize in the orchestra the action on the stage. In short, let the composer be urged to come to his task prepared to write music for the theatre, and not for a religious service or for the concert room.

And what, pray, shall inspire him to the accomplishment of all this? Granted that he has acquired his technic by proper instruction and by ample opportunity for trying out his compositions, although such a condition does not yet exist to my knowledge in this country—the nearest approach to it might be the New England Conservatory where a complete symphony

orchestra, fully manned in both the woodwind and brass choirs, is a working part of the institution—what then shall be the actual foundation upon which he is to rear his musical structure? What is to be the immediate and specific source of inspiration that perchance shall enkindle the latent power of invention and of creation which he may possess? This cannot be found altogether in the hope of winning a prize of \$10,000. It cannot even spring at once from the dream that some day he shall hear Caruso paint in golden notes, as upon the heavens, the majestic curve of some pet melodic phrase—that is, if this composer of opera be so old-fashioned as to write melody—nor can it arise from the dream that some day the poetry and passion of the incomparable Toscanini shall set orchestra and audience on fire with that climatic page of his score that one memorable night he heard chanted by the stars, and has since nestled like a darling against his heart. These are not rhapsodic imaginings, but estimable and proper desires, in their due place, and doubtless the sober history of the night watches under many a roof tree. What then is to be the real guiding motive, the *sine qua non* of the composer? This, gentle reader, must be the libretto.

Is it not true that each season every theatrical manager is submerged under dramatic manuscripts which to his practiced eye reveal an astounding technic of the stage, a heart-gripping emotional appeal, plots which fairly ooze with that estimable species of magnetism, human interest? Is it not true that all of even the most likely and absolutely assured successes of these embryonic marvels are stunning and unescapable "hits" when produced? Furthermore, is it not true that those which do fail, do not do so because of their theme, their method of construction, or their style, but because of the time of the moon, the continued popular adoration of Mr. Roosevelt, the unanimous re-election of Mr. Joseph Cannon to the speakership of the House, or on account of the conversion of the heathen of Mars? It is not. There is a deluge of stuff which contains perhaps one or two good ideas; but manuscripts

that reveal first of all a dramatic motive of popular or powerful appeal, a sense of the situation that gets over the foot-lights, skill in logical development, and a command of pointed, gripping dialogue—manuscripts with these qualifications in any conspicuous degree are rare, and yet there is still room for clever producers of hymns, psalms, sonnets, national anthems and street-car advertisements.

On the twentieth of November, 1908, Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera House, proposed to the board of directors of that institution that a prize, afterwards fixed at ten thousand dollars, be offered "for the best grand opera written by a composer born in this country." His suggestion was immediately accepted, and the first general announcement was made by the newspapers the following morning. When the competition closed, the fifteenth of last September, twenty-five manuscripts had been submitted to the judges. Walter Damrosch, one of them, spent an anxious Christmas because a package containing some of these possible masterpieces was stolen from an express wagon the day before. Unfortunately the conditions of the competition required that the names of the composers be withheld, even from the judges, else by the publicity attending upon the incident, the composers would already have been immortalized without waiting for the public disclosure of their works. However the lost was found, and the point is that while the composer is bidden to do his best with the inducement of a generous honorarium and the production of his opera to the winner, what of the librettist?

What is being done in this country to seriously, practically encourage the writing of drama? Professor George Baker, of the chair of dramatic literature of Harvard University is endeavoring to secure a permanent endowment for his department. Studying therein at the present time is Charlton Andrews, of Indiana, MacDowell resident fellow in dramatic composition. Mr. Andrews came into possession of this scholarship by winning the competition instituted last year by the MacDowell club of New York, an organization of about eight hundred

members, among whom are painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, writers and those who are engaged or interested in the fine arts. This organization at that time created a fellowship in Professor Baker's department at Harvard. On the twentieth of last December, at the annual Christmas festival of the club, there was presented at the Hotel Plaza, New York, a Christmas masque, entitled "The Interrupted Revels." It was in the Fifteenth Century style and combined the drama, music, art, history and the dance. The music consisted of carols and madrigals of the period, and was specially compiled after research in the British Museum. The British Morris Dancers trained the members of the club in the dances of Merry England. The masque was written by Mr. Andrews.

Last year, John Craig, director of his own stock company at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, made an offer to Harvard University to give the sum of five hundred dollars, half of which was to go as a prize for dramatic composition, and half to the University library for the purchase of books treating of the history of the English stage. The competition was open to all undergraduates in the University, to members of Radcliffe College—who are girls, and this revelation of their sex to all those who by chance do not know is made without insinuation, impertinence or malice, as shall presently be disclosed. It is open also to graduate students of either institution who have not been out of college more than one academic year. The donor specified that all plays must be in three, four or five acts. Those with less were to be excluded. Within a year after the acceptance of the play, Mr. Craig agreed to produce it at his theatre and to give performances of it for one week during the regular theatrical season. If the play should be continued he would pay the author a royalty. The competition closed the first of last November. Twenty-one dramas were submitted. Five were by young women. The prize was awarded to one of them—Florence Ayers Lincoln. Mr. Craig, who was one of the judges—Professor Baker also served—said that the plays submitted by the girls seemed

to them superior to those of the men. The name of Miss Lincoln's play is "The End of the Bridge." She has described it as "a modern play with a mild problem." It is in three acts, and has six characters. Mr. Craig will now bestow this prize annually.

The Harvard Dramatic Club has also encouraged the writing of plays. It produced on the twelfth of December a comedy by another Radcliffe girl, Miss Louie Stanwood, a student in the play-writing course. Her comedy is a light and semi-satirical piece, named "Mrs. Alexander's Progress." This club, since 1908, has aimed to produce each year a play written by an undergraduate, graduate or recently graduated student of Harvard. There being no available play last year, Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow" was chosen and performed for the first time upon any stage.

William Vaughn Moody, the deceased playwright of the class of 1893, was active in furthering the interests of dramatic composition at Harvard.

The writing of plays is doubtless studied and encouraged by the other universities of the country and by other auspices. I have referred at some length to the work of these because it shows the best recent development in this direction at Harvard and in Boston.

It may now be argued that the subject of the opera libretto has been left far afield, and that it has no appreciable relationship to the spoken drama.

As a matter of fact and of mere observation, it has a great deal to do with the spoken drama. The time was when any flimsy, incongruous if not reasonably impossible series of incidents was padded, interpolated and otherwise patched into a musical medley called an opera, which existed to exploit singers who were to be admired more for their vocal agility than for dramatic conscience. That time is past. Submit the plot of "La Gioconda" to any undergraduate in a dramatic class and he—pardon me, probably she—will laugh at the absurdity of its contrived and transparent coincidences. If we are to have opera in English because there are those who insist that we must know what it is all about, then we must

have plots that hang together not merely by a string of arias, because arias are now out of fashion and held to be bad form, but by reason and logic—at least by theatrical plausibility, which is often the good Samaritan to limping technic. If we demand consistent and congruous construction in a drama to be spoken, we should demand the same in a libretto to be sung.

Sane and sound librettos will materially hasten the coming of the "national school" of opera. This all the musical elect devoutly desire. Even music which would transport the soul beyond the confines of the flesh is carrying a heavy ballast when freighted with a book about symbolism, ethics, moonshine and frothy fairy lore, written in mawkish poetry and drab prose, English which is neither lucid, elegant or euphonious. The writing of the text has been too much ignored, although "The Scarlet Letter" had an excellent libretto by George Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law. Why not then establish some definite auspices to develop the librettist as well as the composer? The probability is that the young man—pardon me again, the young woman—who has studied the laws of construction and the models of style which underlie and characterize the spoken drama will have acquired something of the equipment necessary to write a libretto for an opera. The writing of good plays and its encouragement is therefore significant.

After the libretto and the opera are written they must be sung. Wide opportunities appear to be opening to young singers of opera in English. They hear and read the advice not to go abroad, but to build their voices at home. How are some of them being taught? It is a painful truth that there are professed teachers of singing, laden with titles, honors and spoils, who give patent and indisputable proof of the fact that in plain terms, they don't know their business. Under their care are talented students with good, natural voices, who, if properly prepared, could be a credit in several years to some opera house. Next month it may be worth while to consider how some of them are being prepared to weep rather than to sing.

DELIVERING THE GOODS



Rev. George Wood Anderson

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England has become one of the liveliest organizations for the development and extension of trade in America. Monday evening, November 21, 1910, was specially dedicated to the consideration of "Transportation." Dr. Anderson, pastor of the Union Church, St. Louis, Missouri, was one of the notable speakers.



HE question of transportation is not confined to New England. It is a national question in that it confronts, in a local way, every section of our land. Until this nation-wide question, which confronts each section of our country,

in the form of some local problem, is settled, none of us can enter into the fullest realization of our national prosperity.

It has occurred to me that there is another phase of this transportation problem which has been overlooked. To many I doubt not but that it is the most important phase, and that is: "What is the easiest and quickest way to transfer a dollar out of another man's pocket into your own?" Now, a dollar is not a trifling thing, and is not easily secured, as many of us preachers can testify. A dollar should not be lightly esteemed, and is not by some of you, as we know by looking at the collection plate after you have attended service. I have known some business men to be so stingy that they would sit in the rear pew in order to have the interest on their penny, while the collection plate was being passed. A man ought to value his money highly, for it is of great value. I happen to have a dollar with me. I

hold it in my hand. What is it? "A piece of paper," says one. No, more than that. "Circulating medium," says one. No, more than that. "Something that you borrowed from your friend," says another. No, more than that. That dollar is a part of my life. I worked hard yesterday and earned a dollar. I might have spent it in a minute's time and been no richer for the investment, but I did not spend it. It was the only tangible thing I had out of the whole day's existence. The joy, the opportunity, and the privileges of the day had gone into the silence of the eternity that has passed. That dollar is my yesterday. I may spend it, and start tomorrow bankrupt. I may keep it and tomorrow need not work at all, because my yesterday's dollar will pay for the services of one who may do the work better than myself; or, I may work again tomorrow and the next day, and the next, and save my yesterdays until I have long years of yesterdays, strong and capable of toil, who shall labor for me and keep me in comfort when my body is too weak to toil. A dollar is part of a man's life, and as he guards his health to take care of the future, so should he guard his dollars to secure the full service of the past. Now, when a dollar means so much to an individual, how are you going to transport it out of the pockets

of the West into your own treasuries? This brings us two more phases of the problem of transportation. First—how can you get the people of the West to you? Second—can you deliver the goods?

How can you bring the West to you? That is easily answered—by advertising. I have had many pleasant visits in New England lecturing in many of your larger cities and meeting men whose strength of personality and power of achievement are daily inspirations. But think not that I was a stranger the first time I crossed your borders. Some of you I have known from my childhood. I have always known your friend, W. L. Douglas, whose benign countenance illuminates the pages of all our daily papers. Ever since I was taught to eat pie with a knife, I knew your friend Rogers, for did not the very knife that cut my lips have his name stamped upon it? From that hour that my sensitive fingers felt the first suggestion of a whisker—and bid my anxious soul arise in wonder, love and praise, did I not know your friend, Mr. Gillette? Think not that I was a stranger the first time I came to New England. I knew several of you and bought your goods because I knew and believed in you. But, when I consider the important place that New England holds in the manufacturing world and the long list of daily necessities that are made here, I am surprised that I did not have a wider acquaintanceship.

New England is just awakening to the opportunity and advantage of advertising, and until more of your great firms begin a nation wide campaign, so that we become familiar with the names and characters of the persons back of these manufacturing establishments you cannot expect to get our dollars. The fact is, that when a man spends his money, he wants not only the goods that are placed upon the counter, but he wants the knowledge that the men back of the goods are men who are not afraid to stand in the light of public inspection. The first problem of transportation which you are to consider is the question of advertising, that of bringing the people to the threshold of your shops and factories eager to buy your goods.

But advertising is not all. There is another question of transportation to be considered and that is, having brought the people to you, can you deliver the goods? I do not mean by that a question of express or freight, but can you deliver the goods that are worth our dollars?

There is, on both sides of the ocean, an advertising scheme being pushed that is unworthy of the people of any nation. Traveling through England, I have seen on every side, sign and newspaper advertisements saying, "Buy only 'made in England' goods." Our novelty shops are crowded with goods stamped "Made in Germany," while, here in America, the same method is being employed and Chicago says: "Buy only 'made in Chicago' goods"; St. Louis says: "Buy only 'made in St. Louis' goods"; and now New England is taking up the same slogan and saying: "Made in New England." Now, I leave it to you, gentlemen of business, if that slogan is worthy of any city or group of states, desiring to do a national business. Such advertising may call attention to a certain section of the country, but it does not increase the sale of the goods. On the other hand, it does tend to create sectional feeling and to restrict one's trade to his own section. No careful consumer cares where a thing is made. What he wants to know is, "How is it made?" What the West wants to be shown is not that the article is made in New England, but does it possess the "New England Quality"?

You Pilgrims have a wonderfully combined advantage and disadvantage in that New England has always stood for the highest possible quality. Wonderful beyond words is the position that New England has held in the history of the world's civilization. To say that an article possesses the "New England Quality" is to say that it possesses the highest possible degree of excellency. In statesmanship, "The New England Quality" means the Adamases, Franklin and James G. Blaine. In literature, "The New England Quality" means Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne and Longfellow. In reform "The New England Quality" means Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. In the pulpit, "The New England Quality"

means Channing, Phillips Brooks and Theodore Parker. In invention "The New England Quality" means Whitney and Howe. "The New England Quality" stands for the highest possible standard of excellency, and it is a wonderful advantage to be the inheritors of such a record.

* * *

But, on the other hand, there possibly could not be any greater disadvantage, for it is as hard to live up to a good name as it is to live down a bad name. When a man is said to come from the West, you immediately compare him with a cowboy or an Indian. When a man says he is from New England, we immediately associate and measure him with some of the world's greatest characters. If a man undertakes to fill a New England pulpit, we measure him with Brooks and Parker. If he enters literature, we measure him with Emerson and Lowell. If he enters law, we measure him with the Adamases. If he would work reform, we listen intently to hear the clear notes of Puritanism that made Phillips and Garrison world leaders. When a man enters business, we measure him with Oliver Ames, whose shovels were the standard of excellency the whole world 'round. Now, the greatest question of transportation that you men have to face is whether you can deliver the goods; whether you can live up to the name you inherited, and give us goods that are worth our dollars. To solve this phase of transportation, by one who loves New England, his own ancestors having come over in the Mayflower, three things are necessary. (I put the Mayflower statement in for effect. Out West it would count for nothing, for there they do not care whether one came from the Mayflower or from a Fall Pippin).

First—Make use of your opportunities and show the West that while you have beans you are not "has beens." You are not making full use of your natural resources. Your rivers are unharnessed, and we have heard through Mr. Ives how Boston Harbor is neglected in that you have no fleets to garner the treasures of the Southwest. Harness your forces. If you do not, the Vermont granite that you are

sending to mark the resting place of our dead, will be needed at home to mark the once historic scene of former industrial success. For, think not that the West is asleep. We not only make our own shoes, but we are sending them to New England. We are getting tired of sending our cotton to your mills and building just as good ones for ourselves; and pretty soon, we people at St. Louis will dig a fourteen-foot channel in the Mississippi and forget that there ever was a place called Boston.

* * *

The second requisite is that you get away from the old spirit of conservatism. There is nothing more detrimental than a spirit that permits one to take pride in being conservative; for it means death not only to the mental and physical being, but to every enterprise with which the name is connected. There is nothing about conservatism to be proud of, for, in its final analysis it is one of two things—either dry rot or petrification. Conservatism has never written a book, painted a picture, created a building, achieved a reform, or written a constructive law. Conservatism, on the other hand, has been the enemy of every movement that has ever been of permanent value to the world. Conservatism in New England would shut down every factory and stop all progress. Your history was made not by the conservative, but by the radical progressive. Conservatism never could make history. It only repeats history. It says: "We always have done it this way and we always will do it this way." Suppose your fathers in the early days had waited for precedent. Where would we be? All the wealth and value of this nation is the gift of men who dared to throw precedent aside and make venture and adventure for what they believed to be just and right. If I remember correctly, you had a "tea party" here once. That was most radical, but it made history and while, as some of the conservatives of that day said, "We never have done it this way," I notice that you Pilgrims by your list of viands this evening are following closely in their footsteps. I believe you had a radical here by the name of Paul Revere who performed a most wonderful feat of transportation one midnight.

It was a very unprecedented thing to do, but it made history, and history of which you may well be proud. Conservatism never holds a "tea party" or sounds an alarm, and therefore, if you wish to live worthy of the great name you have inherited, you must cast away the spirit of conservatism and dare to make venture.

* * *

The last suggestion that I would make to you is, remember that the world measures a man or an institution, not by what he or it intended to do, but by what is accomplished. You have a magnificent organization here, representing the business interests of this great section of our land. Your plans are good; your purposes are beyond criticism; you are hoping to do great things; but the world will measure this association by what it accomplishes,

not by what it hopes to do; and we shall watch most carefully your history to see if you are giving strength and emphasis to the business life of New England. This movement either means a great victory or a great defeat, for there is nothing more dangerous than the inhibition of a good impulse. When a good purpose suffers from arrested development, it can never come back in its old-time power. But the next impulse will be weaker and the following one still weaker. Therefore, instead of working for numbers, although numbers are good and essential, see that you have small committees to visit each business man and manufacturer to secure his promise to do two things: First—Advertise more extensively, and bring the whole world to New England. Second—Deliver the goods that bear the mark of "The New England Quality."

CITIZENSHIP FOR THE RED MAN

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

A MIGHTY nation we have built
 Of many a race, remote or kin,—
 Briton and Teuton, Slav and Celt,
 All Europe's tribes are wrought therein;
 And Asia's children, Afric's hordes,
 Millions the world would crush or flout:
 To each some help our rule affords,
 And shall we bar the Red Man out?

The Red Man was the primal lord
 Of our magnificent domain,
 And craft, and crime, and wasting sword
 Oft gained us mount and stream and plain.
 And shall we still add wrong to wrong?
 Is this the largess of the strong—
 His need to slight, his faith to doubt,
 And thus to bar the Red Man out,
 Though welcoming all other men?

Nay! let us nobly build him in,
 Nor rest till "ward" and "alien" win
 The rightful name of citizen!
 Then will the "reservation" be
 Columbia's breadth from sea to sea,
 And Sioux, Apache, and Cheyenne
 Merge proudly in American!

Chicago's New Terminal Station

By MITCHELL MANNERING



HE ebb and flow of the tide of travel through the great railroad centre of Chicago gauges the rise and progress of the great central states and the farther northwest beyond any cavil or question.

Among the many splendid structures completed during 1911, of which Chicago may well be proud, the new twenty million dollar terminal station of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway marks an epoch like that of the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt or St. Peters at Rome. Its construction involved the rebuilding of a large portion of the city, and its completion further emphasizes how liberally the great railroad corporations are providing for the public gathering-places and quasi-public resorts which in the olden times were provided only by the state. No other building in Chicago is so significant a monument to the growth of the Middle West, for the single railroad which undertook at immense cost the construction of the splendid structure has been prominently identified with the growth of that segment of the compass leading northwest of Chicago, reaching out to the great granary area of the nation.

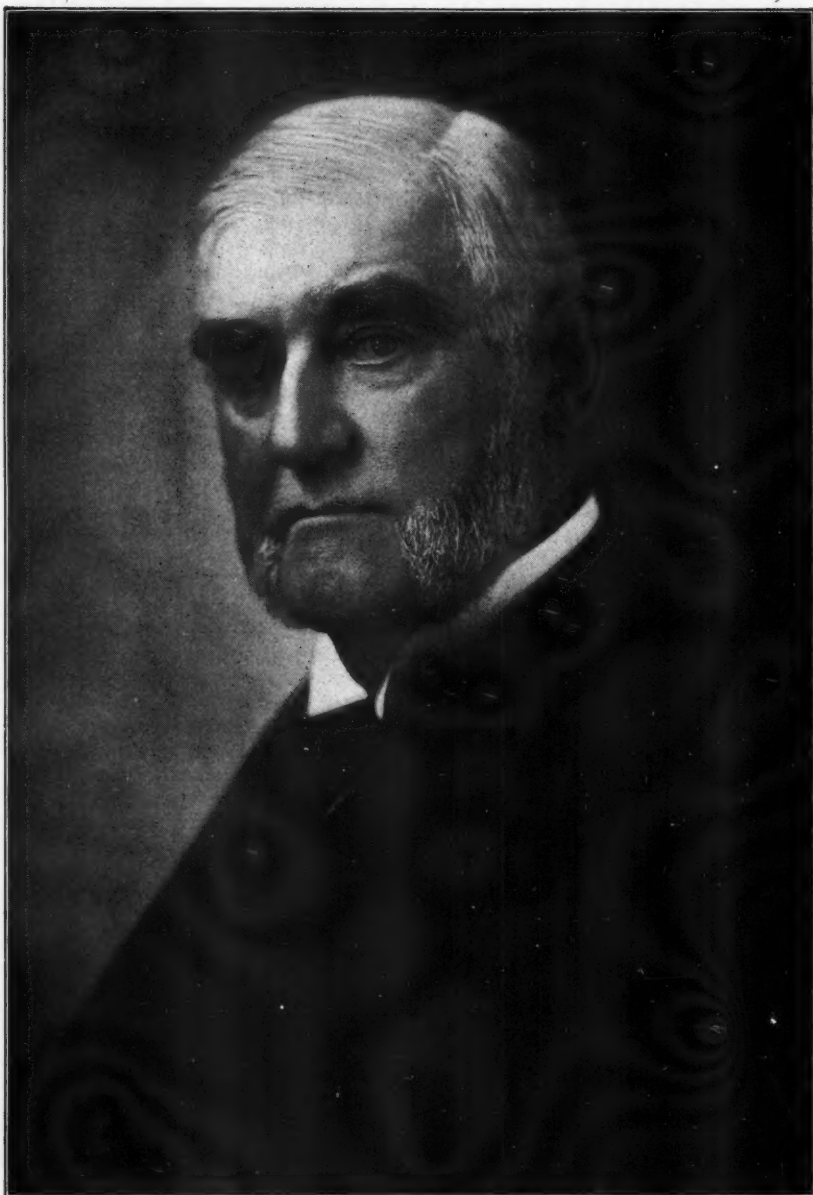
Under the spell of Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Go West and grow up with the country," a young telegraph operator left Albany, New York, many years ago, and entered the employ of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway with the determination to make the building up of this railroad his life work. By a series of rapid promotions, because of his keen and broad grasp of the necessities of the rapidly growing and expanding country, and the development of adequate transportation facilities, Marvin Hughitt was chosen president, and has for many years been the executive head of what is

considered one of the best managed railroads in the world.

Nearly every person living on the route of the Northwestern Railroad with its eight thousand miles of trackage, knows of Marvin Hughitt by sight, at least. Every employe of the line has in some measure felt the personal influence of the man who knows how to operate economically and effectively, and how to expand and create traffic.

While located in a city on the outer rim of the Northwestern system many years ago, I remember vividly the visits of his official car switching down to the ore-docks or over the different feeders that have reached out in all directions to the mines and mills, creating business for the road. In seeing him on these trips it was an inspiration to observe his simple, quiet mastery of detail, and small wonder that the whole force, from section man to superintendent, manifested loyal enthusiasm toward their president. From the day the trim and natty young brakeman dons his uniform for his first run, to the closing career of the portly, gray-haired conductor with seven stripes on his sleeve—every stripe representing five years of faithful service—"out on the line" was a familiar response at the president's office in Chicago.

Close observers of the personnel of railroad corporations agree that the Northwestern men always seem imbued with the spirit of their president—to give the public the best possible service, and to conduct their business in the interests of the public as well as of the stockholders of the road. Mr. Hughitt has seen longer continuous service as a railroad president than any other man now living, and it was fitting that, before his retirement from active duties "out on the line," and his acceptance of chairmanship of the Board of Directors, he should carry out a long-cherished ambition, to provide



MARVIN HUGHITT

For many years President of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway
New Chairman of the Board of Directors

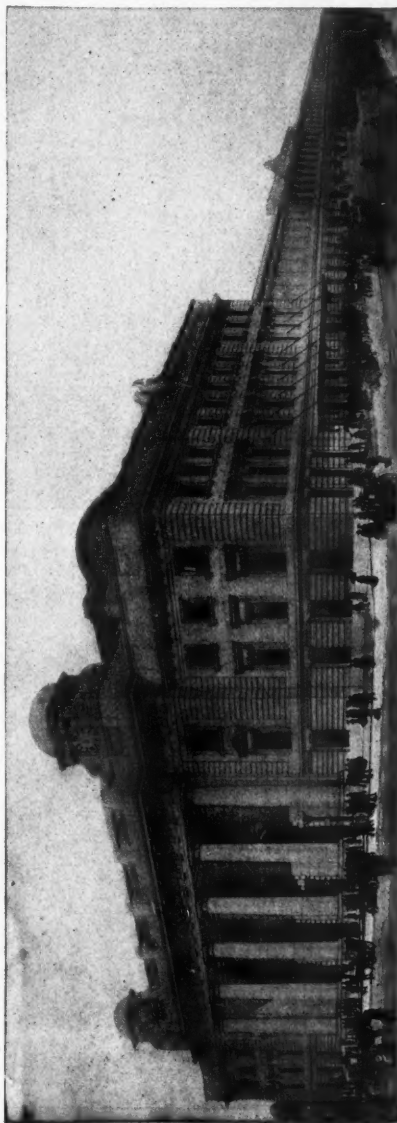
a public terminal station which might remain a fitting monument to the Northwestern policy as exemplified in his years of active administration.

In touch with the remotest of his system, quick in decision and careful in the selection of men for responsible positions, he has made an unrivalled record in railroad supervision. There is always a gleam of inspiring enthusiasm in his blue eyes, and with it that rare smile which has meant so much to many a young superintendent called in to confer with the president. Yet his stern exaction of the best that is in his men has made Marvin Hughitt in many ways an ideal railway president. His iron-gray side-whiskers, erect form, and natural dignity, and his sharp glance, which seems to completely absorb every detail, over-awed the careless, and inspired the ambitious.

His assimilation of an immense flood of minute details, and his foresight in providing for the great future of his line are perhaps best exhibited in the design and construction of the first great Chicago terminal station, and is the supreme tribute of the intense loyalty and faith of the president of the Northwestern in the great Middle and Northern West. In all the details of its construction, the intention and desire to consult the comfort and convenience of its patrons that has always characterized the administration of the Northwestern is unmistakably manifest.

The new Chicago & Northwestern Station faces the south, its Madison Street entrance rising from an immense platform, in a lofty colonnade of six Doric granite columns, flanked on either side by clock towers, and supporting a massive frieze and a magnificent parapet *en balustrade* to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. Back of this colonnade the great arches of the entrance each open upon a vaulted vestibule, covering over one-half an acre of floor space, and forty feet from floor to apex. Its impressiveness necessitates a second look. The main building is of granite, in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and four stories in height. These vestibules lead to an immense floor-space two hundred feet long by ninety-two feet wide,

around which the ticket and telegraph offices, baggage, lunch and parcel-check rooms and news-stand are ranged for

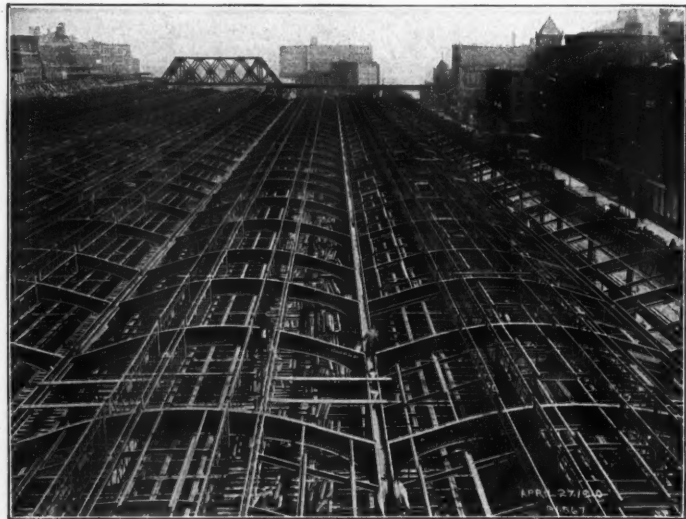


CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN'S NEW STATION RECENTLY ERECTED IN CHICAGO

the convenience of the patrons of the road. From the center of this floor, the grand staircase, even more impressive



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN
NEW STATION IN CHICAGO



TRAIN SHED VIEW OF THE NEW CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN
STATION IN CHICAGO

in its granite simplicity than the famous Doges staircase at Venice, leads to the great waiting-room on the level of the track floors, a splendid apartment like a Roman *atrium*, except that it lacks the fountain and is covered by a lofty vaulted roof, supported by free columns of light green Greek Cippolino marble. Around this splendid waiting-room are arranged the dining-room, ladies' room, smoking room, barber's shop and other conveniences.

The dining-room, whose panelled walls are decorated with scenes portraying the striking history and features of that West and Northwest, with whose settlement and development the Chicago & Northwestern has been so intimately connected, is in every detail one of the finest as well as largest dining rooms in the country, and it is needless to say that its service and menus will follow the well-known and established policy, the "best of everything."

On the third floor, and reached by a separate elevator system, invalids or ladies with children can find refuge from the bustle, noise and nervous tension incident to the daily transportation of a

quarter of a million of human beings. Here are tea and retiring rooms, baths, easy chairs, lounges and emergency rooms, where medical aid is rendered, and skilled nurses are in attendance.

The train shed itself impresses one as a series of steel and glazed arches, four hundred and eighty feet long, each of which has an open central louvre through which the funnels of the engines discharge their smoke in the open air. The baggage is handled by an endless moving truck that suggests a moving sidewalk. The concourse through which the passenger passes to his train is completely enclosed in steel and glass construction, making a cheerful, bright vestibule or waiting room, over three hundred feet long and sixty wide. The entire structure is absolutely fireproof, and with its marble and tile floors, perfect sanitary and plumbing arrangements, and materials which are almost wholly non-porous and easily cleansed, is certainly as nearly an immense temple to Hygeia, the ancient goddess of health, as it is a wonderful monument to the immensity and perfection of the transportation facilities of the day.

AN OLD STORY

I HAVE heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey County, Indiana, to Pike County, Missouri (where John Hay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe). He was starving to death on donations of catfish, 'possum, and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you.'"

—From the book "Heart Throbs."

First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.

BOSTON, MASS.

Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States; Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department

PART VI



BANDAGING and the transportation of the wounded. Bandages are pieces of cloth of various shapes, widths and lengths used to bind on and retain

dressings in their proper positions for wounds, and splints for broken bones; to stop bleeding, give support and immobilize parts of the body. Bandages are made from different materials, such as linen, muslin, gauze, flannel and cotton.

There are several different shaped bandages, the Esmarch triangular, the four-tailed and the roller bandage. The triangular or Esmarch bandage, which was first introduced into popular use by the Surgeon-General Esmarch of the German Army, in 1869, is the ideal bandage for First Aid work and is more easily applied by those unskilled in the use of the rather difficult roller bandage. The triangular bandage may be easily made by cutting any piece of cloth forty inches square into two triangular halves, and may be made from muslin, gauze, or linen, but should be made preferably from a piece of good, strong cotton cloth. The triangular bandage supplied for the use of

the Medical Department of the United States Army and found in all First Aid packages is made by Johnson & Johnson, and upon it are printed illustrations, showing just what to do and how to apply the bandage in all cases of First Aid requiring the use of the triangular bandage. This can be washed and ironed without destroying the illustrations.

In order to become familiar with the use of the triangular bandage, it will be well to give a general description of it. The longest edge of the bandage is called the lower border, and the two sides of the triangle are known as the side borders: The apex of the triangle is the point, and the other two corners are called the two ends (see illustration number 12). The bandage may be used as a whole, as for

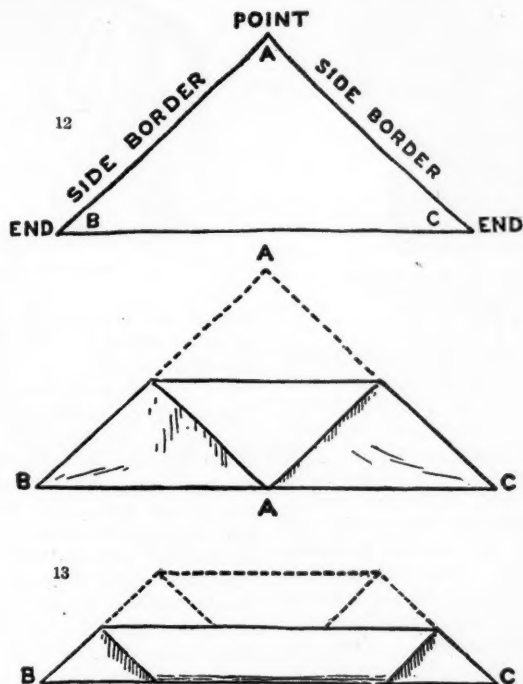
instance to bandage the head, or as a sling, or it can be folded into different widths in the form of cravats, depending upon the part of the body to be bandaged. These cravats are very useful to use as tourniquets for stopping bleeding, to retain splints and dressings, and also as slings (see illustration number 13). The triangular bandage may be fastened either with a safety pin or by tying the two ends in a reef or sailor's knot. Never tie a granny knot, as it is liable to slip and be-



H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.

come unfastened. The triangular bandage may be used as a sling for injuries of the hand, arm or shoulder, either as a narrow or broad sling (see illustrations numbers 14 and 15). The narrow cravat arm sling is made by folding the triangular bandage, as shown in illustration number 13, depending upon the width desired, and is applied by placing one end over the shoulder of the injured side and allowing

hang down. Now place the forearm across the chest at about a right angle, with the palm of the hand inward, resting on the chest, with the thumb pointing upward toward the chin, then bring the lower end up across the outside of the forearm, pass it over the shoulder of the injured side and tie the two ends behind the neck in a knot, or pin with a strong safety pin. Draw the point of the bandage



Method of folding triangular bandage, broad and narrow, to make cravats

the other end to hang down in front. The injured arm should then be bent at about a right angle, in front of the cravat, with the thumb pointing upward toward the chin; the end hanging down should then be drawn up in front of the arm and over the opposite shoulder and tied at the back of the neck (see illustration number 14). The broad sling is applied by placing the point of the bandage below and beyond the elbow of the injured arm and the upper end across the top of the opposite shoulder, letting the other point

forward over the elbow, pulling it snugly, and pin with a safety pin. This makes the ideal First Aid dressing for any injury to the upper extremity, including a broken collar-bone, dislocated shoulder, fracture of the upper arm bones, dislocation of the elbow joint, fracture of the bones of the fore-arm and sprained wrist (see illustration number 15).

Application of the triangular bandage as a whole to the head. This is a valuable application for scalp wounds, particularly where there is bleeding. In applying it

to the head, it is best to form a hem, along the lower border, about one and a half to two inches wide, as this makes it hold better. The hem may be turned either inside or outside. Place the lower edge of the bandage, with the middle of the

applied to the head, makes a very secure dressing and will remain for several days without coming off.

For small wounds of the head, or where an eye or an ear has been injured and it is not necessary to use the triangular bandage as a whole, it may be folded up in the form of cravats (as already sug-

14



Narrow arm sling and the application of the triangular bandage to the shoulder, hand and elbow

hem over the center of the forehead with the lower edge of the hem on a line with the eyebrows (always see that it is in this position, otherwise it will slip off the head). The point of the bandage should hang over the center of the neck, at the back. Now carry both ends backwards around the head, just above the ears, being sure that the point of the bandage is underneath the two ends. Cross the two ends and bring them around to the front of the head again and tie in a firm knot over the center of the forehead. Next pull the point of the bandage downward, so that the bandage fits the head snugly, then turn it up over the two points and pin with a safety pin (see illustrations numbers 16 and 17). This bandage, properly



Broad arm sling

gested) of different widths, depending upon the part to be bandaged (see illustration number 18).

For Wounds or Injuries of the Shoulder. The triangular bandage should be applied by placing the lower border downward across the middle of the arm, the point resting on the top of the shoulder or alongside of the neck. The two ends should now be brought around the arm, crossed on the inner side and tied on the outside. The forearm, on the same side as the injured shoulder, should then be bent at a proper angle and a narrow sling applied, then draw the point of the triangular bandage under and around the cravat



13



14



18

Application of triangular bandage to the head



24

Method of carrying patient
in an upright manner



Position No. 1

25



Position No. 2

26



Position No. 3

27



Position No. 4

28



Position No. 5

29

at the point where it passes around the neck and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 14).

bring the two ends around the wrist, binding down the point, cross the ends and bring them back again, tying in a reef knot

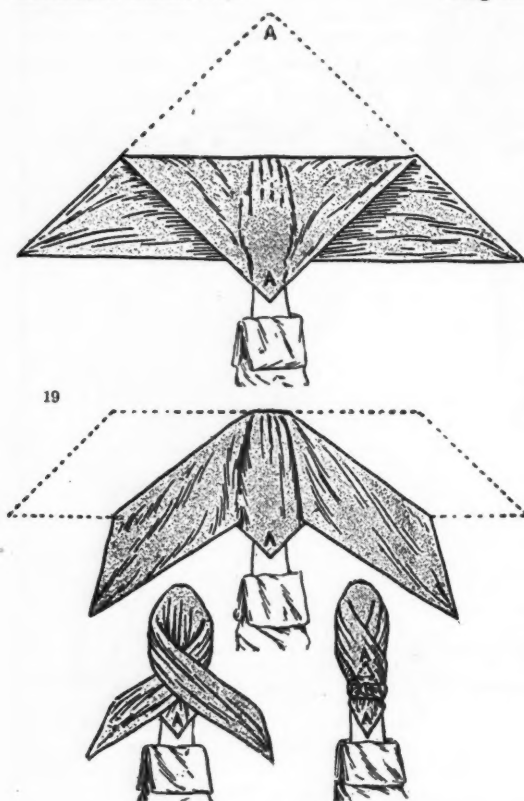
over the point; then draw the point up so that the bandage fits snugly, turn over and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 19).

For Wounds and Injuries of the Palm and the Back of the Hand, where it is Not Necessary to Cover the Fingers. Fold a narrow cravat, place the centre of the cravat over a sterilized compress applied to the wound, bring the ends around the hand and cross them on the back obliquely; then bring them over the wrist forward, cross them in front and carry them back again around the wrist and tie (see illustration number 20).

This is for a wound on the palm of the hand.

For a wound or an injury to the back of the hand, reverse this process.

For a Wound or Injury on the Hip. This requires two triangular bandages and is applied in a similar way as at the shoulder. First, fold a narrow cravat and

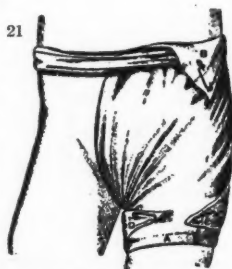


The triangular bandage for the whole hand

For Wounds and Injuries of the Hand. There are two ways of applying the triangular bandage to the hand, either where the whole hand is to be covered, or where a small portion of the hand has to be covered. To bandage the whole hand, spread out a triangular bandage, place the hand upon it palm downward, the fingers pointing toward the point of the bandage, and the wrist on the centre of the lower border. Now turn the point over and backward, carrying it down over the wrist, then

tie it around the waist like a belt, with the reef knot on the opposite side to the injury. Now lay a triangular bandage across the outside of the hip, with its lower border across the middle of the thigh, the point upward. Pass the two ends around the thigh, crossing them, and tie in a reef knot or fasten with safety pins on the outside of the thigh. Now pass the point under the belt, bring it over and fasten with a safety pin (see illustration number 21).

For Wounds or Injuries to the Leg, from the Hip down to



Triangular bandage for the hip



the Foot. The bandage can be applied in the form of a narrow cravat, passed around the leg several times and tied on the opposite side to the injury so that the knot does not press into the wound.

For Wounds or Injuries to the Foot. Place the foot in the centre of the triangular bandage with the toes toward the point. Now carry the point upward and over the instep, then take both ends and bring them forward around the ankle, to the front and over the point, cross them and carry around the ankle; cross them again behind, catching the lower border of the bandage; bring them forward again and tie in front of the ankle. Now bring the point down over the knot and fasten below with a safety pin (see illustration number 22).

The Four-Tailed Bandage can be made out of a strip of muslin, cotton, or gauze, one and one-half yards long and about four or five inches wide. This should be folded lengthwise in the centre, and torn from both ends to within two or three inches of the centre of the bandage. This bandage is useful in treating fracture of the lower jaw and injuries to the scalp. When applied to the jaw, the centre of the bandage should be placed directly over the chin; the lower tails are then carried up over the top of the head and tied. The upper tails are carried backward and tied at the back of the neck. This style of bandaging may be readily prepared even by an amateur from an ordinary four-inch roller bandage.

When the four-tailed bandage is applied to the top of the head it should be considerably broader than when used on the lower jaw, and should be torn from a piece of cloth anywhere from eight to twelve inches in width, and torn in the same manner as previously described. The bandage is then placed on top of the head, the two front ends to be carried backward and tied firmly at the back of the neck, while the two rear ends are brought forward and tied very snugly underneath the chin (see illustration number 23).



Triangular bandage for the foot



Four-tailed bandage for top of head

TRANSPORTATION OF THE WOUNDED

Lifting, Carrying, and Conveying the Sick and Injured. It is fully as important to know how to properly carry and move a sick or injured person as to know how to apply First Aid treatment, particularly those persons who have been rendered unconscious and those who have been so injured that it is impossible for them to walk. Transportation may be effected by the use of a stretcher, or one or more persons carrying the injured party. The litter is by all means the best method and should always be employed, if practicable, and particularly for persons suffering from severe injuries, such as broken legs and all unconscious conditions.

Carrying the Injured by Means of a Single Bearer. This method of transportation is useful in slight injuries where there are no bones broken and when the person is not fully unconscious and can render some assistance himself.

Supporting with One Arm Around Waist and One Arm of the Injured Around the Bearer's Neck. The bearer places his shoulder under the injured man's armpit on the sound side, the patient passes his arm behind the back of the bearer's neck and over the distant shoulder; the bearer

then grasps the wrist of the patient's arm which is over his shoulder with the hand of that side, and with his other arm he encircles firmly the patient's waist. The bearer is in this way able to entirely support the patient should he become faint (see illustration number 24).

Pick-a-Back. This method is impracticable when the patient is unconscious, as it is necessary for the patient to be able to place himself in the proper position. The injured should place himself on the bearer's back with his arms over the bearer's shoulders. The bearer should then stoop slightly so as to get both his arms well under the patient's knees and grasp with one hand the patient's wrist on the opposite side, thus preventing him from slipping off. This method is best adapted for carrying children and lightly built persons.

Carrying Across the Back. This method of carrying by single bearer is the one method which is particularly well adapted to carrying unconscious persons, especially those who have been overcome by smoke or gas, and have to be carried in such a way as to leave one hand of the bearer free in order that he may grope or feel his way through dark or smoky rooms and passages, or where he is obliged to carry a person down a ladder or fire escape. This method is, however, not applicable to a person of whom the extremities are injured, for example, where an arm or leg is broken. This method is known as the Fireman's Lift.

There are several different steps necessary in placing the patient in position on the bearer's back, and in order to make it clear to everyone we will illustrate each of these different steps.

First. Kneel on both knees at the patient's head, facing him, turn patient over face downward, straighten the arms down to the sides. Position No. 1 (see illustration number 25).

Second. Pass your hands under his body, grasping him under the armpits, then raise the body as high as possible in the kneeling position and allow it to rest on one of your knees. Position No. 2 (see illustration number 26).

Third. Pass both arms around his waist and lift him to an upright position, with the body inclined toward your right shoulder. Position No. 3 (see illustration number 27).

Fourth. Grasp his right hand with your left hand, throwing his right arm around your neck; now stoop over and place your head underneath the patient's body; at the same time pass your right arm between or around the patient's legs, bringing his weight well on to the centre of the back. Position No. 4 (see illustration number 28).

Fifth. Then grasp the patient's right hand or wrist with your right hand, balance the body carefully on the shoulders, and rise to an upright position. Position No. 5 (see illustration number 29).

Carrying by Two Bearers. This is an easier and more simple method of transportation and may be effected by means of hand seats, improvised seats, and in a horizontal position.

The Four-Handed Seat, called by children "lady to London," or "lady's chair," is suitable for patients who are able to support themselves by placing their arms over the bearers' shoulders. Each bearer should grasp his left wrist in his right hand, the other's right wrist in his left hand, with the back of the hands uppermost (see



Four-handed seat

illustration number 30). Stoop down and pass the seat thus formed under the hips of the patient, who, having seated himself firmly on the seat, should pass both arms around the bearers' shoulders as they stand up in the erect position (see illustration number 31).

Carrying by Twos in the Horizontal Position—sometimes known as the fore-and-aft carry. This method is useful in cases where the patient is unconscious, and where the upper and lower extremities are not severely injured or broken. One bearer should stand at the patient's head, the other between the feet. The bearer at the head should pass his arms underneath the patient's armpits and interlock the fingers in front of the patient's chest; the other bearer should pass one hand around each knee and carry a leg under each arm (see illustration number 32).

The patient should never be carried face downward by the arms and legs.

Carrying by Means of an Ordinary Chair. This method is particularly useful in carrying patients up and down stairs, especially if the stairs are narrow and have a number of short



Method of carrying patient by means of the four-handed seat

turns; also for getting an invalid on and off a railroad car. The patient should be lifted onto the chair and well wrapped in blankets; the front bearer should then face toward the stairs, and grasp the top of the back of the chair from behind, tilting the chair backward or toward him, in order to let the patient's back rest firmly against him, in a semi-reclining position. The second bearer should face the patient, and grasp the front legs of the chair low down, both bearers lifting together. Carrying down stairs, reverse the positions.

Use of the Litter. A litter is the ideal form of transportation in First Aid work, and, when it is possible, one of the various kinds of litters manufactured and used in hospitals and by the United States Hospital Corps is the best; but when these are unobtainable we must be able to improvise one from material that is handy, such as a light door, window shutter, or cot-bed. Litters are frequently constructed by using an overcoat, turning the sleeves inside out; buttoning the coat over the sleeves and passing a pole through each sleeve. In the woods a litter may be improvised from branches of trees, held together by grapevines or handkerchiefs, and covered with ferns, leaves and grass. It is never advisable or safe to carry an injured person in loose blankets, bed clothing, curtains or rugs, held at the corners by bearers, as one of the corners can easily slip, or the material tear and precipitate the patient to the ground. Stretchers may be carried by two, three, or four persons. When carried by two, one person should be at

the head and one at the foot of the litter. When three or four carry, there should be one at the head, one at the foot, and one or two at the side.

Where only one person is available the head of the litter should be held and the foot of the litter allowed to drag on the ground. This, however, is a poor method of transportation and should never be used when a great distance has to be covered. The following rules should be carefully observed by those engaged in carrying a stretcher:

Always test the strength of the litter, especially an improvised one, before placing an injured person upon it.

The bearers of a stretcher should be as near the same height as possible; if there is any difference, the taller and stronger man should be at the head.

A stretcher should be carried by the hands or suspended by straps from the shoulders. Never carry a stretcher, when loaded, upon the shoulders; it frightens the patient and he might fall off very easily, especially if one of the bearers should stumble.

The bearers should not keep step but break step, the one in front starting off with his right foot and the one behind with his left.

The injured should be carried feet first; in going up a hill or up stairs the head should be in front, and the reverse in descending, except in case of a broken thigh or leg, when the feet should be first in going up and last in coming down, to keep the weight of the body off the injured limb.



Method of carrying patient by means of the fore and after carry

In conclusion the writer would say that he trusts these articles may be the means of saving some lives and alleviating some of the suffering of humanity. These articles have covered almost all cases of emergencies that may arise. However, if there are those who should desire to go into the subject deeper, they can do so by sending for the author's book to the Boston Society of Instruction in First Aid. Price, 50c postage paid.

What Would You Call It?

By JOSEPH BONDY

THE sob of toil-worn children
The back-ache, and the tear,
That fill the nights with horror
And fill the days with fear;
The noise of crashing wheels,
That maim and crush as well,
Some people call it labor,
But others call it hell.

The falling of a woman
To a depth no man may name,
Where love and home and honor
Are all engulfed in shame;
No heart may reach to help her,
In a foulness none can tell,
Some call it prostitution,
But others call it hell.

The groping after manhood
To the place each one should win;
The struggle after knowledge
That saves the world from sin;
The heartache and the sorrow,
That only he can tell,
When some will call it failure,
And others call it hell.

And moiling, shame, and failure
Each unto each may come;
And the coward's heart will waver
Or the craven's strength grow numb;
For the struggles of life are bitter
Yet they teach life's lesson well;
*That some of the paths to Heaven
May lead through the toils of Hell.*

The Nobility of the Trades

THE APOTHECARY OR DRUGGIST

By Charles Winslow Hall



HERE is no class of modern retailers that have brought the art of attracting and pleasing the public to greater perfection than the American apothecary or "dispensing druggist" of the small town or city of the present day. His handsome store is so charmingly decorated, beautifully lighted by day and dazzlingly illuminated at night; furnished with shelves, counters, tables and seats in the most lavish style of business convenience and taste, with a great soda fountain, a marvel of costly marbles and gilt and silvered metallic ornaments and fittings, thick plate mirrors and artistic accessories, and contains such a stock of goods so varied and attractive that it becomes the favorite resort of a multitude of liberal pleasure-seekers. It is only now and then that one is suddenly reminded that graver and more tragical interests busy the careful brains and fingers at work behind the handsome frosted and decorated glass screen that shuts out from public view and possible interference the dispensing department.

Indeed, it is safe to say that the expenditure made to attract and satisfy the demand for soda fountain beverages and compound ices, and the trade in toilet and stationery specialties, bric-a-brac, postal cards, photographic supplies, confectionery, cigars, etc., immensely exceeds

that part of the investment applied to the purchase of drugs and the almost innumerable necessities of the druggist's art. While it can by no means be claimed that the dispensatory of today is in any way inferior in comparison with other up-to-date businesses, the development of the aerated beverage trade, of proprietary and package remedies and curative appliances, have made the interior of an American drug store of the best class so great a contrast to one of a generation back that it scarcely seems possible that both have primarily existed to furnish material for the prosecution of that eternal war against disease and death which men have waged unceasingly from the beginning of human history.

It will doubtless interest both the public and the profession to trace from what ancient and mysterious beginnings the dispenser or compounder of medicines arose, to become one of the most important and central features of all local trade, and the creator of a class of tradesmen whose chief business was to prepare and sell the medicines prescribed by the physicians, is of comparatively modern origin.

Egypt, Greece and Rome undoubtedly had dealers skilled in the preparation of perfumes, philtres, pigments, cosmetics, cordials and too often poisons, but there is little to show that such men dealt largely in medicines, unless they themselves were

both the givers of advice and the compounders of the remedy. The word apothecary comes from the Latin *apothecarius*, through the old French, *apotecaire* and Mediæval English, *apotecarie*.

While it is impossible to say that the nations of Northern Europe had no special dealers in drugs and simples, it is very unlikely that there were enough of this class to be generally recognized as a factor in social and business life. Indeed the frequency with which the "wise woman," "witch wife," "white witch," etc., are spoken of in both Latin and Norse literature compels the belief that, as a rule, the



THE ADEPTS OF BOLOGNE

regular or irregular practitioner kept on hand and compounded most of his own medicines.

The exception to this rule in northern Europe was the grocer, called in old England the "spicerer" or "pepperer," whose trade with foreign lands brought him consignments of spices, oils, roots, dyes and drugs unknown to the simpler pharmacopœia of the Saxon and Gothic peoples.

In time, but at no early date, a certain class of these were known as apothecaries, and in Scotland as "pottingers" or "pottingers." The "pepperers" and "spicerers" of London were first incorporated as The Company of Grocers in 1341, by King Edward III, and was, as usual, granted a coat of arms—the crest a camel supported by two gryphons; above them a shield bearing nine cloves or peppercorns in gold, with the motto, "God Give Grace." A certain number of these had attained to medical skill in the use and preparation of native and also foreign simples imported

and kept for sale, and were known as "apothecaries," one of whom, Coursus de Gangeland, was granted a pension for life for attending King Edward III while sick in his Scottish campaigns, and was termed in the grant "an apothecarie of London."

In time the necessity of regulating the sale of poisons and powerful medicines was recognized, and in 1564 it was enacted that "apothecaries and their stuff shall be under the search of the College of Physicians." In 1607 James I formally incorporated the apothecaries with the grocers; and ten years later, at their petition and on the advice of his favorite physician, granted an order of incorporation to "The Master, Warden and Society of the Art and Mystery of Apothecaries of London," to such of the Society of Grocers as were considered worthy of the trust.

The coat of arms of the new society bore on a shield Apollo with his head radiant, bearing in his left hand a bow and in his right an arrow and supplanting or treading upon a serpent. Above the shield a helmet, thereupon a mantle (veil) and for a crest, upon a wreath of their colors, a rhinoceros supported by two unicorns armed (horned) and ungulated (hoofed). Upon a compartment to make the achievement complete, this motto, set forth in Ovid as the declaration of Apollo himself: "Opiferque Per Urbem Dicor" ("Throughout the World I am Called the Help-Bringer").

Under this act of incorporation, all grocers and others were forbidden to keep shops for retailing medicines and nostrums, the sale of which must be entirely under the management of the "Master, Warden and Fellows of the Apothecaries Company," who were empowered to search all shops in order to destroy all such drugs as were unfit for use and to levy fines on transgressors. In 1624 this jurisdiction was extended to a district seven miles beyond the limits of London, and Sir Edward Coke suggested that they should have "the sole right of preparing those medicines that require art and skill and are proper unto them."

Long before this time the "physicians" had sought to restrain the "spicerers" and

"pepperers" from selling medical commodities, and now the physicians, grocers and apothecaries were engaged in a very pretty triangular fight in which the doctors sought to prevent the grocer from selling drugs at all, and the apothecaries

should practice as a physician or surgeon" unless duly approved by an examining board, and so many unfortunates died because they could not pay for advice or costly drugs or receive aid from the laymen and old women who had been



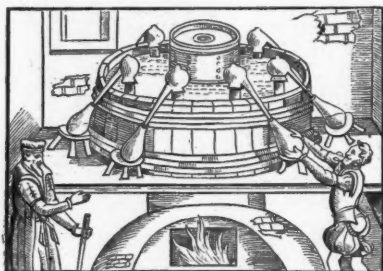
APOTHECARIES GUILD, COURT ROOM, LONDON, ENGLAND

from selling except to those for whom a doctor had prescribed. The apothecaries insisted on selling to whom they pleased, and practiced medicine as much as possible; and the grocers retaliated by prosecuting such unlicensed apothecaries as sold wines and spirits as medicines, and from time to time the sellers of adulterated and fraudulent remedies. But Henry VIII in 1511 had decreed "that no person

the main reliance of the "borrel folk," that in 1542 another act allowed any person to aid a sufferer, and an apothecary to sell remedies to any customer (provided that he made no charge for advice) and this act, supplemented by the decisions of the English courts, is practically the law today. The acerbity of these disputes was immensely increased by the fact that almost everything that could be swallowed

or applied was in that age considered a remedial agent of more or less power. Certainly there was nothing in the shops of the "Pepperers of Soper's Lane" or the "Spicerers of the Warde of Chepe" that did not in some way figure in the cumbrous and nauseous panaceas of that era. From the cask of sack or canary to the red herrings they might help to wash down; nay, from the thief going by to his death on the gallows to the adder coiling his scaly folds by the roadside, there was nothing which was not or at least might not be used as "medicine."

King Mithridates of Pontus was fabled to be so skilled in simples that he defied



ANCIENT METHOD OF DISTILLATION

poisons and almost became immortal. It was claimed that the recipe for this precious remedy had been preserved, and under the name of "Mithridate" it was largely exhibited in quarter-ounce doses up to the close of the Eighteenth Century. It contained forty-four ingredients, including most of the spices and condiments, many gums and a large amount of honey.

"Venice Treacle" was, however, the crowning triumph of the apothecary's skill and contained from seventy-three to one hundred "ingrajiencies," as the late Charlie Dempsey used to say, including a much larger proportion of opium than "Mithridate." One prescription runs as follows:

Troches of squills, six ounces; long pepper, strained opium and *dried vipers*, of each three ounces; cinnamon, balsam of Gilead, or expressed oil of nutmeg, of each two ounces; agaric, florentine, orris root, water germander, red roses, navew seed, extract of liquorice, of each one and one-half ounces; spikenard, saffron, amo-

mum, myrrh, costus or zedoary (both East Indian aromatics), camel's hay (a kind of rush), of each an ounce.

Cinquefoil, root, rhubarb, ginger, Indian leaf or mace, Cretan dittany leaves, horehound, catamint, French lavender, black pepper, Macedonian parsley seed, olibanum, Chio turpentine, wild valerian root, of each six drachms; gentian root, celtic nard, spignel, leaves of poly mountain (kind of mint), of St. John's wort, of ground pine tops, of creeping germander with the seed, the fruit of the balsam tree, or in its stead cubebs, anise seed, sweet fennel seed, the lesser cardamon seeds freed from their husks, seeds of bishop's weed, of hartwort, of treacle or mithridate mustard, juice of the rape of cistus, acacia or in its stead Japan earth, gum arabic, strained storax, strained sagapennum, Lemnian earth or in its stead Bole Armenic or French bole, green vitriol, calcined, of each one-half ounce.

Root of creeping or of long birth-root, tops of lesser centaury, seeds of the carrot of Crete, opoponax, strained galbanum, Russia castor, Jew's pitch, or in its stead white prepared amber, root of sweet flag, of each two ounces. Of clarified honey, three times the weight of all the other materials.

The opium dissolved in wine was mixed with the heated honey, and the gums were melted together in another vessel and the oil of nutmeg added. Into this aromatic mixture the warm honey was slowly dropped, at first a spoonful at a time and later more rapidly, after which the other ingredients, having been finely powdered, were gradually added before the medicated honey cooled. Both these "shot-gun remedies" were largely relied upon to avert or cure the great plague of London in 1664-65, which destroyed about 100,000 people in that city.

It will not surprise the reader to learn that as late as 1750 a prominent London apothecary was complained of for selling to the complainant both "Mithridate" and "Venice Treacle" out of the same pot, and further that either of these ancient and precious remedies were evidently lacking their more valuable components; the cheaper ingredients, such as anise seed, being especially in evidence. Other reme-

dies, recommended as late as 1657, were "the Magiastery of Human Blood," duly digested and nine times distilled, which "taken inwardly and applied outwardly, easeth pains, and cureth most diseases."

Vipers "for the purifying of the blood, the flesh and the skin; and consequently cleanseth of all diseases therein." Other preparations of the droppings of cattle, etc., are too disgusting for further reference.



APOTHECARIES GUILD HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND

The same learned physician, a contemporary of Governor John Winthrop and Judge Sewall, directs the use of Elixir of Mummy as a preventive against all infections; Essence of Man's Brains for epilepsy; Spirit of Human Cranium for gout, dropsy, an infirm stomach, etc.; Oil of Snakes and Adders for deafness; Quintessence of Snakes, Adders and

The early remedies of the world were mainly vegetable simples accompanied generally by the power of religious consecration or heathen incantations, amulets and charms. Egyptian dispensers, about B. C. 1500, had produced strychnine or nux vomica (hydrocyanic or prussic acid) "the poison of the peach" with which princes and other criminals of

elevated social position were allowed to execute themselves to avoid public scandal and family disgrace, and numerous lesser drugs, such as conium, scammony, elaterium, aconite, aloes, senna, manna, etc. Even the ferocious Scythians contributed



THE ALCHEMIST, THE FATHER OF
MODERN CHEMISTRY

to Grecian medicine the powerful virtues of Indian hemp and the still popular liquorice.

The Persian Magi also used vegetable infusions, etc., but declared that the herbs must be gathered, not only at the time when their virtues were in perfection but with suitable religious ejaculations, and pulled with the left hand from behind the gatherer.

Costly medicines were commonly prescribed for those wealthy enough to purchase them. For instance, "An ounce of pearls in a cordial emulsion; another of four or five ounces of fresh peach kernels ordered in early summer; prepared bees, ordered in mid-winter; a restorative electuary of parrot's tongues and hawk's livers" were among the extravagant and costly medicaments of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Some of the prescriptions of that era cost five pounds sterling a pint, and that was an enormous sum in comparison with what it is considered today.

Up to the time of Galen, roots, barks and leaves of herbs, with seeds and spices formed the entire materia medica. Aesculapius or Asclepias, the fabled son of Apollo and Coronis, and fellow-pupil of Achilles, Jason, Hercules and other Grecian heroes who were fostered by the wise cen-

taur, Chiron, is said to have been the first great observer who drew from the vegetable world the powerful agents which have by turns blessed and cursed humanity. Leeches of his house for many generations practiced in his name and prescribed his remedies, and this was the almost universal practice until about the Fifteenth Century of our era, when mineral preparations began to come into use. Hippocrates of Greece used powerful purgatives, diuretics and sudorifics, relieved headaches with a vegetable snuff, and prescribed the juice or gum of the white poppy, white and black hellebore and elaterium. Galen, who was long considered an authority by the learned, denounced all mineral remedies as poisons, and seems to have largely used musk, rhubarb, castoreum, camphor, the acid juice of tamarinds, ginger, zedoary root and like organic remedies. Gold he used not as medicine but to coat some of his pills and boluses, a device sometimes revived by the quacks of the Twentieth Century.

From these and other pioneers in the art of official botany, we derive that worldwide belief in the virtues of a host of vege-



DEATH OF BOMBASTES PARACELSUS

table remedies, which, however abused or debased by combination with nauseous ingredients, or cabalistical and necromantic farrago, have furnished humanity with its chief weapons against pain, sickness and death. Our Norse, Celtic and Saxon ancestors up to the time of the Norman conquest, while relying too greatly on Odinic Runes, Galdra or incantations,

and druidic spells and ceremonies, possessed a great knowledge of simples, including not a few of foreign origin. These, used chiefly in the shape of infusions, embrocations, and as salves and ointments, or less frequently as cordials or mingled in wine or ale, included many which are still used, and some familiar plants whose virtues are no longer recognized. Among those commonly used by the English people were: Henbane, dock, gentian, nasturtium, beet, strawberry, marsh mallow, hoarhound, white poppy, comfrey, heliotrope, peony, verbena, clover, woad, celandine, marigold, groundsel, fern, gladiolus, couch or twitch-grass, rosemary, wood chervil, savin, snapdragon, bramble, pennyroyal, catmint, marjoram, wormwood, coriander, portulaca, lily-root, milkweed, rue, ivy, southernwood, hellebore, foxglove,



THE HOME APOTHECARY

elder, cummin, larkspur, pansy, peony, yarrow, nettle, water-cress, lily of the valley, feverfew, mullein, nightshade, spearmint, lettuce, hemp, fennel, parsley, thyme, violet leaves, etc. These "worts" and a host of others were in use in Saxon England, and have to a greater or less extent remained family remedies on the farms to this day. Curiously enough the use of a tea of freshly cut brown violet leaves has been strongly recommended as a cure for cancer, and was described in the

Lancet of 1906, as singularly effective in some cases. The mullein, poor, straggling denizen of worn-out Cape Cod pastures, is declared to be of singular efficacy in helping wasting babies to retain and digest the nourishment they would otherwise reject. Other simples will recall to the memories of our readers the simple lore of earlier days when "wort-cunning," as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors



"OPIFERQUE PER ORBEM DICOR"
Coat of Arms, London Apothecaries

called a knowledge of herbs, was a necessary accomplishment in the "simple life" of our fathers.

Today the nauseous draughts and huge drenches, the hard, sticky salves, great boluses and bitter pills and powders, are seldom compounded by the apothecary, and life or death hang, humanly speaking, on the exhibition of pleasant medicines and infinitesimal pills.

The dispensaries grow swollen and unwieldy with new remedies, and the chemist adds yearly new mineral salts, and vegetable preparations, drawn from every country under heaven, and more or less accredited by savage experiment and use, and scientific analysis and observation. Ever the proportion of cures in the world's hospitals grows larger, and the pains and weariness of mortal sickness are more completely alleviated; so that the modern apothecary may well repeat the ancient motto of his calling: "Throughout the world I am called the Helpbringer."

Something should be said in this connection of the alchemists or philosophers,

who in their consuming thirst for knowledge became men apart from their kind, and too often, it is to be feared, willing at least to barter salvation for eternal manhood, or unbounded wealth. The awful experiments which their teachers recommended, and the strange noises, odors and apparatus which were a part of their daily labors, with the more or less frequent fatalities resulting from unexpected explosions and deadly gases, added fuel to the prejudices of men in those ages when every strange event was attributed to the grace of God and His Saints, or the malice of the devil and his demons. The church itself, never prompt to recognize authority or influence outside its pale, seldom exercised charity, much less generosity toward the alchemist. As a result we have innumerable legends of bargains with the Great Adversary, in which the priceless jewel of the immortal soul was pledged in

repayment for the aid of "the Prince of this world." So the popular belief recognized the fatal compact, the unholy triumph of forbidden arts, the brief enjoyment of ill-gotten wealth and power, and finally the terrible culmination of the arch-fiend's triumph when the swart hound of hell appears to rend the trembling body limb from limb, and drag the shrieking soul down to perdition.

Doubtless there were many terrible fatalities in the early days of research and experiment; even today science claims its victims in laboratory and factory. But it is to the labors and research of such men that the apothecary of today owes his most useful drugs and mediums, and the knowledge that enables him to do safely what it cost life and limb to perfect, and much obloquy and misconstruction to commend to the mass of mankind.

"CHEQUAMEGON"

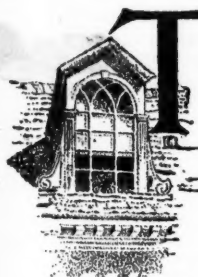
By WILLIAM MCGRATH

IN the gloaming, hushed and lonely,
Lies the fair Chequamegon;
In whose waters—mirrored only—
Bright stars twinkle one by one.
By thy side I wooed my sweetheart,
In the days no more to be.
Oh, I loved, I did adore,
But I'll wander nevermore,
Doling kisses, on thy shore,
Oh, thou lovely inland sea!

Chequamegon! Chequamegon!
Lull me with thy murmur deep;
Like the spirits from Kakagon
I would on thy bosom weep,
Where I wooed my lovely sweetheart
In the days forever flown.
Is there sweetness in my sorrow?
Yes. My weary heart would borrow
Hope from some serener morrow,
When my love may hear my moan.

SOME POPULAR SONGS AND A GROUP OF APARTMENTS

by
Grace Agnes Thompson



THE words of a popular song floated out on the morning air. "Love me, and the world is mine," sang the rich contralto. Bob Walters, the reporter, perched on the rail of a tiny balcony under his window, lazily smoked a cigarette or two before catching the 11 o'clock car for his office, and kept a cautious eye on a bright spot just beyond the window-frame across the court one story above, which he knew to be sunshine glinting on her hair. It wasn't the first time by any means that he had sat there and watched her and thanked his stars that her piano was so near the window, and that his landlady had relet the front room and had made him take a side one.

Between 9:15 and 10:30 every morning she practised, ending always with a few minutes of her delightful singing. The first bar of music had become therefore the cue to stop banging out "short fiction" on his typewriter and clamber on to what he had nicknamed his "second gallery seat." From there he had usually a fascinating profile-view of her pretty face, with an occasional glimpse of a rounded arm when she turned the sheets of music. Four times also something had attracted her attention out of the window and her glance had encountered his—accidentally, of course; no one would suspect Bob Walters of being on that balcony for any other purpose than to smoke cigarettes, enjoy a view of the shrubs in the court beneath and the patch of blue above, and make infrequent scribbles on a paper pad with an officious looking pencil.

"I only know I love you;
Love me, and the world is mine,"

came the chorus again, lingering softly on the last line.

"Her favorite song, I should think," was the reportorial soliloquy.

At the same time his news-eye noted that the performance was over—shortened ten entire, disappointing minutes. The girl was leaving the piano. He stretched himself erect and leaned for a moment against the brick wall, humming thoughtfully the words of her chorus and looking down into the court where Mike McGee, the janitor, had just appeared.

And that was how he came to witness the rest of what happened.

Perhaps it was because the singing had ceased earlier than usual, and the irregularity of it had prompted the listeners to an unconscious effort to fill out the pause; perhaps because it was a warm day and many windows overlooking the court were open, so that the sweet music had penetrated to a larger audience than usual—at any rate, the last tone of the piano had hardly ceased before a woman sewing by a window underneath leaned dreamily against the screen and softly repeated, twice over, the final line: "Love me, and the world is mine."

The chord thus struck vibrated throughout the group of apartments. A musical, though rather noisy spell of magic seemed suddenly to have fallen over them. Voice after voice caught a note and blended it into some melody of its own. For a few minutes there was a curious medley. Snatches of "Starlight," "Dear Old Girl," "San Antonio," "Lazy Moon," "When Dreams Come True," "In Zanzibar," "Cheyenne," "Love's Old Sweet Song," rang out gaily or sadly to join the strange chorus.

It ended soon and as suddenly as it began, though scattered voices sounded spasmodically a few times. From one window came the fretful crying of a child

whom the mother soothed into silence with "Sing Me To Sleep," and "The Song That I Heard in My Dreams." As that also died away into silence, there approached from a window directly across the court the strong, full-throated volume of an Irish girl's voice singing "Honey Boy" at the top of her power. Behind this sound—if one may so express it—appeared the brisk form of the Brownleys' maid, who shoved up the screen and vigorously shook a duster out of the window.

Mike looked up instantly from his shrubs and laughed a jolly, "Good mornin'. Say, are you goin' tonight, Mary?"

No reply. Just a cheerful glance.

"I say! Wait on, Mary—are you goin'?"

Without interrupting "Honey Boy," she shook her head roguishly at him, then disappeared, song and all.

"Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?" he began with teasing emphasis in a clear baritone, whose power sent it penetrating after the ears for which it was meant. Then he waited a minute, looking up. Apparently "Mary Ann" had not heard him.

"Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?" he repeated more teasingly.

"Arrah, don't say that you can't, for you *can*—" The inquisitive face of the Brownleys' maid appeared for one fleeting instant at a corner of the window.

"There's a gossoon wants to spoon
Underneath the harvest moon—"

Another glimpse.

"Sure it's me, can't you see?—Mike McGee—
it's *me*:

There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,
Oh 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;
There's a kiss goes with it, too,
Mary Ann, what's keeping you?—
Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?"

There was a personal emphasis in the tone of his voice that made the parody delightfully significant, in spite of the innocent way in which he had returned to his shrubs.

"Hush up, down there, Mike McGee, I'm ashamed of you," remarked the Brownleys' maid in a shocked undertone, with her mouth close against the screen.

Mike McGee looked up at her delightedly and began again: "*Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?*"

Mary bestowed on him one more shocked glance, then she again left the window. Mike McGee laughed out merrily and went on clipping twigs with an air of humorous patience and determination, that Walters understood to mean: "Oh, very well; but I shall stick it out to the finish."

He seemed thoughtful for perhaps two minutes, then he commenced to sing out distinctly and easily, even carelessly, but with flexible intonations and little punctuations of emphasis on the "Mary Ann" that would have made him successful on the stage.

"Mary Ann, just put on your brand-new bonnet,

Mary Ann, wear the dress with shamrocks on it;

Come, Allanna, don't you hear me sigh?

See, the moon is shining in the sky—

Mary Ann, what a lovely night for sparking,

Mary Ann, boys and girls are all skylarking—

Don't keep me here, waiting like a clown,

Mary Ann, *will you come down?*

"Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?

Arrah, *don't* say that you can't, for you *can*.

There's a gossoon wants to spoon

Underneath the harvest moon—

Sure it's me, can't you see?—Mike McGee—

it's *me*:

There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,

Oh, 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;

There's a kiss goes with it, too—

Mary Ann, *what's keeping you?*

Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?"

The last of these coaxing words almost clashed into a fresh volume of song from the Brownleys' windows.

"I'm going to do what I please,

And I don't care who I please just so long as

I please myself;

I'm going to go where I please;

I'm going to come when I please"

This was positively refreshing in its carefree abandon, Walters felt. Down in the court the snip, snip, snip continued, uninterruptedly, and, after the briefest noticeable pause, the pleasant baritone hummed along cheerfully again and with apparent unconcern, ringing out occasionally into audible words.

" out to-night, Mary Ann?

. for you *can*

There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,

Oh, 'tis you that knows it well

There's a kiss goes with it, too

. *what's keeping you?*

Are you coming out tonight, Mary Ann?"

At the same time song kept pouring volubly from the Brownleys' windows:

"I'm going to go where I please . . .
I'm going to love who I please
Just so long as I please,
If I don't please no one else. . . ."

"There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann . . .
There's a kiss goes with it, too,—
Mary Ann, what's keeping you?"

Mike continued carelessly, as he crossed the court to fetch his watering pot.

"I'm going to do what I please," came an apparent answer from the windows.

For several minutes now Mike was very busy with the watering pot. Then he began in a new key:

"You'll be sorry just too late. . . ."

Here Mike's voice trailed vaguely out from a half open door for a moment and Walters lost some of the lines. Then—

"Say you're sorry, 'cross your heart,
Then I'll give you one more start.
If you are, don't hesitate,—
You'll be sorry just too late."

Not a sound from the Brownleys' apartment. The concerto there had reached an abrupt finis. Their windows appeared deserted, though Walters was almost willing to swear that a pair of bright gray Irish eyes were cautiously spying from behind the lace curtains of one of them. Mike had glanced upward once very casually and now he too was silent. Walters congratulated himself that his balcony rail was high and that the Brownleys lived a story below, for this thing was growing rather exciting and he knew the ending might lack somewhat in naivete if he were discovered.

He lighted a fresh cigarette and then reconnoitered carefully over a corner of his railing. The woman on the ground floor who had been singing to her child and the one who had echoed the chorus, "Love me, and the world is mine," were no longer in sight. So far as he could see, no one was listening now besides himself and the sweet-faced cripple girl, Alice Eagan, whose wheel chair always stood in one of the sunny windows at a right angle to the Brownleys'. She espied him, smiled and waved her hand.

The window revealed nothing except a reminiscent looking piano.

Walters smiled and waved back to Alice Eagan, noting pleasurably that the roses he had brought her four days ago were still in their vase on the window-sill, and mentally patting himself on the shoulder for having thought of the gift. It was worth while bringing flowers to a girl like Alice, who fairly reveled in them and could never gather them for herself. How her eyes had lighted up and the pretty pink come into her cheeks. Ever since the second day of his sojourn at Waverley Court when he had seen her drop her silver thimble out of the window and gaze down in helpless distress where it had fallen because the janitor was not in sight and had hastily presented himself like a troubadour beneath her window and diligently searched the diminutive treasure out from its hiding place in the grass—since that moment Alice Eagan had been a sort of inspiration to him, and Walters had a very warm spot in his heart for her. Hardly a day passed when he did not run in to chat with her a few moments, to show her something he had written, or to bring her a fresh book. She was pretty well educated, and an appreciative reader of good books. She could certainly criticize, too, and lately Walters had been ruminating over the possibility of getting her some of the book work to do on his paper. He made a mental note now that he must see about the matter this very day. It might mean a whole lot to Alice, for he fancied that her people were not especially wealthy and that she was not always sewing at those little novelties for mere pastime. Moreover, it was not likely that she, dear and sweet though she was, would ever get out into the world and marry like—well, like *her*.

Walters looked rather guiltily up at the window and saw that it was still lonely.

At last Mike carried away his watering pot and brought out a hose. Walters thought he handled it with unusual deliberation and determination. Certainly those qualities were dominant in his tone as he repeated:

"You'll be sorry just too late
When my love has turned to hate. . .
You'll be sorry just too late."

Walters was sure that he saw the lace curtains moved by some other agency than the light breeze. By some spirit of camaraderie he was also sure, as he glanced over at Alice Eagan, that she had marked the same thing. Yet almost instantly from somewhere in the interior of the Brownleys' apartment came the voice of the Brownleys' maid:

"Teasing . . . just to see what you would do; Of course you know that I was teasing, teasing,—
I was only, only teasing you."

This time, however, her tone was not careless and indifferent. It was mischievous, and just the least bit plaintive. Alice Eagan gestured her delight to Walters, then demurely signalled him not to betray his auditory position, as the Brownleys' maid raised a screen and with her head thrust out at the aperture sang again softly: "I was only, only teasing you."

Mike, bending over the hose, started as though suddenly electrified, and stared up at her.

"You're worth teasing, Mike," she announced.

"Are you going tonight, Mary Ann?" he demanded in his natural voice.

"Sure, Mike. I'll go. What time is it to be?"

"Seven-thirty sharp by th' clock on th' right hand upper corner of this buildin'. Will you be downstairs here at seven-thirty sharp? It's your night out, I know."

"Sure, Mike," she acquiesced again with mock meekness, and immediately drew in her head and shut the screen.

Mike, however, appeared satisfied, for he set about his work with wonderful cheerfulness and alacrity.

Alice Eagan clapped her hands merrily—though noiselessly—at this propitious close of the performance, pretending to demand an encore. Walters, with equal gaiety, followed her example. Then he pulled out his watch and assumed an expression of horror as he discovered that it was twenty minutes to eleven. Alice laughed, but signed eagerly that he should come and speak to her before he tried to catch his car. And he was nothing loth to do so, for there were two or three tactful

questions he wanted answered before he broached that subject of book criticism to his editor.

"Mr. Bob Walters," she began, as he dropped into a seat near her wheelchair a few seconds later. "This isn't teasing you, because I don't want to be sorry, and I don't want you to miss your car either, but tomorrow is Friday, your day off duty, and I very particularly want you to arrange to come and take tea with me here. You've never done that, you know. Mother will be chaperone. And I shall have a friend here whom I want you to meet. She's a nice girl, and pretty, or rather beautiful, and she sings divinely. In fact, you may possibly have heard her singing sometimes in the mornings, if you were not too busy with your stories—she's Miss Barbara MacAllen, and she lives in the other side of Waverley Court."

Barbara MacAllen! That, then, was her name.

Walters looked at Alice a bit searchingly, hoping at the same time that he had concealed any start her speech had given him. "I didn't suppose you knew her," he said wonderingly. "You've never mentioned her before."

"You *have* heard her, then," Alice said, leaning forward eagerly. "Isn't her voice exquisite?"

"It's perfect," he answered, and to save his life could not keep the note of emotion out of his tone. In self-defense he added quickly: "You see, I've listened sometimes when I was scribbling out on that balcony of mine. A fellow naturally would, when a girl can sing like that."

The delicate color came into Alice's cheeks and her eyes were bright and dark. "Of course a fellow would," she said. "I had to myself."

"You haven't mentioned her before," Walters repeated thoughtfully.

Alice replied after a second's hesitation. "She is a new friend, but we are already good ones, and I think you will enjoy knowing her, too."

"I would like to," he admitted. "I—in fact—"

"Fess up," Alice urged with pretty gentleness. "I'm your Muse, you know, and a Muse may be trusted as fully as a father confessor."

"I certainly do tell you things," Walters returned. "I was going to say I had already often thought I should like to know her."

"I'm so glad then," Alice said, "that I thought of asking you here at the same time. I want you to come about five o'clock. Barbara will be here only a few minutes before that, but I am going to let you come early and talk to us while she helps me arrange the tea table."

"Yes," he answered absently, not rudely. "I can't get over how queer it seems that you really know her."

It seemed to Walters that something rippled vaguely, like a wave across Alice's face—emotion, laughter, or something; it was so very elusive, he could not tell what. She leaned back among her pillows, reaching out her hand for the extra one which lay on the floor by her chair, before she spoke.

"It's very pleasant," she said brightly. "Now don't forget five o'clock, and you mustn't miss your car."

Eleven o'clock *was* approaching. Yet Walters lingered.

"No. Did you say you had not known her long?"

"Our friendship is almost two weeks old, but it's real friendship, I think." Alice hesitated and appeared a little embarrassed. "I will tell you a bit more—I—asked her to be my friend. Sitting here by my window every day, I can watch her whenever she sits at her piano—see!"

Walters stood at the back of Alice's chair and looked up to *the* window—and saw how much better a view she had than he from his balcony.

"My window is really dear to me, I see so much from it. I watched her—Barbara—a great deal, feeling always more and more attracted to her, and sure that she and I might become friends if we could only meet, until finally I wrote her a little note—mother got me her name from the janitor. She did just what I knew she would, came right down to see me and sing for me, and we were friends."

Down from the other angle of the court floated two or three bars of music, as if someone in passing had lightly run her

fingers over the piano keys, and that rich contralto rang out clearly and sweetly:

"I only know I love you,
Love me, and the world is mine."

Alice, listening and approving, smiled up at Walters with inscrutable eyes. Walters listened, too, with a somewhat quickened beat of his heart. But even while he paused there to hear the last echo, an odd fancy struck him—that Alice looked wonderfully brave and strong somehow, he couldn't tell whether it was in her expression or where, but wonderfully brave and strong as well as sweet and dear.

"Good-bye, Bob Walters," Alice said, the moment the last echo had died. "That old eleven o'clock car," with a wry face—wry faces with Alice were not pouts or anything else commonplace—"I am so glad you are coming tomorrow."

Outside the door Walters paused, he had not asked those tactful questions, and turned back. It was evident that Alice thought him really gone. She was leaning toward her window with her elbow on the sill and her chin in her hand, and seemed to be looking out beyond the opening of the court, which her window faced, to the greenery of a small park across the street. Of course he could not see her eyes, but he felt that they were dreamy and yet shining, her whole attitude was somehow so elate. She was probably thinking of that song which must have been written as a sort of answer to "Love Me, and the World Is Mine," for presently she sang over softly the words:

"I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved
Still well remembered, grieve not me. . . ."
. I love, and the world is mine."

It would be presuming now to disturb her, Walters felt. He was curiously awestruck, and turned away without quite closing the door, lest he should make some sound, and tiptoed quietly down the hall, and hurried out to his car, stowing this picture of Alice away among certain choice treasures of his memory and thinking in a kind of subdued excitement of tomorrow, of meeting *her*, and of securing that criticism work for Alice.

WHEN WE DINED WITH LADY ZU



Isabel Anderson



ONE day in September the women of our party dined with Lady Zu. We had received the invitations, executed in black Chinese letters on a long piece of red paper, several days before. A translation was attached which stated that we were expected to arrive at five o'clock and that dinner would be at seven. We were warned that it was not a Chinese custom to reply, but that we must appear with the invitation in our hand. As foreign women are seldom admitted to even the humbler homes of the Manchus, and Lady Zu was not only a Manchu but a personage of high rank, it was a rare privilege that was offered us by these curious invitations.

Starting off in carriages, we passed Chinese dignitaries serenely squatting in covered chairs carried by coolies, while outriders were going helter-skelter before and behind them on shaggy ponies. We whizzed by carts drawn by mules, and jinrikshas bearing painted Manchu ladies, and Chinese women toddling along on their tiny broken feet.

Bumpity-bump over the rough street we drove, while our driver snapped his whip and gave long calls which sounded like "liar! liar!" We went under pailos and through thick-walled arches, passed gray walls and pink ones, and saw in the distance the Forbidden City, whose dazzling, yellow-tiled roofs were as bright as the setting sun.

Finally we drove up before Lady Zu's house. This looked like any other on the outside—a long gray wall with a hooded entrance gate. Inside also we found the

usual arrangement—a walled compound enclosing many courtyards and one-storied buildings, the latter often connected by bridges or covered passageways. Entering on foot we passed through one of these courtyards and into a second yard where stands the stone screen which is placed in every house to keep out the devil, since the Chinese believe that "the devil can travel only in a straight line."

This same devil seems to give them great concern, for on the corners of the roofs were little curligigs, which when the devil slides down the roof are supposed to toss him up again. Then along with the little tiled animals, the dragon and the phoenix, which mean happiness and prosperity, comes the mysterious hen ridden by a man. The hen is supposed to give the devil a peck when he comes too near. The Chinese have built pagodas to propitiate the spirits of the air; but their houses are all low, and for a long time there was a law forbidding any structure above a certain height so as to prevent missionaries from erecting churches with towers, which might interfere with their gods of the air.

We presently found ourselves at the entrance to a charming paved court. There were potted green plants twisted into queer shapes, and small fruit trees with bunches of crab-apples and beautiful ripening pomegranates hanging from their branches. Lotus leaves floated on an artificial pond, and bright flowers peeped at us between fantastic-shaped rocks. At this entrance Lady Zu and her daughters stood waiting to greet us. They were noble Manchu ladies, and they looked like curious flowers in their long, light blue, straight gowns and short jackets, their faces whitened and rouged beyond belief, their black hair plastered down

with oil and sewed together at the back and surmounted by strange black satin top-knots with flying buttresses. There were flowers in this head-dress, too, and pearl ornaments striking out at different angles. We could easily believe what we were told, that such a toilet takes several hours in the making. The Chinese ladies who soon gathered about us were costumed quite differently from the Manchu women. Mme. Tsi, for instance, was in a short embroidered pink jacket with pink trousers, and her hair was oiled and coiled in the back of her neck with many jewels; she wore bracelets on her arms and precious stones about her neck. As a rule the Chinese and Manchu women do not mix much. These Chinese ladies all had natural feet, were educated in America and spoke English, while the Manchu ladies had little or no education.

When they met us they all shook hands, but in greeting each other they slide their hands upon their knees and bow low several times. We were escorted into a room where amahs or maids took our wraps as they balanced themselves on their high shoes, trembling so in their excitement at seeing people from a far-off land that their mutton-fat jade earrings shook in their ears.

We were then taken to the big seat of honor, made of teak-wood and marble, in the center of which was a small table. Here we had tea for the first time—I say the first time, for we were offered it in different pavilions at least five times as we walked through the compound.

Lady Zu's two daughters, who looked about her own age, were presented to us, and a small baby was also brought forward. Whether they were all her own children or not we could not find out, but we saw no other wives, although we were told that Chinamen may have as many as they can afford to keep. If there are several they all live in different parts of the same compound, each one keeps house, and I believe they make very good mothers and housekeepers. The unmarried girls take precedence over the married ones, for they say: "Perhaps some day she may be Empress!"

The rooms through which we passed were all more or less alike: tables and

chairs of teak-wood, a European oil painting here, a piece of Japanese embroidery there; instead of "God Bless Our Home," poems hung upon the walls, together with "Good Wishes" written in big black letters by the old Dowager Empress's own hand. On the stone floors, instead of the Golden Tibet Monkey Rug, which "keeps the whole house warm," as they say, were only here and there a few garish European carpets. The house was cold, even in September, but in winter it is partially warmed by fires built under their large beds.

At last dinner was announced. The table was set for sixteen. It was quite European, with flowers, knives and forks. I was rather disappointed that we didn't have duck's tongues and fish lips. Course after course—wine after wine. Our hostess proposed toast after toast, saying: "I drink the glass dry with you!" It was rather a struggle to keep up the conversation. One end of the table was made gay by trying to teach a Manchu girl English, while some of us passed around our menu cards for the ladies to write their names upon. Some of the Chinese ladies had been given English names, such as Ida or May, while others still kept their Chinese ones, such as "Fairly of the Moon," and "Beloved of the Forest." Lady Zu would not write her name. Mme. Tsi assured us that she had trouble with her eyes.

After dinner, to our amazement, some Chinese music was played on the pianola, while more tea and cigarettes were passed. It was all very interesting and delightful, but when we drove back to the hotel at half past nine we were so tired and it seemed so late to us that we wondered why the sun didn't rise!

This was perhaps the most novel experience we had while in Pekin. It well illustrates the transition period through which the empire is now passing, when some Chinese women are still wearing the "cup of tears," as they call their tiny embroidered satin shoes, while others who have studied in America or at mission schools are leaders in the ranks of progress, and one woman has even established a daily newspaper in Chinese for her own sex.

IN THE DAYS OF THE "OLD WEST"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



HAT a charm there is in listening, in the course of desultory converse, to the story of an active life! Sitting on the veranda of beautiful *Pres de Leau*, the summer home of Mr. Francis M. Smith—with a field-glass close at hand to sweep the harbor of Shelter Island, wherein his beautiful steam yacht "Hauoli" lay at anchor—he described to me with all modesty and simplicity incidents of a career that has had an untold influence in household economics.

Francis Marion Smith left his Wisconsin farm home in 1867 for the "Rockies," and followed the mining camps from Montana to Idaho, and from California to Nevada until 1872, back in those days which Mark Twain illuminated with witty chronicles, and Bret Harte immortalized in the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands" and other classics of an era of fiery adventure and enterprise, which may be hard to understand in this quiet day of business improvement and development.

In the fall of 1872, among the forest camps that encircle Columbus, Nevada, some ten miles away Mr. Smith was supplying material to miners, and engaged in mining exploration. While delivering wood at the mills and timber to the mines, he made a discovery which proved to be more valuable than any placer or gold-bearing ledge. From his cabin in a narrow gulch, one day, he was struck with the appearance of a gleaming white marsh near him, and taking supplies of provisions and tools on his pack animals, he found, by chance, that the richest portion of a barren marsh was an immense deposit of borax.

He carried the samples to an assayer at Columbus, little suspecting the great value of the shiny white deposit, richer

and rarer than the pockets of golden nuggets which others had found in the surrounding country. The reports on the samples were so favorable that Mr. Smith returned to the marsh, locating several thousand acres, most of which, however, was found to be worthless. Arrangements were made to put up a plant, and the production of borax on a large scale was begun.

At that time the many uses of borax were little known. The druggists sold it at twenty-five cents per ounce, and it was principally used for medicinal purposes. Mr. Smith has lived to see borax become one of the most important articles of commerce, and his extensive operations have brought about a revolution in its production and sale as a household staple, in universal use. For fifteen years "Teel's Marsh" was operated without cessation, and practically controlled the market: over seventeen thousand tons of borax were taken from this marsh alone. The years and energy spent in buying up over a hundred locators, and clearing up all adverse claims was an undertaking, in those days of titanic tasks, demanding persistent effort and determination. But Mr. Smith "kept right at it" until finally the ownership of the marsh was centralized and later transferred to the company of which he has been president ever since its organization in 1890.

Ten years previous another important discovery of borax was made in Death Valley, California, from which the "20 mule team" hauled the crude mineral to the railway at Mojave, 167 miles distant. One of the drivers of this famous mule team died only a little while ago, a man whose life story is of picturesque interest. A few years ago the mule teams were supplanted by a broad gauge railroad called the Tonapah & Tidewater Railway. Nearly every foot of the land

in this great area has been traversed personally by Mr. Smith. His permanent residence is now in Oakland, California, one of the golden spots in the Golden State, in which the deathless Californian flowers bloom in all their radiance the year round. His summer home on Shelter Island, *Pres de Leau*, meaning "by the water," occupies an estate of three thousand acres, on which he has lived for many years, and delights to superintend personally.

Mr. Smith has been very successful in other lines of business undertaken outside of his great life work. The street railways of Oakland, the Key Route Ferry System, and the electric train line running to the suburbs of Oakland, Piedmont and Berkeley, stand as monuments to his enterprise and foresight. He is president of the West End Consolidated Mining Company of Tonopah, of the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad, and also of the Oakland Chemical Company of Oakland.

* * *

Few men who have won in the great battle of life are so beloved by the young men with whom he is associated in business. He keeps in close touch with each of them, and the men who are managing his interests often wonder that none of the many details of his great business escape him.

His hair is thrown up from his forehead in a great wave, and his blue eyes keenly note all that takes place about him; small wonder that he has been so successful in all his operations; and yet anyone acquainted with him soon realizes that if there was ever a broad-minded and noble charity, it is that which Mr. Smith exercises in his own unostentatious way. A sturdy, rugged character, he has always persistently refused to identify his name with the advertising of the great staple with whose production and sale he has been so closely identified. He believes that the goods rather than the name of their owner should make their own record.

An enthusiastic yachtsman, his sloop, the "Effort," has long been known as the fastest of her class; sixty-three feet in length, and of perfect lines, rig and equipment, she is the pride of her owner. She won the cup offered by the late King

Edward to the New York Yacht Club, and the name of F. M. Smith was the first to be engraved on the famous trophy. If one were to name Mr. Smith's favorite recreations, yachting must first be included, for he very often sails his own boat, and out of twenty-six races in one season the "Effort" won twenty-three, which is considered an unusual average in yachting contests. The steam yacht owned by the late H. H. Rogers recently ran a close race with Mr. Smith's "Hauoli."

With all his diversion he continues his work of supervision and initiative with the same zest as in the early days. The careers of such men mean much. If it were not for the inspiration of such achievement, very little incentive for bold and adventuresome spirits would remain. The development of the great arid plains of the West and the creation from desert wastes of wealth and employment for thousands, besides bringing into daily use and reducing in price an invaluable mineral, is certainly a record of beneficent conquest.

* * *

To sit with him as he details the experiences of his early manhood would enthrall a Fenimore Cooper, for the men who initiated the great undertakings in the great West are growing few in number. Those who went West in the sixties and were identified with the great interests and operations covering such a large area, were necessarily men of broad ideas and purposes. One can almost determine the individuality of a man by the outlook he chooses for his home—and the site on which this home is built and the views it commands reflect in a measure the great guiding purposes of the owner's life.

It was late into the evening before we had finished our talk, as we quietly smoked, and as a minor interlude between the reminiscences of his career, I learned that for many years his sight had been impaired from "desert blindness," and during all that time his correspondence was largely read to him by others. His sight is now fully restored, and with his wife and his charming little children, he is enjoying to the full those simple comforts of life which are the richest heritage that any career can afford.

A ROMANCE OF A SKY PILOT

Edgar Wm. Dynes



EVERYONE has their own idea of the hurry-up-hustling West, but few would accuse it of spending much time in building monuments. She is so busy finding gold mines, sowing wheat and planting orchards that she has but little time to spend in the erection of granite shafts to the memory of the hardy pioneers who blazed the way.

In the hurly-burly of the strenuous life she has even allowed some of the old prospectors, who discovered the rich bonanzas which have brought her not a little of her wealth, to die in poverty. One of them died in Colorado a short time ago. He crossed the plains in the early days and discovered the great Cripple Creek camp. But others reaped where he had sown, and when he passed over the Bridge of Death he took with him all that he possessed.

Although this think-of-yourself spirit is more or less in evidence all over the growing, throbbing West I am glad to be able to cite an exception to the rule. Some of the heroes have been forgotten—but not all. On the main business corner of the smart little mining town of Rossland in southern British Columbia there stands a monument to the memory of a brave, big-hearted man.

The erection of this beautiful stone column is remarkable for three things.

In the first place it was erected to the memory of a sky pilot. The West has generally been rather slow to recognize the benefits she has derived from the work of the men who have gone from camp to camp and from ranch house to ranch house spreading the message of the Word. In the newest and wildest camps, the presence of a gambler and a saloon keeper has always been taken as a

matter of course, while the parson has been considered more or less of an unnecessary quantity.

Then again it was erected in a town where in the boom days the saloon with all its attendant evils reigned supreme. What with wine, women, booze, blackjack and cards—it was about as near the devil's camping ground as any town or camp could very well be.

But there is one more reason. It was because of the efforts, and mainly through the contributions of the miners of the various camps that this memoriam was possible. And as a class the miners of the West are not given credit for being very religious. Rather a false idea, it is true, but a popular conception, nevertheless.

In the centre of that wide-awake mining metropolis it stands, a permanent, lasting tribute to the life and works of "Father Pat," an Anglican clergyman, who was pastor of the little frame church in that city for a number of years. In the parish records he was described as the Reverend Henry Irvine, but he was known far and wide in the mountain country as "Father Pat."

As the latter name might suggest, he was an Irishman, and a good-natured one at that. It is doubtful if he ever knew just how big his heart really was. It throbbed with a mighty love for all humanity. Creed, color or nationality made no difference; a man was a man to Father Pat.

He was a parson pure and simple. He never speculated in real estate or dealt in wildcat mines on the side. Like the humble follower of the Nazarene that he was, he cared for nothing but to bring sunshine and hope into the shadowy lives of men. And in his mission of help and cheer he did things with an absolute disregard for time-honored custom or the conventionalities of civilization.

He had his own way of doing everything. In the main he did things a little different from anyone else. When circumstances seemed to warrant, and there seemed to be no other way in which he might accomplish his end he would bring some muscular Christianity into play. The following incident will illustrate the meaning of his muscular Christianity.

Away out on a lonely mountain side, thirty miles from a doctor of a hospital, a prospector lay seriously ill. Father Pat had a wonderful faculty for hearing about people who were in trouble and he chanced to learn about it. He gathered together some appliances and a few bottles of medicine and started on his weary march over the mountains. Thirty miles was nothing to him. He has been known to walk as much as forty miles in a day.

As he neared the cabin home of the prospector he met three miners on horses who saluted him in a very uncivil manner and inquired where he was going. He told them that he was on his way to the sick man's cabin. They replied that Bill needed a doctor instead of a parson and began to say nice things about parsons in general, and him in particular, finally refusing to allow him to proceed any further.

He made an attempt to pass but they stoutly held their ground. Then quicker than lightning he brought his muscular Christianity into play, and almost before they had realized his intention, he jerked one of the miners off his horse. Without stopping to take breath he pulled the second one off also. It was not necessary to repeat the act with the third as they were too much surprised at the turn things had taken to further interfere.

Reaching the sick man's side he soon ministered to his wants. He put on a fire, cooked a good supper of bacon and beans, and then spent the night with him. On the following day, having done all that he could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick man, he set out on the return journey.

While going down the trail he encountered the three miners whom he had met on the day before. They surrounded him in a threatening manner and again began to insult him.

"Will you see fair play if I fight one at a time?" he inquired.

They all replied in a breath that nothing would suit them better.

A ring was formed and it was not long until the first man measured full length on the ground. The second fared no better, and the fighting parson smilingly invited the third to come on. But he had come to the conclusion that the new parson was not a man to be trifled with, and he took to his heels, running as hard as he could. Before going on, Father Pat bathed the bruises of the two prostrate figures. Then he preached a little sermon on the evils of fistular activity and proceeded on his way.

Henry Irvine was born on August 2nd, 1859, in a secluded part of the Wicklow mountains in Ireland. His father was a clergyman, and when a mere child he is said to have stated that he would become a missionary. He was educated at Oxford, where, on account of his Irish wit and drollery he was given the popular sobriquet of "Pat." Then, when he had definitely announced his intention of going into the ministry, the clerical handle was added, and he became known as "Father Pat." Through all the years that followed this name stuck to him. There are many persons in British Columbia to whom Father Pat is a familiar name but who probably do not know that such an individual as the Reverend Henry Irvine ever existed.

He came to British Columbia in 1885. His first charge was at Kamloops, a railroad town on the Canadian Pacific Railway. With wonderful zeal and enthusiasm he threw himself into his work. He very quickly became a favorite with the boys on the railroad and with the miners and prospectors in the outlying camps which he visited.

It was while he was at Kamloops that he had his first experience with a bucking broncho. Some of the boys thought that it would be a nice joke to play a trick on the new parson and they asked him if he could ride. He replied that he could. They suggested, that, since he was a good rider, he would hardly mind trying one of their horses, although he was a little spirited. And the good-hearted parson

replied that it wouldn't bother him in the least.

However, although Father Pat had known what it was to ride mean horses in the old country, he did not know anything about the antics of one of these wild creatures that puts its head down between its front legs and bucks—really bucks. In this case he had to admit defeat. He was thrown. But he mounted again. He was thrown a second time. And in his I-don't-know-when-to-let-go way he was preparing to mount the third time when his friends interposed. They assured him that he had given ample proof of his pluck and they never tried to tease him in that way again.

It was also while he was here that an event happened which was destined to have a great effect on his after life. In the end it made him the great open-hearted pilot that the Kootenay miners in later years came to love so dearly. For it was during his incumbency, at this point, that he met—the woman.

Miss Frances Innes was the daughter of a government official at Victoria, and a sister of the wife of a brother minister in the Spallumcheen valley. She was one of those shy, womanly creatures who appeal to a strong, brave man because of their essential womanliness. She had soft, curly, brown hair, expressive blue eyes and a sweet, winsome, childlike smile.

Father Pat fell desperately in love with her, and his love was returned. They were an ideal couple; he, the strong, brave minister, and she, the meek, loving, true-hearted woman.

In 1887, Father Pat was transferred to Donald, a railroad town on the mountain section east of Revelstoke. Not long after the completion of the building of the railroad Donald ceased to exist, but at this time it was a live burg. Being high up in the Rockies snowslides were very frequent in that vicinity and soon after Father Pat took up his residence there an event happened which throws an interesting sidelight on his methods and strength of character.

Word came to Donald of a snowslide up the line and a snowplough was sent to clear the way. While it was at work a second slide occurred in which the con-

ductor of the snowplough train, a man named Green, was killed.

In the meantime other slides had come down behind the snowplough, and the way was completely blocked. It was impossible to get the body brought back to Donald and Mrs. Green was wild with anxiety lest they would bury him up in the mountains. Fearing that the woman's strained mental condition might have serious results, Father Pat resolved that, if possible, he would go to the scene of the accident and bring back the remains of the unfortunate man.

Disregarding the danger to which he was exposing himself on account of the smaller slides which were still coming down, he took a small toboggan and set out for the scene of the accident. He found the body, reverently placed it on his little sleigh, and, in the face of obstacles and perils that would have chilled the enthusiasm of a less determined man, he brought the body back to Donald. The thankfulness of the wife can well be imagined.

At this time another wife was very anxious about the welfare of her husband who was with some of the trains held up in the blockade. Half mad with fear and anxiety she came to Father Pat for news. He replied that he had heard from her husband and that he was all right. She was comforted and went back to her home happy.

It was true that the man was safe and erelong was restored to his wife. But Father Pat knew nothing of him. He afterwards confessed this to the wife whose fears he had allayed by his—shall we say?—justifiable lie. He said that he had done it because he was afraid that he would have her distracted upon his hands.

It was one of his most prominent traits that he acted on impulse, led by his heart as often as by his head. But his loving impulsiveness won him the good will of the people. They soon came to realize that no matter how others might be guided by custom or conventionality he was guided by the impulses of a loving heart that nobody knew the size of.

He worked so hard and was so reckless in the expenditure of his physical energy,

as he traveled from camp to camp over the rough mountain trails, that in 1888 he was compelled to take a rest. He went back to his old home in Ireland on a visit. His friends in the old land were much surprised at the change in him. They say that he looked twenty years older. He was bearded and browned, and the old, wild, hilarious boyishness was gone.

Among the old familiar scenes he recovered his strength quickly, and he came back to British Columbia in the following year. On January the eighth, 1900, he was married to the woman of his choice. He took up his residence in New Westminster where he was made assistant to the curate of Holy Trinity Cathedral.

He made friends quickly here as well as elsewhere, and this was one of the happiest periods of his life. His home life left little to be desired. Everyone remarked upon his intense devotion to his wife, and she, in turn, descended upon him with all the fervor of a maiden in her teens.

But it would seem as though the period of happiness was too great—too real to have a very long existence.

A little one came into the home. But it never drew breath in this world, and three days later the loving wife followed it out into the land of the Great Unknown. The heart-broken father was left alone in the little home that had known so much happiness.

From this time onward Father Pat was a changed man. He was the same lovable, impulsive creature, but the zest of life was gone. He had worked hard before. He worked harder now. When he first came to the province he is said to have stated that he would always remain a celibate, and he held to this determination until he met Miss Innes. But when she passed away a work mania seems to have taken hold of him and he appears to have desired to wear himself out as quickly as possible in the work of the missionary.

It was impossible for a nature such as his to forget. He would still speak of his wife as "Fanny" just as though he expected her to appear at any moment. No one, not in possession of the facts, and hearing him speak of her, would imagine she was dead. He always carried

with him a copy of "In Memoriam," and he struggled hard to believe that it was all for the best. But his superiors saw how he was suffering and again they persuaded him to take a trip back to the old land.

When he again came out to British Columbia he asked to be allowed to do some good, hard, pioneer work. His request was granted. The Kootenay mining district was just opening up, and he was given charge of the work at Rossland with a commission to visit the surrounding towns whenever possible.

At this time the story of the wealth of the rich Rossland camp was upon every lip. It was just on the eve of the great boom which gave it a world-wide fame. Its population was made up of all the various types of individuals which make up life in a new mining camp. The shrewd Yankee, the scheming Jew, the well-groomed capitalist, the energetic prospector, the simple tenderfoot, the wild-cat promoter, the corpulent saloon man, the professional gambler, the remittance man, the big-hearted miner, all were represented in Rossland in those stirring days.

And what stirring days they were! The town was open wide and a saloon never knew what it was to be locked up. The champagne glasses clinked day and night and seven days in the week. Many a miner's savings faded beneath the bright lights which shone over the green tables. Smiling gamblers daily walked down to the bank with good, fat rolls. But why go on? These words will give a peep at the scene. A peep is enough. In short, everybody was so busy either making or losing money that few had time to spend in making men. And it continued so until the coming of Father Pat.

It was now that he began the great work which has made his name a household word in all the Kootenay country. And what a work it was! He was always at work. One day he would be found at Trail, ten miles east of Rossland; a few days later he might be found at Grand Forks, forty miles to the west, and in a very short time he would cover the whole territory.

Because of his reckless benevolence it

was hard for him to keep the pantry full or a decent suit on his back. If he had a good coat, and he found a poorer brother who was coatless, he would not hesitate to part with this part of his wardrobe. A brand new hat went the same way on one occasion. At another time while passing a field he noticed a scarecrow and ventured the opinion that if he were to trade suits with the wooden man the transaction would result in considerable advantage to himself.

It can thus be easily understood that at this period in his life his attire was not exactly immaculate. One time the congregation became scandalized at the threadbare appearance of his clothing and bought him a new suit. He thanked them heartily, but it was not long before they discovered that his heart had again got the better of his head as he had given the suit to some poor fellow who had gone broke and needed some warm clothing.

It may surprise the reader that such charity was ever necessary in a rich mining camp. In explanation let it be said that in those days "the boys of the hills" were in a greater or less degree a rather improvident lot and all too frequently their month's check was spent in a gambling den or saloon before they had paid their board or purchased the necessities of life. And then if they were unfortunate enough to be thrown out of employment they were "right up against it." It was at such times as this that Father Pat often came to their assistance.

On one occasion when the Bishop came around he is said to have found Father Pat attired in an ordinary pair of blue denim overalls. He was inclined to remonstrate, but he found that in his own peculiar way Father Pat was doing such a great work and seemed to be in such favor among the people that he felt that it would be improper to criticize.

There is also the story of a young man who came out from England with an introduction to the Reverend Henry Irvine. But when he found a man in the garb of an ordinary miner he felt that assuredly there was some mistake and he went away without producing the letter of introduction.

Father Pat made his home in a few small rooms under the church. But on the

Bishop's second visit he found him living in a shivering, cold shack, while a homeless prospector was domiciled in the more comfortable quarters under the church. Was it any wonder the miners loved him?

"Why, Dick," he said to an old timer, late on Sunday night, "did I not see you in church this evening?"

"Yes, yer riverence, I was there," replied the other. "The first time I have been to church in thirty years. I couldn't stand too much of it at a time, though. So just when it was getting a bit long I went outside and had a smoke. But I say, yer riverence, it was good. I went in again after I had had a bit of a smoke and it all came back to me as I was used to it when a boy, and I tell you I did come down on them ah-mens."

He was at his best when discoursing on human nature. He always believed in trying to find the good side of the most suspicious character.

"My experience in this western country," he would say, "is that the more you trust human nature and treat people like human beings and not with suspicion, the better you will like them. If I knew a man was a born thief I would throw the doors open to him just the same, relying on his better nature not to betray me."

And the men understood him.

"He's a good man," said one, "We know that. There's nothing we can give him. His reward is ready for him. Some day he will get his pay for nursing the poor fellows that no one else would bother about. No one can take it from him. He's recorded his Claim right enough."

There was a young woman who had led an evil life but in whom Father Pat saw the seeds of better things. Encouraged by him, some young fellows clubbed together to put her in a decent lodging. They also bought her a sewing machine so that she might earn an honest living. And this she was sincerely endeavoring to do.

But a man meeting her in a hotel one day greeted her with insulting words. Father Pat happened to be there and with his fist in the other fellow's face, said: "You scoundrell! You get out of here as quick as you can or I'll help you out." The man soon vanished, for the beloved

pilot's skill as a fighter had now become well known.

In 1900, we find him doing some missionary work at Fairview, in the Okanogan country, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Rossland. Owing to the failure of the mines there, his stay at Fairview was not long, but two typical incidents come down to us as a result of his work there.

While among a crowd of miners one day a coarse, mouthy, brutal fellow ventured to insult him. The beloved pilot paid no attention until words were added which were an insult to religion and to the Creator as well. He strongly resented this and turning on him fiercely, said: "I don't mind your insulting me, but you shall not insult my Master."

The miner drew near and dared Father Pat to prevent him saying anything he liked. He evidently expected that his large physique would frighten the Padre.

But he was badly mistaken. Without any warning Father Pat turned on him, and, using his fist scientifically as he so well knew how to do, he gave him the trouncing that he deserved. After a hard tussle the man went down like a log, unconscious and bleeding. But in a moment the big-hearted pilot was down beside him and in a fit of remorse exclaimed: "O Lord, forgive me for not telling this poor man that I was a champion boxer at Oxford."

While at Fairview he went into the West Fork country to hold some services. Although he had with him a little hand organ he was no vocalist, and as singing is a very popular feature in a service among the miners, this was a distinct lack.

When the time came for the hymn he played the tune over on the little hand organ, but no voice responded. A leader was lacking. After vain exhortations to tune up Father Pat turned to a friend of his, Gorman West, an ex-saloon keeper, and exclaimed: "Gorman, you beggar—sing."

"Well, Pat," West replied, "if I sing every other son of a gun will walk out."

"Then for Heaven's sake don't," replied Father Pat, and the service was continued without singing.

But the end was not far off. His hard

work and the hardships he had undergone appear to have undermined not only his constitution but his intellect as well. The body could not stand such treatment without showing its effects. Although the brave pilot tried not to show it his superiors became advised of the condition of things and persuaded him to go home for a holiday. When he again returned it was proposed to make him an itinerant missionary with the whole of the outlying districts of the province as his field.

But it was not to be. Nobody knows just how it happened, but when on his way home he got off at a small station near Montreal and was lost. In his partially demented condition he appears to have started off, intent on a long walk. Becoming weary, he laid down under the glistening stars just as many a night he had done in the milder climate of the mountain country by the slope of the Western sea.

One morning early in January, 1902, a farmer driving along the Sault au Recollet road, a few miles from Montreal, saw a man walking with difficulty on the frozen ice. He seemed to be shoving his feet along instead of lifting them up. The farmer immediately ran to him and asked him if he were ill or if his feet were frozen. The man replied that he did not feel any pain but just a numbness in his legs.

The farmer kindly took him in his sleigh and drove him to a doctor in the Sault. After examination the doctor administered a cordial to the stranger and told the farmer to drive him as quickly as possible to some hospital in Montreal. The stranger refused to give his name but begged that he be taken to the Notre Dame hospital, which is famous for its nursing.

When he arrived at the hospital he gave his name as William Henry. The sisters suspected that this was not his real name, but they let it pass.

His feet were very badly frozen. His shoes had to be cut off and the frozen members were put in a medical preparation to thaw out. The kind-hearted sisters knew too well the agony that was beginning and they could not keep back the tears. But William Henry laughed at their fears, and said that their tears affected him more than the pain.

He suffered a great deal for a number of days. Then mortification set in and he felt no pain. His appetite was good and his mind was clear. But his manner, his kindness and his wit and drollery convinced the doctors and nurses that he was no ordinary patient. His magnetic personality seemed to attract to him everyone who came into the room and one day the Superioress came to him and said that she felt that he had not given his full name.

He gave her a very evasive answer, joking with her that women were never satisfied, and finally he asked for the house doctor of the hospital, a son of Sir William Hingston.

Dr. Hingston had been in the habit of having long chats with him each day, and in the long conference which followed he admitted that he was none other than Father Pat. He gave all his papers over into the doctor's keeping, pledging him to not reveal his identity until after his death.

Toward the last he lost the power of speech. To prevent suffocation he had to submit to a severe operation on the throat. When it was over he made a sign for pencil and paper and wrote: "That was needed, but it was hard." During the night Dr. Hingston was called to see him twice. When he was going away the second time the dying pilot beckoned him to come back and he clasped his hand in a last good-bye. Early in the morning he became unconscious. As the day wore on he sank rapidly and toward noon of January 13th he passed away without regaining consciousness.

Dr. Hingston, speaking of him afterward, said that he had never seen so much sweetness and strength combined in one individual.

No sooner did the news of his death reach British Columbia than requests came pouring in that he should be buried in the province, upon the life of which he had so indelibly left the stamp of his own lovable personality. This request was granted. The body was brought west. The casket was placed in the Cathedral at New Westminster where crowds of people came to pay their last tribute of respect. And on a lovely afternoon he

was laid to rest in Sapperton cemetery beside the wife he had loved so well.

Soon afterward a movement was started for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. A subscription list was opened. And how the money did roll in!

Not that it came in big sums. It did not. There were small sums for the most part—contributed by the miners and the common folk who had loved him. But back of each contribution was the fervor of a loving heart. What more fitting close to such a self-sacrificing career?

The monument stands on the main business corner of Rossland in the midst of the whirl of its busy life. Aside from being a monument it combines the use of a street lamp and a drinking fountain; one an emblem of the Light that he tried to make shine among men, and the other—typical of the Water of Life, at the fountain of which he had so often bid the miners drink. The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

On the face of it are these words:

**RICH HE WAS OF HOLY THOUGHT
AND WORK**

In loving memory of
REV. HENRY IRVINE, M.A. (Oxon)
First Rector of St. George's Church, Rossland
Affectionately known as Father Pat
Obit, January 13th, 1902.

Whose life was unselfishly devoted to the welfare of his fellow-man irrespective of creed or class.

"His home was known to all the vagrant train:
He chid their wanderings and relieved their pain."

And on each side of the same stone fountain are these shorter inscriptions:

On the east:

"I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink."

On the west:

"I was an hungered and ye gave me to eat."

On the north:

"In Memoriam, Father Pat."
"He who would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert. For none can truly know
Thy life, thy worth, but he that liveth so."

On the south:

"A man he was to all the country dear."



SOMEONE asked me the other day if it were the custom of the talking machine companies to put selections "in cold storage" for use at some future time upon a forgetful public.

The listing of Hatton's "Simon the Cellarer" called forth the query. In the fifty years which have elapsed since the day of J. L. Hatton, his "popular songs" have become all but forgotten, though few later writers have equaled Hatton's ability in writing for the bass voice.

Crumbs of comfort, then, struggling song-writers of today! Who knows but, half a century hence, your long-buried compositions may be resurrected by the energetic phonograph people, and through the sympathetic interpretation of some new singer, create an undreamed-of furor?

* * *

Everyone who saw Clinton Crawford in "The Three Twins," remembers his recitation of "Gunga Din" and the deafening applause that greeted the recital of Kipling's rhythmic lines. Mr. Crawford has been persuaded by the Victor company to make a record of "Gunga Din," and the result is very impressive. The Victor Light Opera Company give gems from "The Three Twins," which might almost be called a "resurrection" on the part of the Victor Company. Three seasons have come and gone, according to my recollection, since the "Twins" amused Broadway.

One never tires of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The recent enthusiasm aroused by the introductory American production of Mr. Puccini's "Girl of the

Golden West" recalls the native pride exhibited when in 1879 Gilbert and Sullivan's

"Pirates of Penzance" was first presented in New York City.

No Victor owner should miss Mr. John McCormack's rendition of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." Despite the popular young tenor's admirable work in grand opera, he will probably never be more appreciated than in just such simple little ballads as "Drink to Me."

The ballad, after all, holds its own with an American audience when all other music fails to satisfy. Here are several from the February list: "A May Morning" and "Answer," Evan Williams. Double-disc, "Dream Faces," Miss Barbour, and "Eileen Alanna," Mr. Will Oakland. "Sweetness," Peerless Quartet. The sympathy of the musical world goes out to this organization upon the death of its founder and basso, Mr. Frank C. Stanley.

The feature song of "The Climax," the beautiful "Song of the Soul," is rendered by Miss Marguerite Dunlap. Her rich contralto does the air quite as excellent justice as did Miss Ann Sutherland's sweet soprano, which enchanted me last season at Weber's.

The DeGogorza Spanish and Italian selections, a Journet air, Martin's newest reproductions, Carre's Tosti ballad, and several good dance and concert selections make up a well-balanced list.

* * *

Another of Mr. Davenport's admirable recitations has a prominent place on the February Edison list—"Barbara Frietchie." A further reminder is "We're Tenting Tonight," sung by the Knickerbocker

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST

Quartet. Such embellishments as bugle calls, drum beats and other military effects, add much to the impressiveness of this popular old war song.

Unaccompanied voices, whether male or female, are always appealing. The voices in the Weber Male Quartet, introduced in Dudley Buck's arrangement of "In Absence," harmonize well, and future records from this organization will be welcome.

Who has not been lulled to slumber with the thrilling strains of "There's a Light in the Window" and its song-story of the mother waiting for her absent sailor-boy, deeply impressed upon his sympathetic young heart? Mr. Will Oakland sings the old ballad most touchingly, standard No. 10473.

The present movement for a wider knowledge of the Spanish language goes side by side with a demand for typical music of Spain. No musician is better able to supply this demand than Mr. Victor Herbert, whose work in Spanish from "The Nations" (standard No. 1047) is excellent. This number, by the way, represents a rare piece of recording.

The February list includes some exceptional instrumental numbers, notably "The Corcoran Cadets March," Sousa's Band; "Military Life Two-Step," "Girls of Baden Waltz," and "Porcupine Rag," New York Military Band; "Apple Blossoms," American Standard Orchestra. Mr. Charles Daab, the xylophone artist, is represented by "The Gateway City March" and "Alpine Rose."

"Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine" is the burden of a certain selection on the Columbia list. Now just why such a refrain should persist in singing itself in one's head when classic melodies like "Tarry with Me," and "I Surrender All" are dim in the recollection, is a mystery. Perhaps it is the happy combination of "*phine*" and "*chine*"—at all events, Harry Tally's record will force itself upon the most confirmed critic of popular music.

It seems to me that Mr. Snyder's ballad, "Dreams, Just Dreams," represents a sterling effort in a popular line. Combined with "Don't You Mind It, Honey" on the opposite face, a very acceptable record has been made.

Of all living composers, observes the Columbia people, Mr. Reginald de Koven best understands how to write for the bass voice. Their judgment is usually dependable; and the Armorer's Song in "Robin Hood" has long been a favorite among basses. Mr. William McDonald, who sings the selection, was a blacksmith before he went in for vaudeville, and his voice is wonderfully strong and deep. He it is who sings "Simon the Cellarer" before mentioned.

"The Butterfly," Theo. Bendix's delightful intermezzo, is recorded in a novel fashion. Mr. Lufsky on the flute and Mr. Hughes on the clarinet, accompanied by an efficient orchestra, have produced one of the best instrumental efforts that the Columbia company has offered for some time. The record is No. A960, double-disc; "Welcome Tidings," mandolin and guitar trio, being on the opposite face.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1797

AT the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together, at Versailles, a toast from each was called for, and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout, and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI. who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies; who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

—From the book "Heart Throbs."

New York's Great Telephone Problem

By W. C. JENKINS

PERHAPS no commercial organization on the American Continent, or in fact in the world, is more worthy of a careful study by students of organization and economics than the New York Telephone Company. Possibly no semi-public corporation has a history characterized by such a degree of enthusiasm and energy on the part of its managing officers, a record so free from charges of questionable conduct as has this, the largest of all the Bell companies.

In public-utility performance, men are apt to watch with keen observance the method employed by their immediate neighbors, and it is not strange if the habits of one occasionally find similar expression in another. There have been some very high financial methods employed by corporations which have served the people of Greater New York—days when the battle of stocks and bonds as shown by the tickers in corporation offices was watched with more interest than were the requirements of the general public. Directors of large public-utility corporations made fortunes on margin trades in stock of their own corporations; information which might bull or bear the market was easily manufactured, and in effect the people who in days gone by had granted great privileges were the victims of abnormal charges and anything but efficient service.

In face of the fact that the officials of the New York Telephone Company could gaze upon such conditions in Greater New York, they have always steadfastly maintained that the people have rights that should not be ignored. When the day came that the New York Telephone Company's record of promise and performance was carefully scrutinized by the people of New York, the officials of the company complacently awaited their verdict. Thus it ran:

"The existing telephone service in this city is highly efficient, the system is not

over-capitalized, the rates of charges are reasonable, and justly proportioned to the cost of the service rendered, and at the present time the rate paid by the public yields a net revenue of not more than ten per cent upon the capital actually and necessarily employed."

The foregoing is an extract from a communication sent to the Honorable Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the City of New York, by the Merchants' Association, on June 29, 1905.

Herein are underlying factors that incited admiration of the New York Telephone Company. In the last analysis the people can be trusted. They may occasionally go wrong, but they do not stay wrong; and the corporation that sails with the motto, "Treat the people right," at its masthead will have no difficulty in finding safe and friendly ports during every storm.

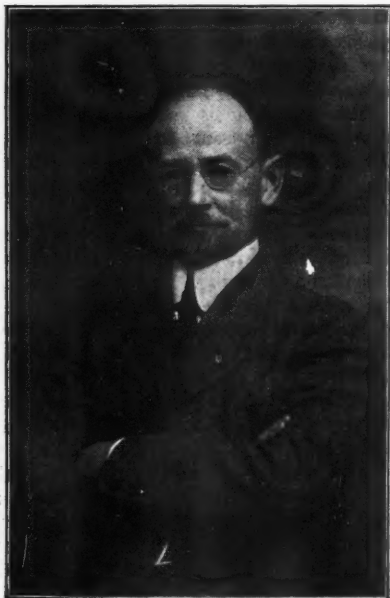
The telephone problem of New York is an extremely difficult one. Within a fifty mile radius of the City Hall, there are two hundred cities, towns and villages, varying in population from New York with nearly five million to the small suburban villages of one thousand. The total population of this metropolitan district is at present estimated at six and one half millions. By 1920 the population, by the most careful estimates, is expected to be about ten and one half millions.

The development of the telephone as well as the transportation system is an important factor in the growth of cities. The population of the island of Manhattan alone increases at the rate of fifty thousand dollars per year, and that of the adjacent outlying districts increases at even a greater rate. The importance of the telephone as a factor in making this increase possible cannot be estimated.

But this same wonderful growth, and the fact that the telephone is daily becoming

NEW YORK'S GREAT TELEPHONE PROBLEM

more popular, double the complexity of the problem. To keep pace with the demand is not sufficient; arrangement must be made in advance that will adequately meet the needs of the future. Again, provision must be arranged for equipment that is constantly wearing out, and the company must speedily adopt all valuable improvements that are made, nor can any disturbance in the service



UNION N. BETHELL, PRESIDENT

be permitted—all this gives an idea, in a general way, of the stupendous nature of New York's telephone problems.

Nowhere are the people getting better telephone service than in New York, and nowhere is the telephone more reliable. The delivery of a message is in effect a transportation problem, but compare the efficiency of the telephone in this respect with other transportation utilities. The telephone company is always ready to deliver a message as soon as the person for whom it is intended is prepared to receive it. No one is ever advised, "Wait for your turn"—and with the perfection of the present-day telephone system there is slight chance for error in delivery.

Of the thousands who daily gaze with admiration at New York's "skyscrapers," but few ever reflect that such buildings would be impossible were it not for the telephone. Without it the traffic in the elevators and hallways, even in the neighboring streets, would be enormous. Additional elevator capacity and hall space would be necessary to handle the volume of human traffic, and as a consequence the revenue-producing floor space would be so reduced that the buildings would be unprofitable. In fact, New York's "vertical" growth has resulted from the installation of the telephone. Several large office buildings in New York have a greater number of telephones than many good-sized cities. For instance, the Hudson Terminal Building has three thousand telephones, the Metropolitan Life two thousand. In the former, there are 750 miles of telephone wire; in the latter 680 miles.

When it is considered that the Hudson Terminal Building has a larger number of telephones in use than any city in the world of thirty thousand inhabitants, some idea can be gained of the extent to which this modern utility is patronized. Twenty years ago no one ever dreamed that the telephone would be utilized to such a remarkable extent.

Five years ago New York was threatened with duplicate telephone service; indeed, the effort to introduce independent organizations became so serious that the matter formed a subject of investigation by the Merchants' Association. Upon the theory that competition is the life of trade many well-meaning people advocated duplication, thinking they supported competition. They had never experienced the petty annoyances incidental to a dual telephone system, nor did they understand that the telephone is a natural monopoly and that the only possible means of insuring reasonable rates where a telephone company is avaricious is by municipal or state regulation.

The Merchants' Association of New York City made a very exhaustive investigation into the subject. They received statements from merchants in various cities where competitive telephone service exists to the effect that competition has

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resulted in an increased instead of a decreased burden of cost, and in a divided service, which has naturally obstructed intercommunication. The association learned that business and professional men find it impracticable to dispense with the established telephone system, no matter what inducements of apparent low price may be offered by a new company, and that general inter-communication is the essential requirement, especially for business men.

When the association made its report to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment it not only effectually silenced all claims for a dual system but paid a tribute to the New York Telephone Company that must have been highly gratifying to the officials of that company.

The Atlantic Telephone Company, the name of a corporation seeking the new franchise, made an offer of remarkably low rates both to the city and to private users of the telephone, but in spite of the attractive promises the municipal authorities refused to grant the franchise, and were supported in the decision by practically the entire press of New York. Several papers paid well-deserved tributes to the New York Telephone Company, and asserted that it had always been efficiently managed, and is noteworthy among the great corporations for the public-spirited manner in which it has developed its plant, maintained it in a high degree of scientific excellence, treated its employees with a humane regard for their welfare, and regarded the public as valued customers whose needs and wishes were to be considered in a friendly spirit. It had from time to time made voluntary reductions in its rates and was in no sense what commonly is known as a grasping monopoly.

No intelligent student of industrial progress will venture the prediction that New York will ever be inflicted with two telephone systems so long as the same degree of energy and liberality prevails in the management of the New York Telephone Company as exists at the present time.

Among the great cities of the world New York stands as a distinct leader as regards the quality of telephone service

rendered and also the number of telephones in daily use. New York's excellent telephone service, the rapidity with which calls are handled is a marvel to most people who visit the city. The extent of the telephone development in New York as compared with that of other metropolitan cities, both in this country and abroad, is indicated by the following statistics:

City	January 1, 1910. No. of Telephones
New York	361,300
Chicago	207,720
London	138,490
Boston	114,800
Philadelphia	105,325
Berlin	97,971
Paris	65,000



FORD HUNTINGTON, TREASURER

In fifteen years the telephone development in New York City has increased over 2400 per cent. The following statistics indicate the remarkable growth that has been made since 1895:

January 1, 1895	15,000	telephones
"	"	190040,000
"	"	1905215,000
"	"	1910361,300

The magnitude of the present telephone

NEW YORK'S GREAT TELEPHONE PROBLEM

system in New York may be shown by the following:

Number of telephones	361,300
" " telephone buildings	39
" " central offices	56
" " employees	10,886
" " miles underground wire	1,000,000
Daily average number of calls	1,627,525

There are reasons for this remarkable showing made by the New York Telephone Company, and these may be characterized as the best and most logical:

First, on account of the convenience



HOWARD FORD THURBER
Vice-President and General Manager

of the service, which has become a necessity in business and social affairs.

Second, through the introduction of the "message rate plan" of charging for telephone service, which makes the message the basis of charge and brings telephone service within the means of the small user.

Third, by the standardization of telephone equipment and operating methods, leading to better service; and also because the company's policy of providing in advance for future needs has resulted in an adequate supply of telephone facilities.

Fourth, the general appreciation of the fact that every new subscriber added to the system increases the scope of the service to all.

Fifth, the energetic methods pursued by the company through the sales and publicity departments.

It is no exaggeration to state that New York's telephone system has a world-wide reputation for efficiency, and the city has become, as Mr. Frank Gill, Engineer-in-Chief of the National Telephone Company of Great Britain said, "the Mecca of telephone men." Delegations from Japan, China, Australia, England, Germany and other countries have on different occasions made thorough investigations of New York telephone service, and each delegation has reiterated the opinion expressed by the eminent Australian telephone expert: "The New York system is by far the largest telephone system in the world, and is undoubtedly in all respects the best equipped."

Upon request, the New York Telephone Company has agreed to give a six months' course of training in practical telephone work to French telephone officials, and a delegation from Paris is at the present time in New York.

The percentage of development in New York is not as great as in San Francisco and Boston, but New York's "great unwashed" element, at least a million, tend to reduce the percentage. This class of people, while figuring in the total population, belong to the lower rank of foreigners, to whom communication by means of telephone would not appeal.

The telephone traffic features presented in each section of New York are individual. In the business district the tendency is to crowd the day's business into as few hours as possible. In the Broad and Cortland exchanges, which are in the center of the financial district, there is but little demand upon the telephone between 7 P. M. and 9 A. M. The peak-load of the day is carried at 11.30 A. M. when the number of calls handled by the Broad Exchange runs as high as twelve thousand per hour.

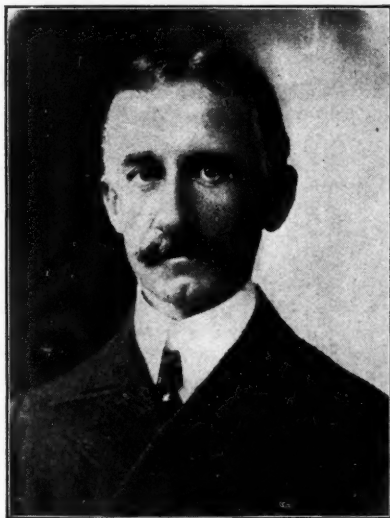
In the theater district the peak-load is usually reached at 10 A. M. It falls off a little during the afternoon, but the traffic is heavy until 11 P. M. The heaviest load experienced in the residential district is at 9.30 A. M.

Manhattan Island has been divided

NEW YORK'S GREAT TELEPHONE PROBLEM

into twenty-five exchange districts, the facilities of each exchange being adapted to the special requirements of that region and ample to take care of the busiest hour of the busiest day of the busiest month.

Perhaps no incident in the history of the New York Telephone Company was more discouraging than the enormous expense involved in changing from an overhead type to a cable system. The New York company was the pioneer in this line of construction and naturally had no precedent by which its engineering department could be guided. There was no chance of benefiting by the experience of others, as there were no other cities either here or abroad where similar work had been done to any great extent. After



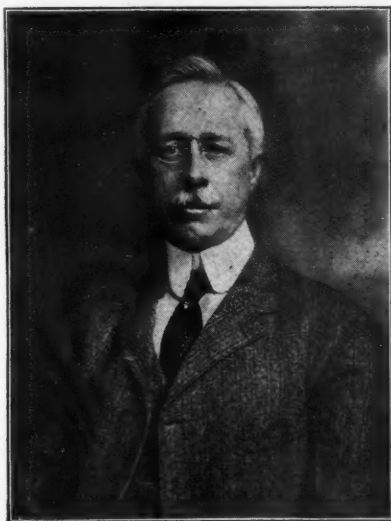
JOHN H. CAHILL
Vice-President and General Counsel

expensive experimental work new central offices were constructed and a new method of working the entire system was put into effect. Since 1886 the entire plant has been reconstructed three times in order to bring the equipment up to the highest possible standard of efficiency.

During the past two years several consolidations of telephone companies have taken place in New York State. When these consolidations were being consummated, it was heralded far and wide by

enemies of the Bell Company that the trust was getting a firmer grasp upon telephone conditions in the East. Perhaps an analysis of these consolidations will be not only instructive but interesting at this time.

In perfecting the merger of the telephone companies in New York State the result shows one circumstance remarkable in corporation financing, in that instead of the aggregate capitalization being larger than before the merger it is actually eight



WALTER BROWN, AUDITOR

per cent less. The consolidated companies were capitalized at between \$85,000,000 and \$86,000,000.

The first important step in the consolidation of telephone companies in the state of New York began over two years ago, when the Central New York Telephone Company acquired the stock of the Hudson River, Empire State and New York and Pennsylvania Companies at prices that yielded their stockholders sixty-six and two-thirds, forty and fifty respectively. Then the New York Company acquired the Central New York Company at sixty-five. Following that purchase it made arrangements to take over the Bell of Buffalo at ninety-three and one-half through the exchange of American Tele-

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phone & Telegraph Company stock for Bell of Buffalo, at the rate of two shares for three.

In the same way, American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock having been exchanged share for share for the New York and New Jersey stock, the New York Telephone Company took over the physical properties and the business of the New York & New Jersey Telephone

As has already been stated the effect of this merger is to reduce the capitalization of the combined companies by over seven million dollars or about eight per cent, and at the same time through concentration of management, to bring more economical administration both in money and in work.

The consolidation of these New York companies has been considered remarkable

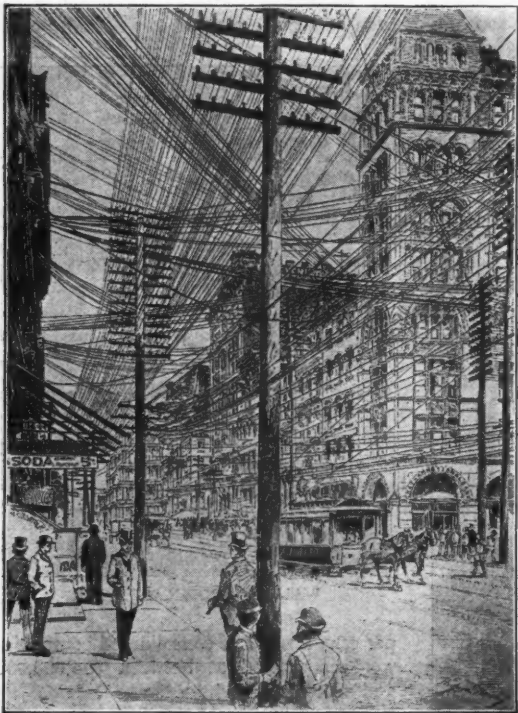
by financiers in that the present capitalization takes no account of franchises, although it is almost the universal rule of public service corporations to carry their franchises on their books as capital liabilities against which stock can be issued.

As a result of these consolidations the New York Telephone Company controls (April 1, 1910) in its territory 735,643 telephones or 14 per cent of all the Bell stations in the United States.

The question naturally arises: Who is responsible for the degree of efficiency in New York's telephone service already mentioned? It would be impossible to detail the various officials and employees whose energies are concentrated in the effort to give New York the best telephone service in the world, but a brief reference to the "men at the head" will be of interest.

Union N. Bethell, the recently installed President of the New York Telephone Company, has in twenty-two years become

one of the highest authorities in the world in his special line, besides being President of one of the largest telephone companies in the country. Mr. Bethell was born at Newburg, Indiana, about fifty years ago. After graduating from Hanover College, he was appointed Deputy Auditor of Warrick County, Indiana, and remained in that office until 1881, when he entered the Government service as a clerk in Washington. In 1885, Mr. Bethell was graduated from Columbia Law School.



WIRES OVERHEAD—BROADWAY AND JOHN STREET—1890

Company. The last step to enable the American Telephone & Telegraph Company—a holding company except for long distance lines—to secure all the stock of its subsidiaries in New York State was taken about the middle of September, 1909, when the American Telephone & Telegraph Company purchased from the Western Union Telegraph Company sixteen million dollars worth of New York Telephone Company stock, or all that had been left outstanding.

NEW YORK'S GREAT TELEPHONE PROBLEM

His telephone career dates back to 1888, when he entered the service of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company. In a short time he was elected Secretary and Treasurer of that Company, and in 1893 he was made General Manager of the New York Telephone Company. His principal work was in New York, but in 1901 he was appointed President of the Company operating in Washington, Baltimore and surrounding territory, and later of the company operating in Philadelphia and eastern Pennsylvania. Gradually he assumed the management of the several Bell companies operating throughout the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which have been combined into one operating unit covering a territory of about 125,000 square miles.

Howard Ford Thurber, the Vice-President of the Company, is a Brooklyn man. Directly after his graduation from Cornell University, he entered the employ of the Metropolitan Telephone & Telegraph Company, the predecessor of the New York Telephone Company. At that time the telephone business was in its infancy, and in all New York there were but nine thousand telephones.

From the bottom Mr. Thurber worked his way up rapidly. From assistant Chief-Engineer in 1893, he was appointed General Superintendent the following year, a position which he held continuously for twelve years when, with the establishment of a more modern organization, the position was abolished, and Mr. Thurber was made General Manager of the Company. In 1908 he became Vice-President.

Mr. Thurber's unusual ability as an organizer and executive has made it possible for him to handle, with admirable balance, matters which affect all branches of the work. In the twenty odd years since he became identified with the telephone business, the number of telephones

in New York and vicinity have increased from nine thousand to approximately half a million.

John H. Cahill, the Vice-President and General Counsel, became interested in the telephone business at its beginning, practically, in the city of New York. Realizing the advantages of a legal education, Mr. Cahill studied law, and was admitted to the bar shortly after graduation from the New York University Law School in 1885.



BROADWAY AND JOHN STREET TODAY

When the New York Telephone Company succeeded the Metropolitan Telephone & Telegraph Company in 1896, Mr. Cahill was made its principal legal officer. Thirty years' active work on the legal side of the telephone business has given Mr. Cahill an accurate knowledge of the legal history and legal rights of the Company from its inception to the present time.

The treasurer of the Company, Ford Huntington, came east from Kentucky with his family when a boy, and was

NEW YORK'S GREAT TELEPHONE PROBLEM

educated at Exeter and Yale College. He went West in the employ of the Lake Shore Railroad immediately upon graduation in 1891, and after two years of railroad service, he returned to New York and became associated with the East River Gas Company, of which he was appointed Secretary and Treasurer. He held the same office, soon after, with the New Amsterdam Gas Company. In 1903 he was appointed by Mr. Cutler, then President of the New York Telephone Company, as Treasurer of that company, and in 1908 was also made Treasurer of the New York & New Jersey Telephone Company. He is now Treasurer of the New York Telephone Company, which absorbed all the other telephone companies in the state of New York.

The Company's auditor, Walter Brown, is a Canadian by birth, and his business career was begun in a banking institution in Canada. When a young man, he came to New York and for several years worked as a bookkeeper and accountant. After having obtained a variety of useful experience, Mr. Brown opened an office of his own as public accountant, but upon appointment as auditor of the New York & New Jersey Telephone Company, he abandoned his own business. In 1890, Mr. Brown became auditor of the Metropolitan Telephone & Telegraph Company, now the New York Telephone Company, and has become an authority on telephone accounting, which, with the development of the telephone industry, has become an extremely complex phase of the business.



SKY SCRAPERS ON LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND

The telephone has made such structures possible



TAPPING THE AIR FOR FERTILIZER

By E. S. MATHER

SCIENTISTS and bacteriologists in various parts of the world have been for many years interested in discovering new methods of producing nitrates, to replace the rapidly diminishing supply and insure the world against gradual starvation. Without nitrates, the plants on which we depend for our food supplies, cannot live.

The three principal elements required by plants are phosphoric acid, potash and nitrates. The first two exist in rocky particles in the soil, and there is no immediate danger of their becoming exhausted. For our supply of nitrates, in the form of nitrate of soda, we are obliged to rely on the saltpetre deposits in Chili, and so great is the demand for this material that the most available portions have already been used up, and the rapidly increasing cost of production will soon place what little remains beyond the reach of the agricultural world.

Much has been said about a new electrical process, by which atmospheric nitrogen is changed into nitrate of lime. This is exceedingly interesting, and of great value, but to depend on such a source, to supply the enormous quantity of nitrates needed for agricultural purposes, is entirely out of the question, and the cost would be prohibitive for such purposes. Homeopathic doses of nitrogen will not raise big crops of corn and wheat.

Let us turn, therefore, from these most interesting manufacturing phenomena, and consider the wise provision that nature has made for just this emergency, namely, the fixation of nitrogen by bacteria, through the medium of legume crops. For in this method lies the solution of the problem, and the next generation will marvel at the folly of their fathers in expending large sums of money for material that could be abundantly supplied almost for the asking.

The discovery of the value of treating the seeds of legume crops with nitrogen fixing bacteria, as a means of enriching the soil in nitrates, is not new,

but like many great discoveries, its general practice has been greatly retarded by crude methods, and premature exploitation, which has prejudiced the minds, not only of farmers, but of the very men in the agricultural experiment stations and colleges, to whom the farmer turns for advice.

The necessity of inoculation is well recognized by the best authorities today, but recognition of the advantage of using pure cultures of high-bred bacteria for this work is apparently retarded by suspicion of commercial cultures and lack of knowledge of the methods employed in their production, and we find many college men advising the farmer to get inoculation for his crops by the crude and expensive method of teaming large quantities of soil from any old field, where the legume they wish to plant has been grown, then distribute the material over the field he intends to plant, and relying on the chance inoculation of wornout and attenuated organisms, with the added advantage of a fresh supply of weeds and soil diseases that have been transferred at the same time, rather than to place high-bred active cultures of the bacteria on every seed that is to be planted, ready to furnish nitrates the minute the seed has germinated.

Exhaustive experiments have shown that legume bacteria existing in the soil often become debilitated and gradually change their habits, losing their power of taking nitrogen from the air and living on the nitrates that are in the soil. They sometimes even become parasitic on the plants.

When the bacteria have been grown in a non-nitrogenous medium directly on the roots of the same kind of plants they are to be used for, their potency is greatly increased, and all the attendant dangers of the soil transfer method are done away with.

The many failures to secure results from inoculation of seeds were largely due to three causes:—First, to lack of attention to the great importance

of breeding the organisms to secure the strongest and most virile specimens. Second, to crude methods of sending them to the user, and keeping them alive until they could be put on the seeds. Third, to lack of knowledge of necessary soil conditions for their proper development.

These difficulties have been overcome by Dr. G. H. Earp-Thomas, and he is sending to farmers, from his laboratory, in Bloomfield, New Jersey, cultures of high-bred bacteria, that are guaranteed to keep in perfect condition for long periods of time, and require no further development on the part of the user. The bacteria are simply put on the seed, and nature takes care of the rest. In selecting bacteria for breeding purposes, it is, of course, necessary to watch the development of the different colonies on the roots of the legumes, and it would be manifestly impossible, when working with plants (under ordinary conditions), to pull them up every day to examine them. It was the discovery of a transparent jelly, so delicately balanced that it would furnish a perfect plant food, that has made this work possible. This jelly contains no nitrates except those produced by the bacteria on the growing roots.

Furthermore, no bacteria other than the legume bacteria can grow in this jelly, and it not only makes a perfect method of selecting pure cultures, but its transparent quality enables the bacteriologist to watch the development of the nodules or colonies of the roots and thus select the bacteria that are most active. By this process of selection and the repeated inoculation of fresh plants grown in the same manner, cultures are procured that have much greater power of fixing nitrates than those usually found in the soil.

Experiments carried on by one of the State Experiment Stations proved that these high-bred cultures would produce from one to four hundred per cent more nitrates than those usually found in the soil. It is also true that the increased activity of the bacteria means quicker production of nitrates and ample supplies of this most essential material during the early stages of the growth of the plant.

Every form of vegetable life can be improved by proper methods of selection and breeding, and it was the realization of this well-known principle that led to this important phase of Dr. Earp-Thomas' work, and his subsequent discoveries.

Having procured the means of breeding pure active cultures it became necessary to devise some means of preserving them, until such time as they could be used. The earlier attempts of the United States Department of Agriculture, and other people to send the bacteria to the farmer, dried in cotton, had not proved successful, and the bacteria when sent in a liquid preparation in sealed bottles, soon lost their vitality from lack of atmospheric nitrogen.

Were it possible to keep bacteria in good condition in a liquid medium there would still be strong objection to this method, as it is impossible in such preparations to detect the presence of moulds and other contaminations that are dangerous to the nitrogen fixing bacteria. The value of all cultures of bacteria depends very largely on

their purity and freedom from contamination. Dr. Earp-Thomas' method of growing cultures on the surface of the jelly in the bottles in which they are sent to the user enables him to easily detect such imperfections and prevent their distribution.

The invention of a bottle stopper which admits a supply of air through a glass tube containing cotton filter plugs, that keeps out contaminations, yet it is so constructed as to prevent the escape or evaporation of the contents of the bottle, is not simply an ingenious device, but a remarkable contribution to the art of preserving bacteria and protecting the cultures from destructive elements. The development of these methods and processes means that another of Nature's forces has been harnessed for the benefit of mankind, and the question of maintaining the supply of nitrates in the soil is finally solved.

To secure the best results from the use of nitrogen fixing bacteria, some consideration must be given to the conditions of soil that are most favorable to their growth, and the most important is the question whether the land is acid or alkaline.

The development in the land of beneficial soil bacteria of various kinds is to a great extent dependent on proper chemical conditions. Microscopic examination of soil and the determination of the kinds of bacteria that are found therein, will tell the story of its fertility more surely than chemical analysis, as the presence of some forms of bacteria is a sure sign of its productiveness, whereas other kinds indicate improper conditions that must be corrected if good results are to follow. It has been found that highly productive land contains large quantities of beneficial bacteria, whereas poor soil is deficient in this respect, but often contains large quantities of organisms that are known to be injurious in their effect on plant life, and destructive to the nitrogen fixing bacteria. The protozoa, and the various forms of fungi yeasts and anaerobes belong to this class. Science has not yet determined the practical means of exterminating all of these forms, but much has been learned about conditions that are favorable to the nitrogen fixing bacteria, and this knowledge is available to every farmer. Good drainage and cultivation are well known requisites for good farming, but the beneficial effect of lime may not be so well understood. Bacteria cannot fix nitrogen in the soil without some base with which it can be combined, and lime is by far the cheapest material that nature has provided for this purpose. Lime also has strong chemical action, and neutralizes the acid conditions of the soil. Land that is acid or sour is fatal to the growth of nitrogen fixing bacteria, and the corrective influence of lime is most valuable. The use of green manures and fertilizers makes the application of lime absolutely essential. Heavy soils require more than light soils.

Loss of nitrogen in the soil is often the result of denitrifying bacteria which exist in heavy wet soils and decaying organic matter. Such conditions can be prevented by proper drainage and the application of lime to lighten the soil, and put it in proper condition for the growth of legume crops that have been inoculated with pure cultures of high-bred bacteria.



OME AGAIN, the editor finds the review table piled high. The titles and bindings look inviting to him. One is a book on travel, one treats of financial conditions, another of a very pertinent phase of advertising. Still another is a dainty story-book for the little ones.

But even as in the old days in the little Iowa schoolhouse, the favorite retreat—at recess and on those delightful occasions when “teacher” rewarded boyish efforts with special favor—led to the corner where a sturdy set of biography reposed on a bracketed shelf, so now the story of a life and its achievements carries with it an appeal that the most stirring fiction fails to create. The sub-title, “A Publisher’s Life Story,” makes such an appeal. The author is—why, this is an autobiography! And if biography appeals, autobiography is irresistible.

The slogan, “Every man his own biographer,” is very popular today. And, indeed, it would seem that no man can better tell his life story than himself. His biographer, even though he may have been a lifelong friend, is under many disadvantages. He can tell how, when and where, but not *why*.

It recalls the exquisite humor of James Russell Lowell, who interpreted Burns’ parting words, “Don’t let the awkward squad fire over me, John,” to a ghastly fear of biographers. There is no more effective way of consigning oneself to

oblivion, avers Mr. Lowell, than to be the subject of a poor biographer. It rests with every man, therefore, to prepare his own biographical notes.

* * *

IF I were asked to name a volume of down-to-the-minute business methods and up-to-date history of the publishing world in these swift moving times, I should say, “Astir,” by John Adams Thayer.* From the opening chapter, launching the thirteen-year-old “publisher” upon his career, to the final paragraph when amid the delight of a long vacation the author admits that the habit of do-as-you-please existence reminds him to “look out!” the honesty and simplicity with which his life is outlined is admirable.

Mr. Thayer begins at the beginning. He does not hesitate to admit that his was not a “finished” education. “My people were poor,” he says in his own straightforward way, “A livelihood had to be gained, and so it fell out that the composing room became my high school and the world my university.”

Even as a lad the author was of a “restless” disposition. His several years’ experience as a printer was divided among a number of different Boston publishing houses, and at nineteen, “having heard much of the success of a few young men who had followed Horace Greeley’s historic advice,” he started for Chicago, with the warning hint that “A rolling stone gathers no moss.”

*“Astir.” By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.20 net.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

The young printer found a well-established Typographical Union in Chicago, and readily obtained work at better wages than he had received at home. Less than two years in Chicago sufficed, and Mr. Thayer returned again to the East. At this juncture he openly expressed him-

work as advertising manager of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and "a month and a day" with *Munsey*, are permeated with a candor that is truly refreshing. In his work with the *Delineator* he continued his uncompromising fight for clean advertising. Readers who have followed the develop-



JOHN ADAMS THAYER, AUTHOR OF "ASTIR"

self against the moral of the rolling stone. "I was and always have been a stout heretic regarding the rolling stone adage," he declares. "Moss is for ruins. In change lie possibilities."

His experiences with different type-founders, as traveling representative, "on the road from Texas to Maine," to his

ment of this great field within the past fifteen years can best understand its revolution in "quality." Then periodical advertising was in embryo, "clean" copy in a rather precarious state. To the unflinching stand taken by such men as John Adams Thayer, readers, publishers, advertisers—the world at large—owe much.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Chapter twelve, striking the even dozen, has to do with the publishing of *Everybody's Magazine*. The early days are passed in interesting review, and the remarkable success of the magazine is quite properly dated from the series of "Frenzied Finance" articles by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. Mr. Thayer makes no secret of how he obtained this famous series. He had known "Tom Lawson" when both served in the company of Hayes and Wheeler Cadets during the Hayes-Tilden campaign, and through the memory of torchlights and plumed knights of the old days, he was granted the interview with Mr. Lawson which secured for *Everybody's* the well-known series on "Frenzied Finance." The frankness with which Mr. Thayer pays tribute even to those who disagreed with and discharged him, notably Mr. Munsey, reveals the honesty of the narrative.

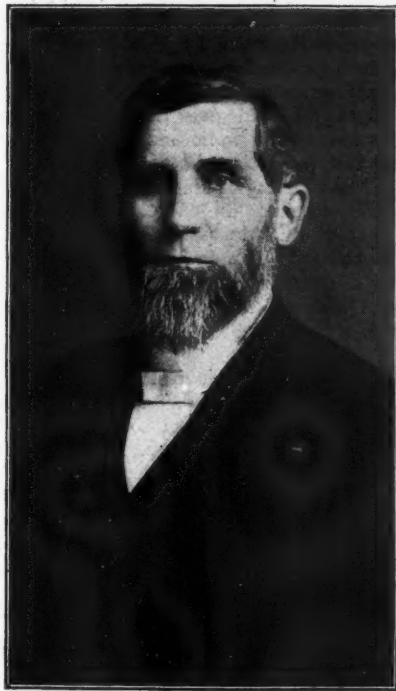
* * *

The closing chapter with its startling caption, "Divorced—With Alimony," gives the particulars of Mr. Thayer's withdrawal from the Ridgeway-Thayer Company, and in the recital of this the amount which he received upon leaving the firm is grimly alluded to as "alimony."

* * *

A few more books like this with the red corpuscles of life and energy would be decidedly more inspiring than a great deal of the literature that makes its way into the hands of young men and boys in the form of "thrillers." The book has the same popular touch as the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Sons," and as an autobiography has not been equalled for interest in the past century. It is a real "wonder tale," and Mr. Thayer, as he put his last "O. K." on the final proofs, and dedicated the book to his wife, must have felt a certain satisfaction in giving to the world this admirable, unbiased record of his life work, to date. We are disposed to agree with the Boston Transcript that the years that are to come will not find him quiescent. Doubtless he has other plans well in readiness and when they are completed they will surely make as pretty a tale as the one he has told in "Astir."

THE impressions gained in "seventy busy years" of life are embodied in the tastefully entitled volume "III Score and X," by Reverend Silas Comfort Swallow.* Dr. Swallow was the candidate on the Prohibition ticket at the presidential election in 1904, and has been known as the "Fighting Parson." I met him at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his home town, and enjoyed a delightful chat with him, but



REVEREND SILAS C. SWALLOW
Of Harrisburg, Pa., former candidate for President on
the Prohibition ticket

found it difficult to picture the kindly, genial gentleman who greeted me as having a fighting disposition. Nevertheless, after talking with him a few moments, I could see that "compromise" was a word not included in his lexicon.

There is no preface, no appendix, but a generous table of contents in "III Score and X," and in an explanatory paragraph

* III SCORE AND X. By Silas C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa. United Evangelical Publishing House. Price, \$1.00.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

grim allusion is made to Senator Hoar's correspondence with a political friend who was about to be operated upon for appendicitis. The senator had written a note of sympathy, but on learning later that the operation was not to be performed, since the trouble was acute indigestion, he congratulated his colleague that the difficulty lay not in the appendix, but in the "table of contents."

A tender tribute is paid to the author's mother, and also many sympathetic references to Reverend Dr. Silas Comfort, for whom Dr. Swallow was named. The doctor has been an uncompromising Prohibitionist all his life, and gives a most interesting review of the work and the candidates of that party since its organization.

The closing paragraph is entitled, "Nevertheless the World is Growing Better," and the pессo-optimist is called to the fore. Dr. Swallow's parting word is a pertinent quotation:

"Time wasted is existence; used is life."

* * *

IN her charming juvenile story of "Captain Ginger's Fairy,"* Isabel Anderson has given the children something novel and interesting in fairy lore. Few will follow in fancy the dream of youthful Captain Ginger, without both falling in love with the little hero, and longing in some degree to try a course of sleeping outdoors, if it will bring him such charming fancies of the days

"When faeries were in fashion

And the world was in its prime."

The profuse illustrations by H. Boylston Dummer add much to the beauty of the little volume and cannot but ensure its winning the hearts of the children.

Even the adult reader is glad to let its fascinations draw him back in memory to the time when he believed in fairy folk. It seemed so real to hear about what the Katydids, grasshoppers and crickets said and tried to do, and what is told of them by Captain Ginger will inspire a deeper interest in nature study among the young folks.

Bound in green, with a picture of Captain Ginger himself, in colors, on the cover,

* CAPTAIN GINGER'S FAIRY. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: Clark Publishing Company. Price, 50 cents.

the book makes a notable addition to the line of high-class juvenile publications which the boys and girls of the present day demand and must have. The author and the artist have been fortunate in dealing with publishers whose appreciation of a good story is shown in the artistic taste and fine workmanship of the completed volume. Mrs. Anderson has devoted herself largely to this line of authorship, which is always a labor of love, and she is certainly to be congratulated upon her success. The little folk will watch out eagerly for "Captain Ginger Aboard the Gee Whiz," which is promised later this year, and other volumes of the Captain Ginger series.

* * *

AMONG the great problems of the next decade, none is more important and none less understood than that of the monetary situation.

"The Central Bank Controversy,"* by Raymond Patterson, discusses the future financial policy of the United States. Mr. Patterson reflects quite comprehensively the arguments for and against the establishment of a powerful central bank, with \$100,000,000 capital, and the incidental minor changes in currency conditions, etc., which some prominent experts claim would ensure the American people a financial millennium, and others quite as prominent declare would drive the smaller banks out of business.

Mr. Patterson does not seem inclined to deliver himself positively as to the merits or demerits of the radical innovation proposed. He does state quite positively, however, that out of some two and a half billions of circulating notes, the only proportion really worth its face value is the gold certificate issue of \$864,162,869.

He rates as "Part Coin Value and Part Fiat," \$484,826,000 silver certificates and \$4,071,000 treasury notes; \$488,897,000 in all, and *horresco referens*, rates as irredeemable "Simple Promises to Pay," \$346,681,016 in United States "greenbacks" and \$702,807,459 in National Bank notes.

* THE CENTRAL BANK CONTROVERSY. By Raymond Patterson. Boston: Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd. Price, black leather, \$1.00.

Clean Food

It is an incentive to hunger
to see Uneeda Biscuit made.

All materials are of the finest quality
—clean, nutritious. The dough is
mixed in spotless trays in a spotless
bakery. Rolled thin; baked in wonder-
ful ovens scientifically heated to
give just the right crispness;
then packed into the mois-
ture-proof packages that
keep them fresh,
crisp and clean
till eaten.

*Never Sold
in Bulk*



5¢

*In the moisture-proof
package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LET'S TALK IT OVER

The whole proposition bristles with difficult problems, and after all practically settles down to this, "Can we trust the government of the United States to issue its promises to pay, backed by a large gold reserve, and the unrestricted taxing power of the nation to the amount necessary to carry on the increasing business of the republic. Or is it a better scheme to fund a greater volume of money on the promises to pay of those who have borrowed money of the leading bankers of the several states?"



HUGH CHISHOLM, M.A.

Editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th edition).

Judging from past experiences, the sovereign people will pay their taxes every time, and there has never been any material "wrecking" of the United States Treasury—from the inside—although Wall Street and gold gamblers have made some very effective outside requisitions which have, perhaps, been too hastily complied with.

But a great central bank, carefully administered for a few years, could be cleaned out as effectively as any of its predecessors, and the chances for loot would be as attractive as London was to

the practiced eye of General Blucher, when he rode through her in triumph and remarked casually, "What a place to plunder."

It is a very pretty financial controversy, and Mr. Patterson has shed much light on existing conditions, if he has not offered a dogmatic solution. The NATIONAL will follow his lead, and advises that those of its readers who are interested in this vital question should obtain a copy of "The Central Bank Controversy," and having read, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the information and suggestions collected for their perusal.

* * *

PIANO players and player-pianos are not new to the musical world. The field for these instruments is constantly widening, and today a piano without a player attachment is like an automobile without a chauffeur, with this difference, that it requires a great deal more time to master a piano than an automobile.

Today is essentially the age of the player-piano. The years necessary to perfect oneself in the technique of piano playing are not within the privilege of most business men and home-makers, but the keen enjoyment of music is inborn. Nor has the wonderful development of the player-piano lessened the desire to know how to play the instrument by hand, but rather has intensified the desire by its strong influence for a better musical education in the home. The child carries on the lessons in the morning hour, stimulated by the artistic rendering of the greatest compositions by father or mother in the evening hours of relaxation.

In this connection it is well to know of the wonderful improvement made in the perfecting of self-playing pianos—the tremendous amount of time and money that is being spent to eliminate any suggestiveness of mechanical playing. It is estimated that many millions of dollars have been spent by various companies in this work, skilled workmen devoting their entire lives to the subject. The results have been more or less satisfactory.

The search for the "anti-mechanical" player-piano seems, at last, realized in the new "Kranich & Bach Artistic Expression

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Victor

The record of quality

Victor Records
are works of art—musical
masterpieces.

They embody the very best music and entertainment of every kind, sung and played in the very best way by the very best artists, and reproduced absolutely true to life by the very best process—the new and improved Victor process of recording that results in a tone quality sweeter and clearer than was ever heard before.

Hearing is believing. Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and he will gladly play any Victor music you want to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

The new Victor Record catalog lists more than 3000 selections—both single- and double-faced records. Same high quality—only difference is in price.

Victor Single-faced Records, 10-inch 60 cts; 12-inch \$1.
Victor Double-faced Records, 10-inch 75 cts; 12-inch \$1.25.
Victor Purple Label Records, 10-inch 75 cts; 12-inch \$1.25.
Victor Red Seal Records, 10- and 12-inch, \$1 to \$7.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

**New Victor Records are on sale
at all dealers on the 28th of each month**

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



LET'S TALK IT OVER

Player-Piano"—a long name but worthy of it. It was Mr. L. B. Bach who gave me the story of their earnest search for perfection in a player-piano and with pardonable pride he demonstrated its wonderful adaptability to the finer impulses of music.

For years it has been the thought and purpose of this firm to perfect a Kranich & Bach player-piano that should give full and complete expression to the beautiful tone qualities of their piano. The Kranich & Bach quality and superiority demanded a player of individuality and distinctiveness and it was out of the question to "assemble" a mechanical playing device that any number of indiscriminate makers might select. The result of this stand is that today, after years of painstaking effort and expense they have the one high grade player-piano built complete in one factory.

The new Kranich & Bach player-piano cannot be played by a novice or child so well as by a person trained in musical interpretation. Beginning at the place where most piano-players leave off it unfolds a range of expression that must be individual rather than mechanical. It is the player-piano that a trained musician can play with the same satisfaction as though the keys were under his fingers—even the lightness or deftness of "touch" is apparent. A piano player of such unlimited possibilities has been the dream of the inventor and its realization is one long step toward newer and greater things in the realm of music.

* * *

THE opening chapters of "The Guest of Honor" appear in this issue of the NATIONAL. Now it is not often that an editor accepts a story and becomes openly enthusiastic, leaving his readers perhaps to criticize his personal judgment. But, in this case, knowing the author and his work so well, the editor feels safe in saying that in presenting the "Guest of Honor," the NATIONAL is publishing a story of rare wholesomeness, something different from the rather exotic "best sellers."

"The Guest of Honor" will be remembered long after it is read, and the vivid portrayal of the characters, and the care taken in definitely outlining motive and sequence with the analysis of a student, give

Mr. Hodge's story an interest beyond the mere entertainment derived from its perusal. As is usual with good serials, the interest increases with each instalment, and one regrets that there must be a final chapter of the story.

In "The Man from Home," Mr. Hodge has played to over a million and a quarter people in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large Western cities, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands before whom he played in the smaller cities when managing his own company. With that wholesome, rugged, sterling personality characteristic of his work on the stage, he has made in "The Guest of Honor" an earnest effort to portray real characters of American life in the Twentieth Century.

* * *

INTIMATELY associated with the home and business life of every American, the calendar, hanging on the wall, indicates from week to week and month to month, the flight of time, and like "Grandfather's Clock" is a faithful monitor, reminding us of a thousand appointments and duties which without its silent admonition we should often omit.

The calendars turned out every year must be numbered by billions; there are thousands of styles, and every degree of size, cost and finish; but of late years a large proportion are artistic and beautiful and many are indeed works of art and genius.

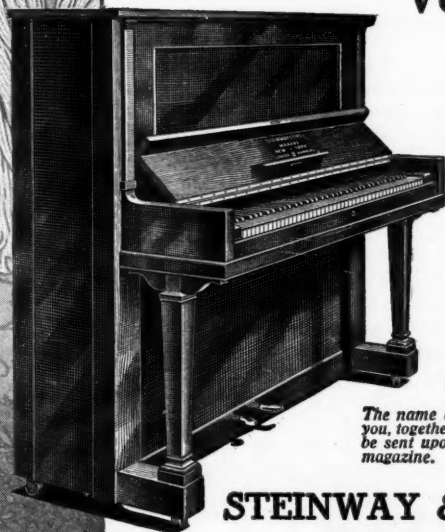
During the past summer Mr. Arthur D. White has been engaged in designing and perfecting his 1911 calendar, for Swift & Company look to Mr. White to make each succeeding yearly offering of the great packers a newer and more charming revelation of what may be made of a calendar. It will never occur to the majority of the recipients of this latest "Swift's Premium Calendar" that an immense amount of thought, study and consultation, weighing of many propositions and rejection of many ideas, preceded the acceptance of "All the world loves a lover" as the keynote of the new calendar.

Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," contributed the motif for a charming picture of Priscilla and John

STEINWAY

An investment in
a Steinway Piano
closes the avenue to
future regret.

The Steinway Vertegrand



A characteristic Steinway achievement constructed to produce in a piano of upright form the same musical expression that has always individualized the Steinway Grand—"An Upright Piano of Grand Value."

Price, in Ebonized Case, \$850

The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL

107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Station at the Door

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Alden at the moment when the beautiful spinner

"Said in a tremulous voice,
"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" "

The song of Hiawatha suggests a firelit glimpse of the ancient arrow-maker's lodge, when in answer to Hiawatha's wooing, and her father's consent she

"Softly took the seat beside him
While she said and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband.'"

Whittier's Maud Muller and the Judge is a pretty rustic scene in which the country beauty and the aristocratic judge met for a moment under the spell of the Paphian goddess, and then separated for life.

The tragical love tale "Evangeline" contributes the parting scene of the hapless Acadian lovers, as

"Tears then filled her eyes and eagerly running to meet him
Clasped she his hands and laid her head on his shoulder "

for the last time.

The artist has deftly caught the spirit of the singer's verse and legend, and the characterization costumes and climatic conditions incident to the stories and the seasons for which they are made to stand, are faithfully treated.

Messrs. Swift & Company are to be congratulated upon their success in adding to the artistic treasures of the country these calendars which touch the heart, for one never tires of scenes that reflect the lovelight of his own courting days. They will inspire the recipients to read over again the familiar poems and add another hour of pleasure that otherwise might have been lost, such as was evidenced in "Heart Throbs." They give, too, a closer contact with the characters whom we have loved and with whom we have sympathized, from the time the stories were first told to us at the home fireside.

Yes, it's the old, old story, ever new, handed down in the calendar on the wall, a priceless heritage through which these authors and artists, to say nothing of the donors, have found their way into the homes of the people.

MODERN trade is banishing old ideals of romance. "The Barber of Seville," with his brazen basin, old-fashioned razors of true Toledo steel, merry ways and songs and jingling guitar, has long been a famous character in Spanish life as well as in operatic traditions, but it looks as if Mr. King C. Gillette was going to make trouble for the tuneful tonsor aforesaid.

For American Vice-Consul W. R. Hope Lester, stationed at Seville, writes the State Department at Washington:

"Sales of safety razors, especially American, are rapidly increasing in this city. Five years ago the Gillette was introduced, and about one hundred were purchased annually, while the sales now reach 650 a year, and continue increasing. The price is \$3.60 to \$4.50 each in a case with twelve blades; extra blades cost sixty-three to seventy-one cents per packet of ten. Many other safety razors are on the market, including four German makes and a local make, prices ranging from fifty-five cents to \$3.60, their total sales having aggregated about 4,250 to date, or only one-fourth of the sales of the American. In fifteen months a haberdasher sold 130 Gillettes and only fifty of all other makes, while a hardware dealer sold four hundred Gillettes and twelve hundred of all other makes in four years, although he had fourteen makes in stock. The American razor is usually obtained through the general agent in Barcelona. All dealers agree that the American goods are preferred in Seville."

So the occupation of the "Barber of Seville" as portrayed in Rossini's opera is sadly but surely giving way to the conquest of the American Safety Razor.

* * *

ALL over New England new public interest has been awakened in the matter of advertising. Nearly every city and town, village and hamlet which for generations past has held a record for manufacturing articles of the highest repute in the markets of the world, has begun to realize that "New England quality" stands for much and can be made to mean much more.

The Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston has just launched a publicity



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

Half the Cost of Imported

Absence of duty reduces its cost 50 per cent.

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, Great Western was the only one awarded the gold medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your grocer or dealer can supply you
===== Sold everywhere =====

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO. RHEIMS, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America



CROOKED SPINES MADE STRAIGHT

If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be cured in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Sheldon Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebrae is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write for our new book, giving full information and references.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 310 3rd St., Jamestown, N. Y.

CRYSTAL *Domino* SUGAR

FULL SIZE PIECES • 2 ¹/₂ and 5 ¹/₂ Boxes! • (Blue Label)

HALF SIZE PIECES • 2 ¹/₂ Boxes only! • (Red Label)

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

campaign whose keynote is New England "quality." As in literature, scholarship and character, so in the excellence of design, finish and effective operation of her manufactures and inventions, "New England quality" has been generally recognized as a guarantee of superior merit.

It is now insisted that no one has ever dared to mark an article "New England quality" unless it represents a product that has intrinsic and unalloyed value. "New England quality" need not mean necessarily that the article be made in New England, but the generations of New England artisans and skilled workmen who have built up the quality and reputation of certain commodities, have created manufactures that have stood for the best. And so it will continue to be as long as New England remains a factor in American development.

* * *

IN the January NATIONAL appeared an article entitled "The Last Will." The will itself, it appears, was written by Mr. Williston Fish of the Chicago Railway Company, Chicago. Full credit was not given, as the contribution was sent in by a subscriber, who, however, indicated that the will was Mr. Fish's composition by using his signature.

Attention has been called to this matter by numerous friends and admirers throughout the country, who are already familiar with Mr. Fish's admirably composed will. It is needless to say that the NATIONAL hastens to give Mr. Williston Fish due and proper credit.

* * *

THE story of the Boston housewife moving to New York recalls William Dean Howells' description of a similar situation in one of his novels. Stiffing the dread apprehension of three months' house-hunting and the horrors of living in New York with a family of three children, and with true New England pluck, she decided to start into action at once upon arrival. A man at Grand Central was questioned with charming Boston accent:

"Could you direct me to a good place in New York to rear a family and live?"

"Shure, lydie, it's Bronxville to which the Boston people drift. Thry it."

A ticket was duly purchased for Bronxville. The name sounded quaint and romantic. The far-sighted promoters of Bronxville have rambler roses abloom in arch and arbor in July. The scene had a charm all its own. The little Boston wife was busy, and notified the husband that the chase had begun.

At four o'clock the dutiful spouse called up on the 'phone, expecting a weary and discouraged wife to respond after beginning her long campaign in house hunting.

"I'll be home early, dear, to assist you," he comforted, "and—"

"All settled! . . . Wh-a-a-t!" he exploded.

When he arrived he found his wife seated on the veranda of a rose-embowered English stucco cottage, reading her favorite Emerson.

"What does this mean?"

"It's the roses, dear," she said quickly. "And this is just right for the children. I've wired for the furniture."

No cynical novelist can spoil this pretty tale, which brings to mind somewhat different experiences of the exit from Boston and entrance to New York described by Howells. The enterprising real estate man has done his work well—a few roses and home-like shrubs are better than marble front and clapboard backs in cardboard constructed tenements.

* * *

THE holidays of recent years should make Kansas City a popular place for "horsedom," for on Christmas Day a royal holiday dinner was given out by the Humane Society there, which last year furnished a Christmas spread of over one thousand feeds to horses, and repeated the "dinner" this year.

Admission tickets in green were distributed, and at the Society's headquarters, 1309 Baltimore Avenue, six hundred and fifty bags of one peck each were given out to weak and indigent equines. Those who were unable to hobble up to the feast were sent the feed on a truck.

The distribution of the feed was supervised by Mrs. Edwin D. Hornbrook, a well-known philanthropist, who has long

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The Quick Way to Make the Best Soup

What Users Say:

Mrs. H. C. F., Seattle, Washington—"I use Armour's Extract of Beef many ways to great advantage, but will cite only one. A little added to a glass of milk gives a flavor that is a pleasant change both for baby and his grandmother."

Order a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef from your grocer. Notice its richness and appetizing aroma.

Then make your soup according to the cook book rule—all but the stock. When your recipe says "add stock," get out your Armour's Extract of Beef and allow a teaspoonful to every quart of liquid.

You will have the most satisfactory soup you have ever served, with a delightful flavor that ordinary soups cannot boast.

For Armour's Extract of Beef is the richest, most concentrated soup stock any cook could wish.

One jar costs little more than the materials necessary for a small supply of old-fashioned soup stock, and it goes twice as far.

It saves fuel, time and trouble—no more stewing over the kitchen stove.

Mrs. W. K. Hurley, Texas—"I find that Armour's Extract of Beef saves me time, worry and expense. I have long depended upon it to help me out in my cooking and could hardly keep house without it. I should advise every housekeeper to send for that valuable little cook book, 'Popular Recipes,' and learn how it helps them economize."

A postal mailed to Armour & Company, Chicago, will bring you "Popular Recipes"—free. It will show you the many uses of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Save the cap or the paper certificate under the cap from every jar of Armour's Extract of Beef you buy. Send either to us with 10 cents to pay for carriage and packing. We will send you a beautiful silver tea, bouillon or afterdinner coffee spoon or butter



spreader free—Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA—in an artistic design known as the Armour Lily Pattern, each marked with your initial.

For a limited time we will allow each family to have 12—a set that would cost you \$6.00—for \$1.20. This offer is restricted to residents of the United States. Address Dept. E 120.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

been actively interested in the work of the Humane Society, and acted as chairman of the committee. A charming bit of verse on "The Forgotten Horse's Christmas," written by Mrs. Emma W. Robinson for the occasion, was sent out by the committee, and must have been far-reaching in its influence.

The dinner was indeed spreading the gospel of kindness and charity to the faithful horse in a most effective manner. "Black Beauty," "The Horses' Prayer" and "The Forgotten Horse's Christmas" were given to the owners of the horses who partook of the feast.

Everyone who has ever had a close association with a horse can appreciate what a work of this kind means. How many of us went into the stable and put our arms about the kind and gentle old family horse, patted him on the neck, and saw that he had an extra allowance of oats in the feed-box at Christmas? The work of the Humane Society is certainly bearing fruit in the treatment given dumb animals all over the country.

* * *

THE American tourist in foreign lands has always had more or less trouble in negotiating American bills of exchange and securing their just equivalent in the currency of the country. Although in the past, various more or less satisfactory methods have been devised for the convenience of travelers, it was not until two years ago, when the American Bankers

Association introduced the "A. B. A." Travelers' Cheques, that the tourist was really assured against delays and frequent embarrassment in money matters.

Today over two thousand leading banks in America issue these travelers' cheques, which have superseded the many old-fashioned ways of carrying money. Issued in denominations of ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollars, the exchange value of any coin of the principal nations is indicated on each certificate, so that there can be no possible confusion in making exchange. Steamship companies, railroads, hotels and the large stores accept these convenient travelers' cheques the same as cash. Not only in foreign lands, but at home as well, this safe form of carrying money to meet the requirements of travel is being generally adopted.

In size and shape these American Bankers' Association travelers' cheques are similar to the regulation bank note, thereby being as readily handled as ordinary "bills." As a nation of travelers Americans take the lead, and it is not strange that American financiers should succeed in perfecting an international cheque.

The leading banks of nearly every city and town are members of the American Bankers' Association, and the all-important provision of money can be satisfactorily arranged before even the first step of the journey is taken. This great convenience to the traveling public fully merits the enthusiastic appreciation that has been accorded it.



